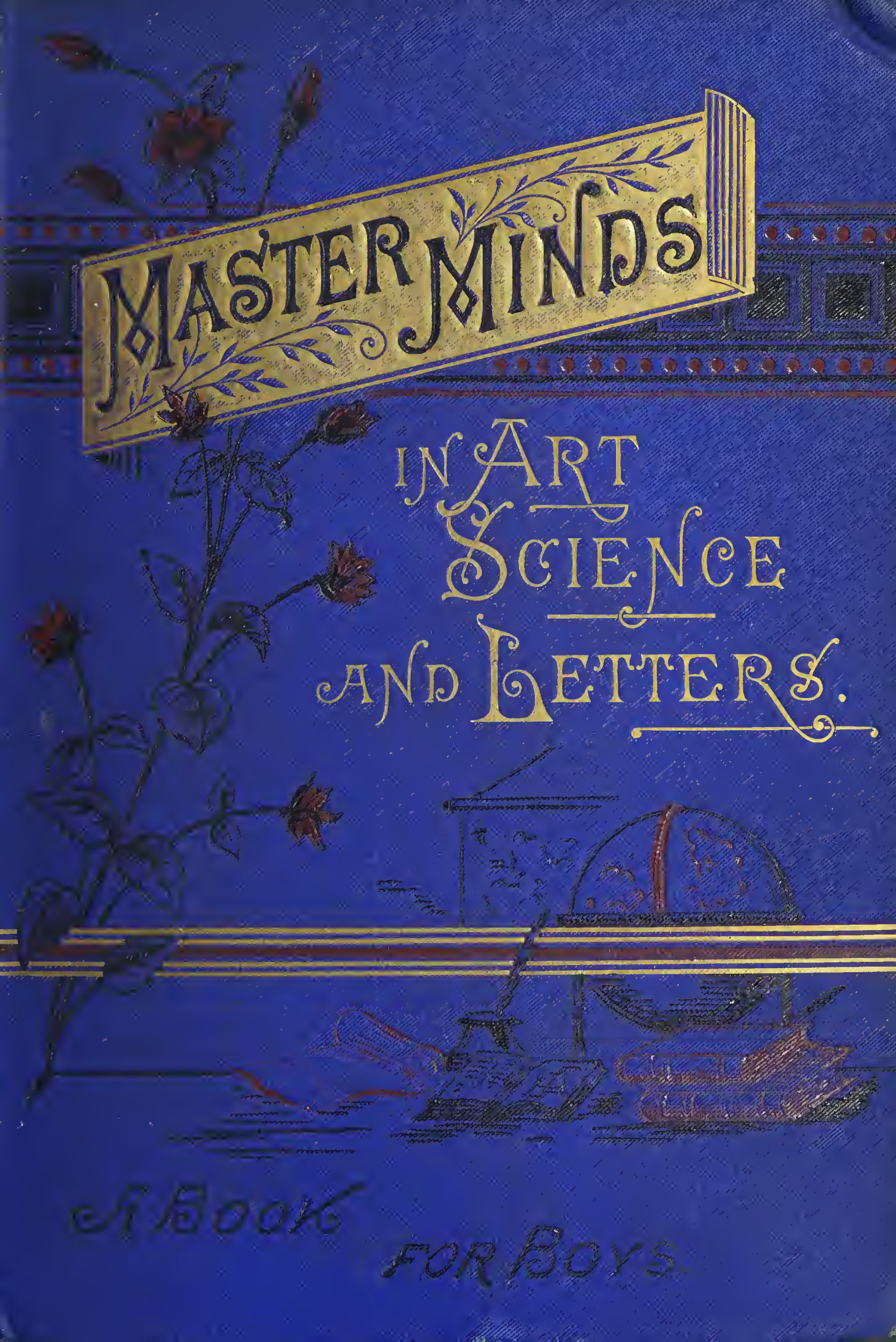

# MASTER MINDS

## IN ART SCIENCE AND LETTERS.

A BOOK FOR BOYS

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# MASTER MINDS

IN

# ART, SCIENCE, AND LETTERS.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.
1771–1832.
*From the Painting by John Watson Gordon.*

*Frontispiece.* *See page* 279.

'Master Minds,' etc.

# MASTER MINDS

IN

# ART, SCIENCE, & LETTERS.

## A Book for Boys.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF

'THE SECRET OF SUCCESS,' 'PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING,'

ETC.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.*

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# PREFACE.

In the following pages I have brought together three groups of English Worthies—men who have distinguished themselves in the fields of Art, Science, and Letters—Reynolds, Constable, Turner, and Haydon ; Murchison, Faraday, and Darwin ; Sir Walter Scott and Charles Kingsley. I have endeavoured to tell the story of their lives with freedom and impartiality, elucidating the principal features of their character and the special distinctions of their work. In each instance I have been careful to consult the best and latest authorities, of which I have furnished a complete list for the benefit of the young reader, whom these biographical studies may stimulate to further and fuller investigation.

In selecting my subjects I have had three objects in view. First, that they should be interesting in themselves ; second, that they should deal with men of light and leading in their several departments ; and third, that they should also be instructive—that is, that the lessons conveyed should be such as might prove of particular service to the young, for whom this volume is primarily, though not exclusively, intended. And it would not be easy, I think, to present eleven lives more complete and satisfactory from this last point of view. There is not one of them which is not rich in encouragement or warning, which is not useful in the way of inspiration or guidance. There is not one of them which the student can contemplate without feeling the better and the wiser for the truths it inculcates and enforces. There is not one of them which fails to emphasise the worth of honour and honesty, the worth of plain living and high thinking, the worth of a rigid devotion to duty, the worth of pure aspirations and generous sympathies. There is not one of them which does not teach that the best use we can make of our faculties is to employ them for the benefit of our fellow-men. And there is not one of them which does not convey the moral most needed by youth, that the higher the aim, the greater will be the success.

In the course of a long literary life I have written many books specially for the profit and advantage of the young. In adding another to the list I may be allowed to say that it has been written with exactly the same motive—with an earnest desire to assist them in the formation of character, and to recommend to them those principles of conduct which alone can make their lives useful, prosperous, and happy.

W. H. D. A.

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# *BOOK I.*

## ARTISTS.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
1723–1792.

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# SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 1723—1792.

## I.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, one of the greatest of English artists, was born on the 16th of July, 1723, at Plympton Earl, in Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was head-master of the Grammar School. It is alleged that the head-master, however attentive he may have been to his other pupils, somewhat neglected the education of his son; but the charge is not well supported. What seems true is, that the boy took little interest in his regular studies, and devoted all the time he could make or spare to the gratification of his artistic tendencies. On one occasion, the head-master, discovering a perspective drawing on the back of a Latin exercise, wrote upon it, 'Drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness;' yet the 'idleness' had been turned to good account, and, at eight years old, the idler had acquired a fair knowledge of perspective. He began to study Richardson's 'Treatise on Painting,' at that time in great vogue as an authority; and to draw with a charred stick on the whitewashed wall of a long passage. He copied the few prints which belonged to his father, and the engravings which he found in his father's books. But what most delighted him was the 'Book of Emblems' by Jacob Cats, which his paternal grandmother, it is said, had brought with her from Holland. One of its eerie illustrations, a shepherd consulting a witch in her cave, where she sits surrounded by hideous objects, suggested to him in after life the idea of his picture of the caldron scene in 'Macbeth;' another, of a sorceress sitting at supper on a chair composed of a skeleton, may have originated Hecate's chair in that famous picture; while from the same book seems to have been taken the hint for his portrait of Kitty Fisher as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl.

The approval of his father confirmed his natural love of art, and young Reynolds occupied all his leisure in the practice of it. His first attempt in "oils" was a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Smart; it was painted in a boat-house at Cremyll beach, on a canvas which was part of a boat-sail, and with the common paint used in shipwrights' painting-sheds. It was not without cleverness and character, though, of course, sufficiently rude and rough in execution. As the lad approached manhood, his father was much exercised in his mind with reference to his future profession, hesitating between medicine and painting; but at length the lad's strong bias towards the latter, and evident talents, inclined the scale, and in October, 1741, he was sent to London, and on the 18th, the day of St. Luke, the patron-saint of painters, was placed under the care of Mr. Hudson, then (for want of a better) the principal portrait-painter in England. A few months later, his father writes: 'As for Joshua, nobody, by his letters to me, was ever better pleased in his employment, in his master, in everything—"While I am doing this I am the happiest creature alive" is his expression. How he goes on ('tis plain he thinks he goes on very well) you'll be better able to inform me.' He went on very well indeed, for he passionately loved his art, and was assiduous in his application to it.

One day he went with Hudson to a sale of pictures. Presently there was a stir and bustle at the door, and a whisper ran through the room, 'Mr. Pope! Mr. Pope!' The crowd made way for the poet, and as he bowed to the company on either side, those nearest held out their hands for him to touch. With the enthusiasm so becoming in a young man, Reynolds, though not in the first row, extended his hand under the arm of a person who stood before him, and had the gratification of feeling it in the grasp of the author of 'The Rape of the Lock.' Afterwards he described the poet as 'about four feet six inches high; very hump-backed and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose: his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons, and the muscles which ran across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords.'

Years had passed by when Reynolds became possessed of the fan that Pope presented to Martha Blount, on which he had painted a design of his own, from the story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto 'Aura Veris.' On being asked his opinion of it, Reynolds said it was 'such as might be expected from one who painted for his amusement alone; like the performance of a child.' He continued, in words which embody the lesson of his life, and should be taken to heart by the young student, 'This must always be the case when the work is only taken up from idleness, and laid aside when it ceases to amuse. But those who are determined to excel must go to their work, whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; and they will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labour.'

Owing to a disagreement with Hudson, which apparently originated in his jealousy of the superior ability of his pupil, Reynolds remained only two instead of four years in his employment, and, in 1743, returned to Devonshire. Accompanied by his two youngest unmarried sisters, he took a house at Plymouth Dock, and started as portrait-painter on his own account. His success was considerable, though at this time he gave but few indications of the power and originality which was afterwards to entitle him to rank among the great masters. In January, 1744, it is recorded by his father that he had painted twenty portraits, among them that of 'the greatest man of the place, the Commissioner of the Dockyard.' He also painted the beautiful Miss Chudleigh, afterwards notorious as the Duchess of Kingston, and Captain Hamilton, a member of the noble family of Abercorn. The latter picture was the first which brought him into notice. When, later in life, he again saw it, he was surprised to find it so well done, and, comparing it with his subsequent works, lamented that in so many years he had made no greater progress in his art.

On Christmas Day, 1746, his father died. Reynolds was now twenty-three years old, and his reputation was slowly extending beyond the borders of his native county. He had gained the friendship and patronage of Lord Edgcumbe. He had paid a second visit to London, where he lived for a time in the then artists' quarter, St. Martin's Lane. His growing fame acquired friends, whom his grace of manner and amiability of disposition did not fail to retain. For the next three years he lived chiefly in Devonshire, studying the portraits of Gandy of Exeter, which are notable for their breadth of treatment; and painting the beautiful scenery of the Tamar, in order to acquire facility in dealing with landscape. Growing conscious of his power, he began to dream of a visit to Rome, without which no artist can be said to have completed his apprenticeship; and in the spring of 1749 was unexpectedly enabled to fulfil his desire. Captain (afterwards Admiral) Keppel, who had been appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, put into Plymouth that his ship might undergo repairs; and while thus detained paid a visit to his friend Lord Edgcumbe. He was introduced to Reynolds, and so much pleased with him, that he offered him a passage to the Mediterranean. The young painter gladly accepted the invitation, and sailed on the 11th of May for Lisbon, which he reached on the 24th. He was afterwards at Gibraltar and Algiers, and in August visited Minorca, where he was cordially welcomed by the Governor, General Blakeney, and provided with free quarters in the Government-house. After painting the portraits of almost all the officers in the garrison and on the station, he proceeded to Leghorn, and thence to Rome. Among the art-treasures of the Eternal City he spent two years, subjecting himself to a course of the most thorough self-education. The good sense which, scarcely less than his genius, was conspicuous in Reynolds, and an important factor in his success, is seen to advantage in the following remarks:

'I remember very well,' he says, 'my disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother-student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raphael had on him the same effect, or rather, that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and, on inquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only, who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that, though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raphael, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and the prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done was one of the most humiliating things that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: *I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed.* All the undigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, when the art was at its lowest ebb—it could not, indeed, be lower—were to be totally done away with, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as *a little child.* Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of these excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merits, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and illusory, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained.'

The judiciousness of these remarks cannot be denied. The objects that first attract the eye are seldom those on which it afterwards finds a pleasure in dwelling; and in every thing of beauty that which contains the secret of its beauty can be appreciated only by the assiduous student who has disciplined his taste, and matured his judgment.

Reynolds continues:

'Having since that period frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am now clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention.' We should rather say, with Mr. Leslie, 'a *developed* taste, which no man ever *displayed*,' etc., because an eye for form and colour must be a natural gift—it cannot be acquired. You cannot cultivate what has not first been planted. 'On such occasions as that I have mentioned,' he says, 'we are often ashamed of our apparent dulness; as if it were expected that our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raphael's genius. I flatter myself that *now* it would be so, and that I have a just and lively perception of his great powers; but let it be always remembered that the excellence of his style is not on the surface, but lies deep, and at the first view is seen but mistily. It is the florid style which strikes at once, and captivates the eye for a time, without ever satisfying the judgment. Nor does painting in this respect differ from other arts. A just and poetical taste, and the acquisition of a nice, discriminative musical ear, are equally the work of time. Even the eye, however perfect in itself, is often unable to distinguish between the brilliancy of two diamonds, though the experienced jeweller will be amazed at its blindness; not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the most perfect, and that his own power of discrimination was acquired by slow and imperceptible degrees.'

Reynolds made admirable use of his time at Rome, visiting all its great collections, and observing with discriminative eye the various excellences of different schools and different periods. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo as he thought would be of service to him in his future practice; and by his methodical and well-directed study acquired that grace and delicacy of conception and that felicity of treatment to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent fame as a portrait-painter. Nor did he fail to examine into the technical qualities of the great masters whom he studied; his note-books, which are still extant, show how close and minute this examination was. While at Rome his pencil produced few original pictures; but he painted a kind of parody on Raphael's 'School of Athens,' introducing into it about thirty likenesses of English students, travellers, and connoisseurs, which pleased exceedingly by its humour and spirit.

From Rome he proceeded to Bologna and Genoa, to Parma and Florence, in each city pursuing the same course of diligent and careful study. From Florence he went to Venice, where he revelled in the glorious colouring of the masters of the Venetian School, and patiently strove to attain to a knowledge of their secrets. However profound his admiration of

Raphael and Michael Angelo, it is certain that it was the Bolognese and Venetian painters—Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto—who commanded his sympathy and influenced his style. From these, as Leslie observes, he gathered the most enjoyment and instruction in the material part of his art.

Seized with home-sickness, he left Venice on the 16th of August, and, meeting with his old master, Hudson, on the way, hastened through France to England, arriving in London on the 16th of October, 1752. Hard work and the fatigue of travel had impaired his health,* and he spent three months in Devonshire in order to recruit himself. Early in the following spring he established himself in handsome apartments in St. Martin's Lane (at No. 104), with his sister Frances to preside over his household. He at once struck out an independent line in his art; his poses, his colouring, his chiaroscuro, all were fresh and novel. The artists, of course, resented this originality; it was incomprehensible by men who had slavishly followed in the footsteps of their predecessors. Hudson, looking on one of his former pupil's canvases, exclaimed, with an oath, 'Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!' Ellis, a portrait-manufacturer of some note, who had studied under Kneller, joined in the cry, 'Ah, Reynolds, this will never do! Why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey!' Reynolds eloquently defended himself; but only succeeded in shocking still more vehemently the prosaic Ellis, who left the room, muttering, 'Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in art, damme!' As if Kneller held the same lofty position in art that Shakespeare occupies in poetry!

Of these commonplace workmen, who did everything by rule and measure, Reynolds justly observed: 'They have got a set of postures, which they apply to all persons indiscriminately; the consequence of which is that all their pictures look like so many signpost paintings; and if they have a picture or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace-book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print and another from a second; but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves.'

But the genius of Reynolds quickly made its way. He painted the Duke of Devonshire with such admirable force that it greatly increased his fame; and confirmed it by his portrait of Commodore Keppel, a work of infinite nobleness and originality. Removing to No. 6, Great Newport Street, he raised his prices, but this did not affect his popularity; sitters came to him in increasing numbers, and for each he did his best, constantly endeavouring to improve his mode of treatment, and to increase the glow and depth of his colouring. The man who knows most is always conscious how *little he knows*; and Reynolds did not allow his success to damp his ardour as a student. He was continually engaged in maturing his practice, in mastering the profoundest secrets of his art. 'I considered myself,' he says, 'as playing a great game; and, instead of beginning to save money, I laid it out faster than I got it, in purchasing the best examples of art that could be procured; for I even borrowed money for this purpose. The possession of pictures by Titian, Vandyck, Rembrandt, etc., I considered as the best kind of wealth. By carefully studying the works of great masters, this advantage is obtained: we find that certain varieties of expression are capable of being executed, which otherwise we might suppose beyond the reach of art. This gives us a confidence in ourselves; and we are thus invited to endeavour at not only the same happiness of execution, but also at other congenial excellences. Study, indeed, consists in learning to see nature, and may be called the art of using other men's minds. By this kind of contemplation and exercise we are taught to think in their way, and sometimes to attain their excellence. Thus, for instance, if I had never seen any of the works of Correggio, I should never, perhaps, have remarked in nature the expression which I find in one of his pieces; or, if I had remarked it, I might have thought it too difficult, or perhaps impossible, to be executed.'

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* He suffered while at Rome from a very severe illness, which ended in deafness, compelling him thenceforward to use an ear-trumpet.

He continues, in words which the young student will do well to mark, learn, and digest:

'My success, and continued improvement in my art, if I may be allowed that expression, may be ascribed in a good measure to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation—I mean *a principle of honesty*; which in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy—*I always endeavoured to do my best.* Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature; by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve in his art.

'My principal labour was employed on the whole together; and I was never weary of changing, and trying different modes and effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and *a perpetual desire to advance.* By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility, which was, at first, the whole effort of my mind; and my reward was threefold: the satisfaction resulting from acting on this first principle, improvement in my art, and *the pleasure derived from a constant pursuit after excellence.*'

These are golden words, which every young student should transfer to his commonplace-book, and make a point of reading every day as an incentive and encouragement. In a clear and distinct fashion they enunciate the two chief rules by which the worker should govern himself: that his work should be thorough, and that it should always be improving. He who is satisfied with everything he does will never attain to supreme excellence, while he is no true or honest workman who does not throw all his energies into the particular piece of work that lies before him, as if it were the special work he is called to do. Ben Jonson, in one of his plays, makes a character say, 'When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle, I *go through.*' This was the principle of Strafford, the great minister of Charles I., and he embodied it in his motto, 'Thorough.' And Charles Kingsley has put it into verse:

'Do what thou dost as if the earth were heaven,
And that thy last day were the judgment-day.'

It is in this spirit that we should set about our work, if we desire a divine benediction upon it.

To return to Reynolds. He was now thirty years old, and his fame and fortune were both increasing. In grace and power of expression, in elevation of treatment, in splendour of colouring, no living artist could equal him. Success begat confidence, and as he felt the full extent of his resources, he tried bolder altitudes and greater variety of character. A close observer of nature, he seized upon each happy posture into which either negligence or design threw the human frame. Allan Cunningham tells us that, on one occasion, he observed that his sitter, instead of looking the way he wanted, fixed his eyes on a beautiful picture which adorned the wall. Reynolds instantly profited by the circumstance. 'I snatched the moment,' he says, 'and drew him in profile with as much of that expression of a pleasing melancholy as my capacity enabled me to hit off.' It happened on another occasion that one of the beggar-children he was so fond of painting fell asleep, and in so beautiful an attitude that Sir Joshua immediately set aside the picture on which he was engaged, and took up a fresh canvas. After awhile the little model, still sleeping, unconsciously changed its position; the artist moved his canvas to make the change greater, and, to suit the idea he had conceived, sketched the child again. Thus originated his celebrated picture of 'The Babes of the Wood.' When he was painting 'The Marlborough Family,'* Lady Anne Churchill, a child of four, who had been brought into the studio, hastily drew back, and clinging to the dress of her nurse or mother, exclaimed, 'I won't be painted!' Sir Joshua transferred the attitude to his canvas, where, to account for the child's alarm, he introduced the elder sister in front of her, holding a mask before her face. In the Bedford picture, known as 'St. George and the Dragon,' the young duke is represented as St. George in property armour, with a property dragon at his feet; his brother, Lord John, stands by his side; and another brother, Lord William, crouches in the corner, afraid of the dragon. It would seem that Lord William, then a boy of ten, had a horror of being painted, and crouched down, half in defiance, half in distrust of Sir Joshua, in a corner of his painting-room. 'Stay as you are, my little fellow,' said Sir Joshua, and immortalized the boy's action and expression on his luminous canvas.

It was about this time (1753) that Reynolds made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson—an acquaintance which soon ripened into a cordial and lifelong friendship, and contributed many pleasant pages to Boswell's immortal book. They met, on the first occasion, it is said, at the house of two ladies, the daughters of Admiral Cotterell. In the course of conversation Johnson was much struck by a remark of Reynolds's, which showed exceptional knowledge of human nature as well as great moral courage. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend to whom their obligations were great. 'You have, however,' said Reynolds, 'the comfort of being relieved from the burden of gratitude.' They were shocked at the apparent selfishness of the suggestion, but Johnson defended it as natural. He saw that it proceeded from a close observation of life, and compared it with some of the maxims of Rochefoucauld. He went home with Reynolds to supper. At another meeting in the same house it was Johnson who shocked the feminine susceptibilities. The Duchess of Argyll and another lady of rank came in, and Johnson, thinking that their hostess paid them a servile attention, while Reynolds and himself were ignored as persons of inferior standing, growled to Reynolds in his loudest tones, 'How much do you think you and I could get in a week if we were to work as hard as we could?'

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* This glorious picture has passed, with the rest of the Blenheim Collection, into the hands of the Prussian Government.

The intercourse between the two friends was cemented by mutual respect, and rendered easy by Reynolds's graceful and invariable urbanity. The artist, with pen and purse, was always ready to assist the 'great lexicographer,' and the assistance was always rendered in such a manner as not to offend Johnson's sturdy pride. In 1762 they went on a visit to Devonshire, which Johnson highly enjoyed. Northcote tells us how he feasted, in his gross sensual way, on Devonshire cider, and Devonshire cream, and Devonshire honey. Considering the temptation, one can almost forgive the excess. It was to a Devonshire young lady that he blithely excused himself for having wrongly defined 'pasture' in his Dictionary, on the score that it was 'Ignorance, madam—pure ignorance!' Miss Reynolds describes him as racing with a young lady on the lawn at one of the Devonshire houses, kicking off his tight slippers that he might run the faster, and having defeated his fair competitor, leading her back in joyous triumph.

It was in order to enjoy Johnson's undisturbed conversation that Reynolds, in 1764, founded the Literary Club, to which, among others, Burke and Goldsmith belonged; while the honest and steady regard which Dr. Johnson entertained for Reynolds appears in the letter he wrote to him in the same year, on the painter's recovery from a dangerous illness. 'Dear sir,' he says, 'I did not hear of your sickness till I heard likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain which every man must feel to whom you are known as you are known to me. Having had no particular account of your disorder, I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I call a friend.'

The year 1758 is chosen by Cunningham as the 'most lucrative of Reynolds's professional career.' There is much that is instructive as well as interesting in the account of the economy of his studies and the distribution of his time at this period. It was his practice to keep all the prints engraved from his portraits, together with his sketches, in a large portfolio. This he placed before his sitters, and whatever position they selected, he immediately transferred to his canvas, painting the likeness to correspond. He received six sitters daily, and he kept a regular list of those who sat, and those who were waiting until he could give his attention to them. He painted them in due rotation, and often sent the work home before the colours were dry. He had a natural dislike to sauntering, talkative visitors, and would remark, 'Those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.' As his charge for a portrait was twenty guineas, we gather from this remark that he painted one in four hours.

It is impossible for us to trace Reynolds's brilliant and laborious career year by year, or to fill our pages with the names of his sitters. Pleasant as this would be, inasmuch as he painted the portraits of nearly all the famous Englishmen and Englishwomen of his time, and such a list would recall to us so much that is interesting in art and letters, in the annals of war and peace, in the records of fashion and the stage, during the latter half of that wonderful eighteenth century. But we have no space for so immense a task, and must be content to glance at a few points of special interest. Take, for instance, the year 1768. It must have brought to Reynolds a succession of pleasant triumphs, for no one ever rejoiced more sincerely in the good fortune of his friends than he did. In this year Oliver Goldsmith published his 'Vicar of Wakefield;' Burke made his first great speeches in the House of Commons; Garrick and Colman produced their fine comedy of 'The Clandestine Marriage;' and Angelica Kauffmann rose into some repute as a painter. Gossip whispered that Reynolds was one of her most ardent admirers, while she on her part protested to be dying for Reynolds. Among Reynolds's sitters this year were Lord Camden, the great lawyer; Warren Hastings; Colonel Barre, the politician; General Burgoyne; Lord Shelburne; the Duke of Portland; the beautiful but frail actress, Mrs. Abingdon; Oliver Goldsmith; Miss Kauffmann; the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Rockingham. *Ex uno disce omnes.* This year's list is a fair sample of the various classes of sitters who 'sat' to the popular painter.

The year 1768 was the year of birth of the Royal Academy, of which Reynolds was appointed the first President. As a recognition of his genius, and a compliment to the new institution, the President received the well-deserved honour of knighthood. He discharged the duties of his office with great and fine judgment, and the success of its annual exhibitions was largely due to his unremitting exertions. It was he who instituted the annual Academy dinner, the most remarkable assemblage of men of genius, rank, and political eminence that occurs in England. He imposed on himself also the task of composing and delivering a series of annual discourses on the principles and practice of his art. They are fifteen in number, and contain much sound advice expressed in clear and well-chosen language. The young student, whether in art, literature, or science, may read them to great advantage, so full are they of judicious, suggestive, and solid criticism. In most of them Reynolds insists very strongly on the necessity of application, so emphatically at times as almost to incline one to believe that he looked upon it as a substitute for genius. Again and again he makes it his burden, that labour is the only price of substantial success. He holds—certainly with some exaggeration—that artistic excellence, however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of heaven, may be acquired. 'Excellence,' he says, 'is granted to us never but as the reward of labour. If you have great talents,' he exclaims, 'industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour, nothing is to be obtained without it.'* Reynolds preached the gospel of work long before Carlyle, and, we may add, he practised what he preached.

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* These quotations are from the same Discourse (1769).

To the first exhibition of the Royal Academy Sir Joshua contributed four pictures, 'The Duchess of Manchester and her Son as Diana disarming Cupid;' 'Mrs. Blake as Juno receiving the Cestus from Beauty;' 'Miss Morris as Hope nursing Love;' and Mrs. Bouverie and the beautiful Whig, Mrs. Crewe, in half-lengths. It is not in mythological subjects, by the way, that Reynolds is seen at his best. In the picture of the two ladies, Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie, a tomb is introduced, bearing the inscription, 'Et in Arcadiâ ego.' 'What can this mean?' growled Dr. Johnson as he looked at it; 'it seems very nonsensical. *I am in Arcadia.*' 'Well, what of that?' Reynolds replied; 'the King could have told you. He saw it yesterday, and said at once, "Oh, there is a tombstone in the background. Ay, ay, 'Death is ever in Arcadia!'"' Reynolds afterwards painted Mrs. Crewe as St. Geneviève reading in the midst of her flock.

In the course of this year Reynolds addressed a letter to Barry, the painter, a man whose ambition was greater than his powers, which contained some admirable counsel. We quote a passage very characteristic of the great master.

'Whoever is resolved,' he writes, 'to excel in painting—or, indeed, in any other art—must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment he rises till he goes to bed. The effect of every object that meets the painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction. This general attention, with other studies connected with the art, which must employ the artist in his closet, will be found sufficient to fill up life, if it were much longer than it is. Were I in your place, I should consider myself playing a great game, and never suffer the little malice and envy of my rivals to draw off my attention from the main object, which, if you pursue with a steady eye, it will not be in the power of all the cicerones* in the world to hurt you. While they are endeavouring to prevent the gentlemen from employing the young artists, instead of injuring them, they are, in my opinion, doing them the greatest service. Whilst I was at Rome I was very little employed by them, and that I always considered as so much time lost: copying those ornamental pictures which the travelling gentlemen always bring home with them as furniture for their houses, is far from being the most profitable manner of a student spending his time.'

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* Barry at this time was at Rome.

In 1770 Reynolds began his picture of 'Ugolino,' the suggestion of which he derived from the well-known terrible story in Dante's 'Inferno.'* The head was idealized from that of a model named White, whom he frequently employed. Owing to constant interruptions it was not completed and exhibited until 1773. Mr. Leslie, who, as an artist of eminence, may rightly be accepted as a satisfactory authority, says of it: 'The "Ugolino" leaves nothing to be desired, except that it had never been painted. I can conceive no finer treatment of the subject—indeed, it seems to me the *only* treatment. . . . In looking at the work we are entirely absorbed in the story; and yet the art, the whole arrangement, whether of form or colour, of light or shade, is the best possible.'

In the same Exhibition appeared his delightful picture of 'The Strawberry Girl,' painted throughout in a glowing golden tone that breathes the sunshine of the warm south. Reynolds always declared it to be one of 'the half-dozen original things which, according to him, no man ever exceeded in his life's work.' He sold it for £50. It has now changed hands for 2,100 guineas.

## II.

In this year, 1773, on the 15th of March, was produced Goldsmith's joyous comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.' In spite of the ominous vaticinations of the manager and the actors, it achieved a notable success, much to the delight of Sir Joshua and other of Goldsmith's friends, who were present to encourage him. Sir Joshua's friendship for Goldsmith was cordial and thorough. His purse as well as his advice was at the disposal of that improvident man of genius; and we know from the splendid panegyric in the poem entitled 'Retaliation,' that Goldsmith fully appreciated his friend's fine qualities. The poem, as everybody is aware, arose out of some *jeux d'esprit*, which took the form of pretended epitaphs, written by Garrick and Caleb Whitefoord upon Goldsmith. Goldsmith retaliated with great force and keen perception of character. Upon Reynolds he wrote:

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* Count Ugolino, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, were imprisoned by the Pisans and starved to death. The painter illustrates the lines of Dante, which represent the Count as telling the terrible story to his visitors in the ninth circle of the 'Inferno':

> 'I looked upon the visage of my sons—
> I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
> They wept; and one, my little Anselm, cried,
> "Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?" Yet
> I shed no tear, nor answered all that day,
> Nor the next night, until another sun
> Came out upon the world.'—'Inferno,' canto xxxiii.

> 'Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
> He has not left a wiser or better behind.
> His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
> His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
> Still born to improve us in every part,
> His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
> To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
> When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing;
> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
> By flattery unspoiled . . . ."

Here the poet left off, and his admirable epitome of his friend's character was never finished. He died of fever and heartache, April 4th, 1774. Northcote records that on this sad day Reynolds did not touch his pencil; 'a circumstance the most extraordinary for him, who passed *no day without a line*.' He acted as Goldsmith's executor, and did his best to arrange the chaos of his affairs.

Boswell notes that, referring to Goldsmith's great poem of 'The Traveller' at a dinner at his own house, Sir Joshua said, 'I was glad to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language.' 'Why were you glad?' asked Mr. Langton: 'you had surely no doubt of this before?' Johnson observed, 'No; the merit of "The Traveller" is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment, nor his censure diminish it.' Reynolds quietly rejoined, 'But his friends may suspect they had too great a partiality for him.'

To the Exhibition of 1774 Reynolds contributed some of his finest works. As, for instance, 'The Infant Jupiter,' with the fierce-eyed eagle spreading its noble wings above the head of the deity; 'Lady Cockburn and her Children,' so glorious a combination of matronly grace and infantile charms, with unequalled splendour of colouring, that when it was brought into the Exhibition room to be hung, all the painters present, as with one impulse, broke into a storm of applause; the Duchess of Gloucester; and her daughter, the Princess Sophia—one of the loveliest representations of infancy ever painted by an artist who has made infancy his own.

In 1775 he painted Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, of whose irresistible charm of manner and expression so many anecdotes are told. 'Her youth, figure, glowing good-nature, sense, lively modesty, and modest familiarity,' says Horace Walpole, 'made her a phenomenon.'

He also painted the young and lovely wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the sweet singer, Eliza Anne Linley.

Strange sitters sometimes found their way into the great painter's studio. A gentleman who had brought back a fortune from India sat for his portrait, but was called into the country before it was quite finished. Apologizing by letter for his absence, he requested that it might be completed. 'My friends,' he wrote, 'tell me of the Titian tint and the Guido air: these you can add without my appearance.'

Here is a glimpse of Sir Joshua and Dr. Johnson. They had gone to dine at Mr. Owen Cambridge's Twickenham villa. On their arrival they were received in the library. Johnson immediately ran to the books, and with bleared eyes began to pore over their lettered backs. 'He runs to the books,' said Sir Joshua aside to Boswell and their host, 'as I do to the pictures. But I have the advantage: I can see much more of the pictures than he can of the books.' When Cambridge, politely admitting his own penchant for reading the titles of books, wondered what might be the reason, Johnson answered: 'Sir, the reason is plain. Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries.' Sir Joshua remarked to Boswell on Johnson's wonderful promptitude in reply. 'Yes,' said Boswell, 'he has no flourishing with his sword; he is through your body in an instant.'

It was in this year that Nathaniel Hone, an indifferent painter, formerly an acquaintance of Reynolds, but converted by his success into an enemy, sent to the Exhibition 'The Pictorial Conjurer, displaying his whole Art of Optical Deception;' a satire upon Sir Joshua, accusing him of borrowing postures and characters from the works of the earlier masters. Reynolds himself, strong in the consciousness of genius, treated the attack with indifference; but his friends were indignant, and procured its expulsion from the Exhibition.

The cleverest of his pupils, Northcote, left him in May, 1776, after spending five years under his roof. We owe to the pupil many interesting anecdotes of the master. 'The only allusion,' he says, 'to any merits in his own efforts that I ever recollect him to have made, is once hearing him say "that lovers had acknowledged to him, after having seen his portraits of their mistresses, that the originals had appeared even still more lovely to them than before, by their excellences being so distinctly portrayed." Yet his own opinion of his works was so humble, that I have heard him confess his terror at seeing them exposed to the bright light of the sun.'

'He had painted,' adds Northcote, 'an excellent head of the Duchess of Leinster; and when Burke saw the picture, he exclaimed, "What a beautiful head you have made of this lady! It is impossible to add anything to its advantage." But Sir Joshua was not satisfied, and answered with much feeling, "It does not please me yet; there is a sweetness of expression in the original which I have not been able to give in the portrait, and therefore cannot think it finished."'

He looked for such an improvement in British art that he said, 'All we can now achieve will appear like children's work in comparison with what will be done.'

'Sir Joshua would not willingly admit any excuse by way of palliating a bad performance. Once, on my showing a landscape to him, painted by a friend of mine, an amateur, he said it was very badly done, and asked me if I did not think the same. When I endeavoured to make some apology for my friend by saying he had not the advantage of instruction, he answered rather quickly, "What signifies that? In this manner you may excuse anything, however bad it may be."'

Northcote once asked him if he thought that Titian would ever be surpassed in portrait. He answered, never; that to procure a really fine picture by Titian he would be content to sell everything he possessed in the world to raise money for its purchase, adding emphatically, 'I would be content to ruin myself.'

Burke once spoke to Reynolds of the numerous opportunities afforded him by his profession of obtaining favours from sitters of rank and influence. 'There is some truth in what you say,' replied Sir Joshua; 'but how could I presume to ask favours from those to whom I became known only by my obligations to them?'

It was a favourite maxim of Sir Joshua's, that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural and unlovely attitude begins with the dancing-school.

He was wont to say that he could teach any boy whom chance threw in his way to paint a likeness in a portrait in half a year. The difficulty was to give just expression and true character. He was very reluctant to offer advice unless he perceived that the mind of the person who sought it was earnestly engaged on the subject. 'Otherwise,' he said, 'it was lost labour; the instruction went in at one ear and out at the other.' In his practice, though he would venture on any experiments recommended by any adviser, he was always careful to try them upon his fancy pictures, and made them on portraits only from his great eagerness in pursuit of excellence on occasions when his time was fully occupied with sitters.

Allan Cunningham, in his prejudiced and unfair biography of Reynolds, having asserted that Sir Joshua, seeing the ill effects which Hogarth's blunt honesty had had upon his prospects as a portrait-painter, had learned the art of making himself agreeable to his sitters, and 'of mixing up the oil of flattery with his discourse as assiduously as with his colours.'* Northcote indignantly protests against the calumny. 'Sir Joshua's manners,' he says, 'were indeed affable and obliging, but he flattered nobody; and instead of gossiping, or making it his study to amuse his sitters, he minded only his own business. I remember,' he adds, 'being in the next room the first time the Duchess of Cumberland came to sit, and I can vouch that scarcely a word was spoken for near two hours.'

Cunningham, who loses no opportunity of depreciating Reynolds, insinuates that his table was scantily supplied, out of penuriousness. 'The truth is,' says Northcote, 'Sir Joshua would ask a certain number, and order a dinner to be provided, and then in the course of the morning two or three other persons would drop in, and he would say, "I have got so and so to dinner, will you join us?" which they being always ready to do, there were sometimes more guests than seats; but nobody complained of this, or was unwilling to come again. If Sir Joshua had really grudged his guests, they would not have repeated their visits twice, and there would have been plenty of room and provisions next time. Sir Joshua never gave the smallest attention to such matters; all he cared about was his painting in the morning, and the conversation at his table. To the last he sacrificed his interest; for his associating with men like Burke, who was at that time a great Oppositionist, did him no good at Court. Sir Joshua was equally free from meanness, or ostentation and encroachment on others; no one knew himself better, or more uniformly kept his place in society.'

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* Yet Cunningham himself acknowledges that 'he spoke but little while busied at his easel.'

Taking it as a whole, Sir Joshua's character approached almost as near perfection as seems possible to mankind.

His serene temper was incapable alike of meanness or ostentation, jealousy or hatred. In the height of his success no one ever observed in him any ungracious exhibition of self-complacency. He showed no ill-will when the vitiated public taste preferred for awhile such inferior artists as Romney and Opie. He would do justice to the genius of his great rivals—Hogarth, the creator, he said, of 'a new species of dramatic painting, in which, probably, he will never be equalled;' and Gainsborough, to whom his 'Fourteenth Academical Discourse' is devoted. To the cry of distress his ear was never closed; and he gave not only his money, but his sympathy and advice. He was the chosen friend of all the finest minds of his time, with whom his sound sense, clear judgment, and various knowledge maintained him upon an equality. Of the kindliness of his nature abundant evidence might be cited, but it is necessary only to refer to his love of children, and to the love which they entertained for him. In an age when morality was at a low ebb, he preserved himself pure and unstained, and though infidelity was fashionable retained his faith in God. His course was one of almost uninterrupted prosperity, but it did not spoil him. 'I do not know a fault or weakness of his,' says Burke, 'that he did not convert into something that bordered on a virtue, instead of pushing it to the confines of a vice.' As Leslie puts it, 'In the most fashionable society of his time he lived the fairest, honestest, worthiest life—a life of almost indescribable sweetness, geniality, and gentleness.' *

If such high praise can justly be accorded to Reynolds the man, what shall we say of Reynolds the painter, except that in this capacity, too, he stood among the very foremost? Owing to his daring experiments in vehicles and pigments, some of his pictures have suffered much from the influences of time, but even these might be adduced as irresistible witnesses to his genius, for if their splendour of colour has faded, they retain their grace and beauty of expression. He is the greatest of

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* We append, in a note, some passages from Burke's noble estimate of his friend's character. It was worth living to merit such a panegyric, which everybody feels to be free from exaggeration or artifice :

'Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them ; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

'He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

'In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation ; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

'His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, render him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.'

We may add Mr. Tom Taylor's brief eulogium of 'the greatest painter of the English school, the leading mind of an Academy in its inception and most influential stage, and the man who, of all English painters, has held highest the social and intellectual dignity of his calling. It is not easy to say in which of these respects English art owes most to him.'

English portrait-painters, and claims a place along with Velasquez and Rembrandt, Titian and Tintoretto. If inferior to them in his technical methods, he is their equal in felicity of treatment and depth of feeling—their superior in range of power. No one has ever surpassed him in the indication of character; he expresses it not only in the faces, but in the attitudes, of his sitters. Nor has he been excelled in painting women and children; for which department of his art he was specially fitted by the purity of his mind, and the sweetness of his nature. Compare the 'Beauties' of Lely with those of Reynolds, and you will see that the difference between them is due as much to the painters as to their subjects. Reynolds idealized, where Lely debased and degraded.

'Though Sir Joshua borrowed a great deal,' says Northcote, 'he drew largely from himself: or rather it was a strong and peculiar feeling of nature working in him, and forcing its way out in spite of all impediments, and that made whatever he touched his own. In spite of his deficiency in drawing, and his want of academic rules and a proper education, you see this breaking out like a devil in all his works. It is this that has stamped him. There is a charm in his portraits, a mingled softness and grace, a grasping at the end, with nothing harsh or unpleasant in the means, that you will find nowhere else. He may go out of fashion for a time, but you must come back to him again, while a thousand imitators and academic triflers are forgotten. This proves him to have been a real genius.' And it may be added that his pictures at the present day are as highly valued as ever they have been, while his vast and varied powers receive perhaps a more ready and general acknowledgment than they have ever before secured.

Ruskin's criticism will close, appropriately enough, our remarks on Reynolds as an artist.

'I am inclined,' he says, 'to think that, considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, there was, perhaps, hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait-painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyke had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest types of all feminine and childish loveliness—that in a northern climate, and with gray, and white, and black as the principal colours around him, he yet became a colourist who can be crushed by none, even of the Venetians—and that with Dutch painting and Dresden china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne—I know not that, in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble.'*

## III.

Sir Joshua's admirable grace of manner and sweetness of temper are clearly seen in his intercourse with Fanny Burney, the novelist, as described in her vivacious and gossipy Diary. She gives a lively account of the distinguished circle that gathered round him in his house in Leicester Square; but we prefer to draw upon her narrative of the sayings and doings at Miss Monckton's motley Sunday gatherings. Miss Monckton, at whose house Sir Joshua was a constant visitor, lived with her mother, Dowager Lady Galway, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The household of these ladies seems to have been arranged on a curious system. The servants opened the door, and then left the visitor to find his way upstairs, where, by the fire, sat the old Dowager, with her little round white cap flat on her forehead, motionless and silent as a statue. Even Miss Monckton herself never moved to receive her guests, but saluted them with a friendly 'How d'ye do?' and allowed them to find their own seats. Amongst these, on a certain Sunday in December, 1782, came Sir Joshua, and taking a chair beside Miss Burney, began to repeat all the pleasant things people had been saying of her recently published novel of 'Cecilia'—Mrs. Montague, and the old Duchess of Portland, and Mrs. Delany, who had read it three times.

'Sir Joshua,' says Miss Burney, 'is extremely kind. He is always picking up some anecdote of this sort for me; yet, most delicately, never lets me hear his own praises but through others. He looks vastly well, and as if he had never been ill.' [He had had a serious paralytic attack only a few weeks before.] . . .

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* J. Ruskin, 'The Two Paths,' Lect. II.

'Sir Joshua desired he might convey me home. I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drily saying, "Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?" And turning to Dr. Johnson, he said, "Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home; she says I a'n't old enough." "Ay, sir," said the Doctor, "did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?"'

At Miss Monckton's, on the 13th of December, Miss Burney again met Sir Joshua, as well as Mrs. Siddons, the new star which had risen with such lustre on the horizon of the stage. 'She behaved with great propriety,' says the novelist; 'very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft.'

At another grand assembly, on the 20th, at Lady Gideon's, Miss Burney encounters the great painter. 'He kept me with him, to my great satisfaction, the principal part of the evening. He is so pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable, that there is no one of celebrity I can converse with half so easily and comfortably.'

About this time Sir Joshua was contemplating a jubilee in honour of Raffaele, the three hundredth anniversary of whose death would take place in the following Easter. He bade Fanny devise some means of appropriate celebration; but nothing seems to have come of the idea.

The reference to Mrs. Siddons reminds us that, in 1783, Sir Joshua painted her portrait in the character of 'The Tragic Muse;' a glorious picture, of which Barry says, and not extravagantly, that 'it is, both for the ideal and executive, the finest picture of the kind, perhaps, in the world. Indeed,' he adds, 'it is something more than a portrait, and may serve to give an excellent idea of what an enthusiastic mind is apt to conceive of those pictures of confined history for which Apelles was so celebrated by the ancient writers.' Mr. Taylor speaks of it as 'the finest example, probably, of truly idealized portraiture, in which we have at once an epitome of the sitter's distinction, calling, or achievement, and the loftiest expression of which the real form and features are capable. In the quality of colour, as far as the head, bust, and arms are concerned, the picture ranks with the very finest of the master, and is in perfect preservation. The drapery has a rich sobriety of colour, and even a Rembrandtesque quality in its browns. . . . On the stateliness of the action, the loftiness of the expression—"the rapt soul sitting in the eyes"—it is unnecessary to dilate. Everybody knows the picture, and all who know must admire it.' Respecting the noble pose of the figure, which is said to have been suggested by Michael Angelo's 'Isaiah,' Mrs. Siddons told Mr. Phillips that it was the production of pure accident. 'Sir Joshua had begun the head and figure in a different vein; but while he was occupied in the preparation of some colour, she changed her position to look at a picture hanging on the wall of the room. When he again looked at her, and saw the action she had assumed, he requested her not to move, and thus arose the beautiful and expressive figure we now see in the picture.'

Mrs. Siddons would seem to have varied in her version of the incident; for, according to Mrs. Jameson, she was accustomed to describe Sir Joshua as leading her up to his platform with the words, 'Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse.' 'Whereupon,' she said, 'I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears.'

On the other hand, Miss Catherine Fanshawe relates a conversation she had with this queen of tragedy, in which she spoke of the portraits that had been made of her, and the painful fatigue that several painters gave her by trying a variety of attitudes; while Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whose portrait of her as the Tragic Muse she was alone satisfied, had led her to the chair, and desired her to choose her own position. She immediately placed herself in that which he has so happily adopted. It is well known that he wrote his name (where it was, he said, his ambition that it should remain inscribed) upon the hem of her robe. 'I admired the sober grandeur of the colouring—almost an absence of colour--which contributed to the sublimity of that noble composition. She told me that she was almost upon her knees to him not to disturb those noble hues by a variety of rich and glowing colours which he would otherwise have introduced.'

Reynolds sustained a severe blow to his affections in the death of Dr. Johnson (December 13, 1784). Their friendship was of thirty years' duration, and in all that time had undergone no interruption or diminution. It was founded on mutual respect, and was confirmed by the larger knowledge which each year brought them of the other's virtues. 'When Foote tells me something,' said Johnson, 'I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow; when Reynolds tells me something, I consider myself as possessing an idea the more.' 'No man like Johnson,' said Reynolds, 'had the faculty of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking; perhaps other men might have equal knowledge, but few were so communicative.'

Johnson (who left him one of his executors) made three requests, as he lay dying, of his old friend: Never to use his pencil on a Sunday; to read the Bible whenever possible, and always on Sunday; and to forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him, as he desired to bestow the money on a poor family. Reynolds, of course, consented.

In 1785 the master's most notable picture was his portrait of John Hunter, the great anatomist, whose name is held in high estimation by all lovers of scientific truth. He is represented with uplifted head and abstracted eyes, as if pursuing some clue of intricate thought, until it can be seized and unfolded by the pen held in the relaxed hand. 'The mood of keen, close, connecting induction has never been so perfectly personified as in this figure. It looks as if the painter had been allowed to watch Hunter at work, himself unseen.' The story runs, that after the painter had failed several times to secure a suitable pose, Hunter, fatigued, fell a-thinking, and that Sir Joshua at once fixed him in his attitude of absorption.

As a painter Sir Joshua seems to have reached his prime in the last decade of his life, and he seldom painted better or with more pleasure than in 1786. His niece, writing to a cousin, in the January of this year, says: 'My uncle seems more bewitched than ever with his pallet and pencils. He is painting from morning till night, and the truth is, that every picture he does seems better than the former. He is just going to begin a picture for the Empress of Russia, who has sent to desire he will paint her an historical one. The subject is left to his own choice, and at present he is undetermined what to choose.'

He decided upon a mythological subject, the infant Hercules strangling the serpents, in allusion to the growing power of Russia. Theocritus supplied him with the story and the characters. In the centre Hercules, in a massive cradle, half covered with wolf-skins, is clutching Juno's serpents by the throat, while Iphicles, his brother, cowers in terror by his side. On one side rushes in Alcmena, the mother, in sudden alarm, with a bevy of attendants, half-clad, as if just aroused from sleep; while on the other, Amphitryon, sword in hand, and followed by torch-bearers, stands amazed at the courage of the divine infant. A mystic light breaks into the hall from a rift in the dense dark clouds, whence Juno looks angrily down on her baffled vengeance.

This year produced the lovely group of the 'Guardian Angels bending over the Sleeping Child,' which he had designed for the 'Nativity' window in New College Chapel, Oxford. Those cherub-faces have been so frequently reproduced as to be quite familiar to the public.

To Alderman Boydell's Shakespeare picture-gallery, started in 1787, Reynolds contributed 'Macbeth and the Witches,' the 'Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' and 'Puck.' The last is infinitely the best, and both in conception and execution reveals the master's power.

Of Sir Joshua's great social popularity in his later years we have abundant evidence in his note-books. In 1787, at the age of sixty-four, he was invited everywhere, and went everywhere. 'I find him,' says his biographer, 'the guest of the most fashionable leaders of *ton*—the more Whiggish ones generally—as Lady Jersey, Mrs. Crewe, and the Duchess of Devonshire, but always constant to the survivors of the old Blue circle, Mrs. Montagu still their queen. A new race of fashionable young dilettanti—Sir A. Hume, Sir George Beaumont, and Sir Harry Englefield conspicuous among these—had now come into the field, and seem his chief companions among the younger men of the time. I find few traces of intimacy with the gayer set, the fast men of Brooks's, now wilder than ever with the Prince of Wales at their head. Windham among the younger politicians, and Burke among the older, are often his hosts and guests, and engagements to the latter occur side by side with

Mrs. Hastings's evenings. Boswell, just called to the English bar, and hard at work on his 'Life of Johnson,' figures prominently as entertainer and entertained.

'A new club had been formed the year before, meeting on Tuesdays, at which Sir Joshua is a regular attendant. There are still frequent engagements for dinners and evenings with Mrs. Siddons, and he seems to have made a point of attending all her first appearances and benefits. On these occasions he was always to be seen among the musicians in the orchestra, with Fox at his side, an equally warm admirer of the great actress, who could charm him alike from faro at Brooks's, wit and wine at Carlton House, and the hot war of opposition in the House of Commons.'

To 1788 belongs the noble portrait of General Eliott, Lord Heathfield, the 'hero of Gibraltar.' Constable, the painter, describes it as almost a history of the famous siege. 'The distant sea, with a glimpse of the opposite coast, expresses the locality, and the cannon pointed downward the height of the rock on which the hero stands, with the chain of the massive key of the fortress twice passed round his hand, as to secure it in his grasp. He seems to say, 'I have you, and I will keep you !'

Sheridan and Admiral Lord Rodney were his two most conspicuous sitters this year—the year of the death of Gainsborough, to whose genius Reynolds paid a cordial tribute in his 'Fourteenth Academic Discourse.'

In 1789 Reynolds exhibited, among other pictures, his 'Puck, or Robin Goodfellow;' 'Cupid and Psyche;' 'The Continence of Scipio,' a commonplace effort in the 'grand style;' and 'Cupid and Psyche.'

We hold with the artist's biographer, that whatever may be the demerits of 'The Continence of Scipio,' which belongs to a class of works alien to his genius, the 'Robin Goodfellow' and the 'Cymon and Iphigenia' prove, among his fancy pictures, as conclusively as his 'Sheridan' and 'Simplicity' (Miss Gwatkin) among his portraits of men and children, that in this, the last year of his brilliant painting-life, his powers were absolutely unimpaired, and in the world, as in the studio, his position at this moment must have seemed singularly enviable. He was now in his sixty-sixth year, and no man was richer in

'That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.'

To those who surrounded him the sky must have seemed without a cloud; but if it were so, it was because he had never allowed his equanimity to be disturbed by trifles. But he had sorely felt the death of some of his dearest friends—Goldsmith, Garrick, Johnson, Baretti; and he was now to receive a warning which must have disturbed even his serenity of disposition.

On Monday, the 13th of July, during the sitting of a young lady whose name is not recorded, the sight of his left eye was so much obscured that he was compelled to desist from work, and within ten weeks it was entirely gone. The cause of this affliction was gutta serena, the disease that occasioned the blindness of Milton. His niece relates that he bore up against this heavy blow, the heaviest almost which can befall a painter, with wonderful cheerfulness. He was afraid, however, to paint, or read, or write; but with the ruling passion still in full force, amused himself by sometimes mending or cleaning a picture. He enjoyed company 'in a quiet way,' and loved a game at cards as well as ever. He sought change and diversion, moreover, by excursions into the country, visiting Burke at Beaconsfield, and spending some days at Brighton and Chichester. On his return to town he took much interest in a project for erecting a monument to Dr. Johnson in Westminster Abbey.

In the following year, a slight he had received at the hands of a majority of the Academicians, which he felt was also a blow to the best interests of the institution, induced him to sever his long connection with the Royal Academy, and he resigned the Presidential Chair, as well as his seat as an Academician. 'As I can no longer,' he said, 'be of any use to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation.' His friends, considering that he had been ill-used, came forward with warm expressions of sympathy; and Lord Carlisle (who figures in Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers') addressed him in verse which, if not of a high order of poetry, is, at least, instinct with sincerity of feeling. The noble bard began:

'Too wise for contest, and too meek for strife,
Like Lear, oppressed by those you raised to life,
Thy sceptre broken, thy dominion o'er,
The curtain falls, and thou art king no more.'

After reviewing the history of British art from the days when

Vandyke and Rubens had cheered our northern night down to the appearance of Reynolds, the poet concluded thus:

> 'Desert not then thy sons, those sons who soon
> Will mourn with me, and all their error own.
> Thou must excuse that raging fire, the same
> Which lights the daily muse to endless fame,
> Alas! impels them, thoughtless, far to stray
> From filial love and Reason's sober sway.
> Accept again thy power—resume the chair—
> Nor leave it till you place an equal there!'

It is needless to enter into the details of the rupture, inasmuch as the offending Academicians hastened to make humble apologies to Sir Joshua; and in compliance with their wishes, and at the special request of the King, he withdrew his resignation, and resumed the chair he had so long adorned.

Though partially deprived of sight, he had not wholly relinquished painting; and it is supposed that he did not finally lay aside his magic-working pencil until November, 1791. His last male portrait, it is said, was the admirable one of Charles James Fox, preserved at Holland House, in which no decay of power is visible. If this be indeed his latest work, it is evident that, but for his infirmity, he might for years have delighted the world with his matchless productions.

His fifteenth and last discourse to the students of the Academy was delivered on the 10th of December, 1790. As, at the conclusion, he descended from the chair, Burke stepped forward, and taking his hand, held it while he addressed him in the words of Milton:

> 'The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear.'

Such a tribute from such a man (remarks Leslie) formed a fitting close for the life-work of Reynolds.

The following letter is interesting in itself, and as an illustration of the writer's intellectual vivacity. It was addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, author of an 'Essay on the Picturesque,' and an author who did some good service in his day by his efforts to refine and develop the popular judgment in matters of art.

'London, April 19th, 1791.

'DEAR SIR,

'Though I now read but little, yet I have read with great attention your Essay, which you were so good as to put into my hands, on the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque; and I may truly say I have received from it much pleasure and improvement.

'Without opposing any of your sentiments, it has suggested an idea that may be worth consideration, whether the inferior epithet "picturesque" is not applicable to the excellence of the inferior schools rather than to [that of] the higher. The works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc., appear to me to have nothing of it, whereas Rubens and the Venetian painters may almost be said to have nothing else.

'Perhaps "picturesque" is somewhat synonymous to the word "taste," which we should think improperly applied to Homer or to Milton, but very well to Pope or to Prior. I suspect that the application of these words is to excellences of an inferior order, and which are incompatible with the grand style.

'You are certainly right in saying that variety in tints and forms is picturesque; but it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the reverse of this (uniformity of colour and a long continuation of lines) produces grandeur.

'I had an intention of pointing out the passages that particularly struck me, but I was afraid to use my eyes so much.

'The Essay has lain upon my table, and I think no day has passed without my looking at it, reading a little at a time.

'Whatever objections presented themselves at first view were done away on a closer inspection, and I am not quite sure but that is the case in the observation I have ventured to make on the word "picturesque."

'I am, etc.,

'JOSHUA REYNOLDS.'

The great painter's general health had hitherto been excellent, and in September, 1791, we learn from Malone that he was so robust and vigorous as to be able to accomplish without fatigue a walk of five miles. Though upwards of sixty-eight years of age, he did not appear to be much above fifty, and seemed likely to live another ten or fifteen years. But it was not to be so. The disease, under which he finally sank, had already laid hold of him. His vivacity slowly declined in consequence of a tumour which had for some time been gathering over his left eye. It was accompanied by so much inflammation, that he feared the right eye might be affected, and under the burden of gathering infirmities he felt compelled to resign the Presidentship of the Royal Academy.

His depression of spirits and loss of appetite continued to increase, and he who used to be the cheerfulest of men was wholly unable to conquer his dejection. His physicians at first ascribed these symptoms to hypochondria; they were really due to enlargement of the liver. Boswell, who saw him in November, writes with much feeling: 'My spirits have been still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds almost as low as myself. He has for more than two months past had a pain in his blind eye, the effect of which has been to occasion a weakness in the other, and he broods over the dismal apprehension of becoming quite blind. He has been kept so low as to diet that he is quite relaxed and desponding. He, who used to be looked upon as perhaps the most happy man in the world, is now as I tell you. I force myself to be a great deal with him, to do what is in my power to amuse him.'

Miss Burney, another of his visitors, speaks of him as wearing a bandage over one eye, while the other was shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed grave even to sadness, while retaining all his old cordiality of manner. 'I am very glad,' he said, in a weak voice and dejected accent, 'to see you again, and I wish I could see you better; but I have only one eye now, and scarcely that.'

His friends endeavoured to cheer him with assurances of speedy recovery, and hopes of prolonged life; but Reynolds felt that the end was approaching, and prepared to meet it with composure and resignation. 'I have been fortunate,' he said, 'in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine.'

Burke, writing to his son Richard, in January, 1792, says: 'Our poor friend Sir Joshua declines daily. For some time past he has kept his bed. At times he has pain, but for the most part is tolerably easy. Nothing can equal the tranquillity with which he views his end. He congratulates himself on it as a happy conclusion of a happy life.'

Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening, February 23rd, Sir Joshua Reynolds passed away, apparently without pain. Within a few hours, in the house where the body of his departed friend was lying, Burke sat down, and poured out his feelings in the following words:

'Last night, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, died, at his house in Leicester Fields, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady a distinct view of his dissolution; and he contemplated it with that entire composure which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had, indeed, well deserved.'

The funeral of the great painter took place on Saturday, the 3rd of March. In the procession, which consisted of one-and-ninety carriages; all that was best in English society, all that was most representative in art and letters, might have been seen, and the pall-bearers were ten of England's proudest nobles. Never was an English artist laid in his grave with so stately a ceremonial, or with so unanimous an expression of concern. That grave was dug in the crypt of St. Paul's, next to that of his friend Bishop Newton, and close to the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren. Half a century later, the remains of Turner, the greatest of English landscape-painters, were, by his desire, interred in the immediate neighbourhood of the greatest of English portrait-painters.

In 1813 a monument, executed by Flaxman, was erected in honour of Reynolds, and inscribed with the following admirable epitaph from the pen of Payne Knight:

JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
Pictorum sui sæculi facile principi,
Et splendore et commisturis Colorum,
Alternis Vicibus Luminis et Umbræ,
Sese mutuo excitantium,
Vix Ulli Veterum secundo;
Qui cum summâ artis gloriâ niteretur,
Et morum suavitate et vitæ elegantiâ
Perinde Commendaretur,

Artem etiam ipsam, per orbem terrarum
Languentem et prope inter mortuam
Exemplis egregie venustis suscitavit
Præceptis exquisite conscriptis illustravit,
Atque Emendatiorem et expeditorem
Posteris exercendam tradidit,
Laudium ejus fautores et amici
Hanc effigiem posuerunt.
MDCCCXIII.

[To Joshua Reynolds, the foremost painter of his time, and scarcely second to any of the ancients in splendour and combination of colours, and in handling effects of light and shade; who while he attained to the highest glory of his art, must be commended also for the suavity of his manners and the graciousness of his life; who, that art, when languishing and almost dead, vigorously renewed by ancient examples, illustrated by finely written precepts, and handed down to posterity that it might be practised with greater polish, his friends and admirers have erected this monument.]

## REYNOLDS'S PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERIES.

[The National Gallery has twenty-two examples of Reynolds's genius, namely: 78. The Holy Family; 79. The Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen; 106. A Man's Head in Profile. 107. The Banished Lord, a head; 111. Portrait of Lord Heathfield (General Elliott); 143. Portrait of Lord Ligonier (on horseback); 162. The Infant Samuel, kneeling, at Prayer; 182. Heads of Angels; 185. Portrait of Sir William Hamilton, Knt.; 305. Portrait of Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., F.R.S.; 306. Portrait of Himself; 307. The Age of Innocence; 681. Portrait of Captain Orme; 754. Portraits of Two Gentlemen; 885. The Snake in the Grass, or Love unbinding the Zone of Beauty; 886. Admiral Keppel; 887. Dr. Samuel Johnson; 888. James Boswell, Johnson's biographer; 889. His Own Portrait; 890. George IV., as Prince of Wales, with Star and Ribbon of the Garter; 891. Portrait of a Lady; 892. Robinetta.

In the National Portrait Gallery are the following portraits by Reynolds:

Sir William Blackstone; Admiral Boscawen; Sir William Chambers, the architect; Admiral Keppel; the First Marquis of Lansdowne; Portrait of Himself.]

JAMES MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.
1775–1851.

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# JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER,

## 1775—1851.

### I.

NO doubt, if we were to judge by the 'fitness of things,' and to take into account the supposed influence of circumstances upon men, we should consider it both natural and necessary that a great artist should be born under appropriately artistic conditions, and that his early years should be spent in the constant presence of the beautiful or the picturesque. Arcadia seems the proper birth-land for poets; and painters, in like manner, or at least great, imaginative painters, should feel the first impulses of genius 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' or amid the brightness of streams and green pastures, or within sight and hearing of the multitudinous sea. It was not so with Joseph Mallord William Turner, the most illustrious of the landscape artists of England, perhaps of the world. He who in after-life covered his immortal canvas with so many glorious visions of wood and river, of sunset and sunrise, of vaporous heavens and billowy ocean, was born in one of the vulgarest and most commonplace districts of London—in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; a locality which none would suppose capable of producing a great man. There was the same apparent unsuitableness about his parentage; he was not the son of an artist, or even of a gentleman, or a scholar, but of a barber, and of a barber who, if his trade have a hierarchy of its own, must needs be held as of very low degree. It is true that Mr. Hamerton thinks it was a great thing for Turner that the place of his birth should have been a city, and a large ugly

English city, where works of art might be seen occasionally, but where the sense of beauty could never be satisfied by the aspect of the streets and people. It is true that Mr. Hamerton is also of opinion that the social circumstances of his birth were equally favourable; that he was born exactly in that rank of society where artistic genius had, at that time, the best chance of opening, like a safely sheltered flower. 'To perceive the full truth of this,' he says, 'we have nothing to do but imagine him born in any other than the humbler middle class. If his father had been a little lower in the world, the boy would have been fixed down to some kind of humble labour from his childhood, and held down to it afterwards by want; this at least is so probable as to be almost a certainty, for Turner's genius discovered itself very gradually, and he had no explosive originality at the beginning. But what is *quite* a certainty is, the stifling of his gift in any English family of that time which had the slightest pretension to aristocracy.'

This seems a bold assumption, inasmuch as aristocratic birth did not stifle the genius of Byron or Shelley. Mr. Hamerton's conclusion, indeed, we can hardly regard as other than an audacious paradox; for if it means anything, it means that a great artist ought to be the son of a barber, and live in a squalid and unlovely by-path. Now, one of the lessons that Turner's life teaches, according to all moralists, is that genius can triumph over the most adverse circumstances of birth; not that it is a good thing to be born the son of a barber, but a great thing for the son of a barber to conquer the difficulties that low birth puts in his way. Such, we confess, is our view of the matter. The living force and power of Turner's genius were proved by the facility with which it surmounted every obstacle; but had it not been for those obstacles, might not that genius have ripened earlier and more happily? And had he enjoyed a wider education and higher culture, might not his work have been free from those defects of taste which to some extent mar its beauty? While if the social conditions under which he was bred had been different, a greater purity might have possessed his mind, and a loftier aim his life. We say only that it might have been so; we do not assume to speak dogmatically. But it is our conviction that a man is none the worse—genius though he be—but much the better, for spending his early years under gracious and refining influences,* with those things of beauty around him which find the joy and make the inspiration of the higher life.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born on April 23rd (St. George's Day), 1775, at the house of his father, 26, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. His mother was a woman of bad temper, who after some years of troubled married life, became insane, and was removed to an asylum. His father, William Turner, was a Devonshire man, remarkable apparently for his industry and economy, two admirable qualities which he implanted in his son, and by so doing gave him the means of developing his rare artistic gifts. He put into his hands 'both a sword and a shield for the battle of life, and if we were writing an allegory, we might say that on the sword was engraven the word *Diligentia*, and on the shield *Parsimonia*.' Would that with this sword and this shield every young man was equipped! Then, in life's battle, there would be fewer victims. Without them, Turner would never have made the good and successful fight he did.

His father was careful that he should have as good an education as his means would allow, and sent him, in the first place, to the Brentford Free School as a day-boarder. It was then that he gave the earliest indications of his artistic faculty, for on his way to and from school he amused himself by drawing with a piece of chalk on the walls the figures of cocks and hens. Afterwards he was at school in London, the Soho Academy; and finally at Mr. Coleman's, at Margate. There he first saw the sea and the white cliff, and the sunshine and the cloud chasing each other over the broad green waves. The hazy watering-place had attractions for him which London had never presented, and to the end of his life it held a foremost place in his affections.

Turner did not learn much at school, probably because he was ill-taught. He was never able to write a decent letter; his spelling was sadly uncertain; and of 'the ordinary curriculum of an English education,' we fear he gained a dim, imperfect knowledge. He was unacquainted with any foreign language, almost with his own; but his mind absorbed some classical legends and poetic traditions and fancies, and his memory collected a small stock of facts and figures. His genius for art, meanwhile, evolved itself slowly, until his father came to perceive it, and with a wisdom, which all fathers of clever men have unfortunately failed to show, encouraged, instead of checking, the dawning faculty. It is said that the first thing which drew his father's attention was a copy of an heraldic lion which the lad had made from memory, having seen the original in the house of one of his father's customers. He went on drawing—making rude sketches from nature—so that his father said to Stothard the artist, who patronized the shop in Maiden Lane, 'My son is going to be a painter'—and taking lessons in the art from Paul Sandby, the Academician. He gained some technical facility by colouring prints for Mr. J. R. Smith, a London printseller, for whom a clever boy named Girtin, of the same age as Turner, also worked. The two boys formed a strong friendship, by which Turner profited greatly—and, with a prudent eye to practical results, exhibited little water-colour sketches round the entrance to his father's shop, for sale at from two to three shillings each.

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* Mr. Hamerton admits this when he says that 'there is really such a thing as ladyhood'—that Turner, his mother not being a lady, never came under its 'civilizing influence'—and that the want of it may have been the great reason why he was never a 'perfectly civilized man.'

Turner was thirteen when he left school at Margate, and thenceforward, to the day of his death, he worked as an artist—worked with an almost incredible perseverance, patience, and industry. One of his early employers was Porden, an architect, who engaged him to fill in his architectural designs with water-colour backgrounds. When these designs were of country-houses, Turner was able to indulge his taste for landscape, which he did so effectively that Porden offered to take him as an apprentice without the usual premium. He went to Thomas Malton, a draughtsman who lived in Long Acre, to learn perspective, but did so ill that Malton sent him back to his father as an ignoramus. On a second trial he fared no better, and was again dismissed as incapable. The truth is, that Turner's imagination refused to be bound by the trammels of scientific perspective. He afterwards painted by rule, but the rules he knew were those of Nature, not of Art.

In later life Turner would say that in painting, his first instructions in panelling were from a person who taught him to place a small piece of carmine in the centre of the cheek, and to lose it by degrees. A Mr. Trimmer records that to Turner's father was left by a relative a legacy of £200; and that with this sum he 'placed out' his son to a landscape-painter, who, seeing some of his productions subsequently, remarked—with a good deal of wisdom—'He is not indebted to me for *this.*'*

It was not, however, with a landscape-painter, but with an architect, Mr. Hardwick, then of some repute in his profession, that Turner, when about fourteen years old, was settled. Mr. Hamerton is right, we think, in considering this one of the most fortunate circumstances of his life. His architectural studies were of great use to him afterwards when he introduced architecture,† as he was fond of doing, in his pictures; and, moreover, Mr. Hardwick could appreciate artistic talent, and was induced, by the evidences of it which he saw in his young pupil, to encourage him to enter the Royal Academy as a student. His father assented, and thus Turner's career in life was determined. He had the good fortune to be at once admitted to the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and with his usual diligence copied several of that great master's works, and acquired some knowledge of the secrets of colour. Probably he at that time intended to be a portrait-painter; and had Reynolds lived would, we may be sure, have persevered in that intention. But Sir Joshua was then approaching the limit of his honourable life and glorious career; and when his great personal influence was removed, the young student's natural bias for landscape asserted itself. We may assume also Turner, as an *habitué* of the great painter, was present on the sad occasion when, painting on Lady Beauchamp's portrait, Sir Joshua felt his eyes failing him, and with a deep sigh, laid aside the useless brush; and he may have heard the pathetic exclamation: 'I know that all things on earth must come to an end, and now I have come to mine.' A few months later, and a crowd of distinguished mourners followed the dead artist to his last resting-place.

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* The landscape-painter's 'this' reminds us of Opie's 'that.' Opie, looking at the mediocre production of a painstaking but dull artist, after pointing out some of its defects, hastily exclaimed, with a fillip of the finger and thumb, 'Hang it, sir, it wants *that!*' 'That' is all the difference!

† 'Turner,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'had been forced to pay early attention to whatever of good and right there was in things naturally distasteful to him. The charm of early association had been cast around much that to other men would have been tame; while making drawings of flower-gardens and Palladian mansions, he had been taught sympathy with whatever grace or refinement the garden or mansion would display, and to the close of life would enjoy the delicacy of trellis and parterre, as well as the wildness of wood and moorland; and watch the staying of the silver fountain at its appointed height in the sky with an interest as earnest, if not as intense, as that with which he followed the crash of the Alpine cataract into its clouds of wayward rage.'

In 1789, Turner entered the Royal Academy. Just two years before, when a boy of twelve, he had exhibited his first picture, the subject being Dover Castle. In 1790 he exhibited a good drawing of Redcliffe Church, which he had made during one of his visits to Bristol, where lived a Mr. Harraway, a friend of his father's. He was now fairly launched in his profession. He still worked in skies, and filled up backgrounds for architects, but he lost no opportunity of gaining facility, and acquiring thoroughly the main principles of his art. He also began to receive commissions for topographic drawings, and these took him upon numerous sketching tours, which enabled him to make himself familiar with the minutest details of scenery. With his *impedimenta* tied up in a bundle, and swinging from the end of the stout stick which he carried over his shoulder, he tramped his twenty to twenty-five miles daily, filling his sketch-books with effects of light and shade, glimpses of wood and stream, and lovely bits of landscape. The youth's industry was enormous. As Luther, when translating the Bible, took for his motto, *Nullas dies sine lineâ*, so Turner seems to have taken for his, 'No day without some work accomplished.' It does not appear that he indulged in any of the amusements generally affected by young men; all his time was given to the practice of his art. He acted upon the advice of his master, Sir Joshua, who once said: 'Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night: they will find it no play, but very hard labour.' Hard labour it was; but in Turner's case it was a labour of love, and brought with it a rich reward. It must be admitted that physically as well as mentally he was well fitted to undergo it. His *will* was well sustained by his *powers*. So keen and strong was his sight that when he painted he would throw his sketch on the ground or anywhere, and so long as it turned the right side up, would work from it easily. So sound and healthy was his nervous system that he could work under any conditions; the sudden report of a cannon over his head failed to even startle him. He cared not at all for those luxurious arrangements which our later artists seem to consider so essential, and would make a studio out of a bare garret. So delicate, yet so firm, was his small hand, that it would draw 'with a degree of executive refinement which astonishes even opticians, the most refined of all workmen in the pure handicrafts.' So steady was his arm that he was accustomed to paint on upright canvas without the mahlstick, which is found to be indispensable by all other painters —while such was the robustness of his constitution that he could walk fifteen hours at a stretch without fatigue, and his digestion was so vigorous that it tolerated all extremes of living.*

The feminine ideal of an artist represents him always as endowed with the beauty of an Apollo, and the grace of an Antinous—comely as a Raphael, or stately as a Titian. Not such, we must confess, was Joseph Mallord William Turner. His figure was short and stout, his manner awkward, his bearing ungainly. As for his features, they were far from prepossessing; and he himself used to say that if he had his portrait published, people would never believe he painted his own pictures. His eyes were blue, and round, and prominent; but with that keenness of expression in them that is seen only in men of constant habits of observation; the nose was large and full; the mouth sensual; the chin finely curved, and indicative of tenacity of purpose. It may be added that his dress was slovenly, and in his later years not even cleanly.

Possibly in his youth a brighter sketch might have been made of him; for the keen disappointment his affections sustained, exercised, we may well believe, an unfavourable influence on his character. He became attached, while a very young man, to the sister of one of his Margate schoolfellows; the attachment was mutual, and marriage was decided upon. This may have been in 1796. He then started on some long professional tours in Wales and Yorkshire. During his absence he addressed several letters to his *fiancée*, but they were intercepted by her stepmother, who was averse to the engagement. The usual result followed. The young lady, thinking herself neglected and forgotten, accepted, reluctantly, another suitor; and Turner, when he returned to claim the fulfilment of her promise, found her married. Thenceforth his life was blighted; it is certain, at least, that thenceforth, like the poet in 'Festus,' he fell back into himself.

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* P. G. Hamerton, 'Life of J. M. W. Turner,' pp. 30, 31.

## II.

To his sketching tours, which occupied so important a place in the development of his artistic genius, we must refer a little more in detail. In 1793, being then eighteen years of age, he was sent by one of his employers into Kent and Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire. ; passing through rich varieties of landscape, which he noted with quiet observant eye, and impressed on his tenacious memory. He afterwards visited Wales, and penetrated the valley of the Wye. Before he was twenty, he had drawn Lincoln, Peterborough, and Cambridge, besides views in Denbighshire, Monmouthshire, and Cardiganshire. At twenty-one he had visited the Isle of Wight, besides Ely, Llandaff, and Salisbury. The finest portions of English scenery were thus familiar to him ; and an artist can desire no better inspiration than its green hills and wooded vales, its bright rivers and sylvan streams, its old abbeys and grey feudal towers. In this way Turner was accumulating material for future use. His genius, which was slow in ripening, was exposed to the influences that suited it best. He had leisure for thought and analysis, and that leisure he did not fail to employ to good purpose.

Among the other early influences which helped in strengthening and expanding Turner's artistic faculty must be included the evenings which he spent at the house of his first patron, a Mr. Munro, living in the Adelphi Terrace. Thither he used to accompany his friend Girtin—an artist of the highest promise, who died at the age of twenty-seven, with most of that promise unfulfilled—and the two spent the evenings in sketching, receiving half-a-crown each in payment of their labours, and their suppers. To Turner it was no small advantage that he enjoyed these opportunities of companionship with Girtin, of encouragement from Dr. Munro, and of studying Dr. Munro's collection of foreign and English masters—Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Canaletti, Cozens, Paul Sandby, Gainsborough, and others. He profited by them, as by anything else that came in his way—for in the pursuit of his art never was student more thorough and conscientious than Turner. His plastic mind absorbed impressions of the highest order from these evening studies—

his hand grew firmer and more delicate—he learned to appreciate harmony, and grace, and breadth.

It is necessary to say something here of the technical history of Turner's youth, and we shall say it in Mr. Hamerton's words, because they will be intelligible even to readers who know little or nothing of an art of which everybody ought to know something. At the age of seventeen he was a fairly good painter in oil, but in a heavy though safe manner, and had overcome all the first difficulties in the career of a portrait-painter. When he abandoned the intention of making portraiture his profession, and took to landscape, he worked in water-colours, in which he had acquired considerable skill at an early age. At the age of twenty he began to try to express in oil the knowledge of landscape which he had acquired with pencil and water-colour. At the age of twenty-two he was able to paint landscape in either of the two mediums, but remained for a long time more addicted to water-colour, and used it in preference all his life for work intended to be engraved. In later years he painted much in oils, but the influence of his water-colour practice is evident in nearly all his pictures; in many of them it is even painfully evident, as Mr. Constable, not unjustly, called them 'huge water-colours.' But the point we wish to press is this: that 'Turner's whole career was foreshadowed in everything before the expiration of his minority. Whilst yet a minor he was a painter in water-colours, a painter in oils, a considerable traveller within the limits of his native island, and his works were already engraved. At twenty he was not preparing for life, but really lived already, and had entered thoroughly upon his career, not in a vague, general way, but in all its several departments, except etching on copper and engraving on mezzotint, whilst even for these his early use of the pen and the wash of neutral tint was the best of all possible preparations.'

In 1796, at the age of twenty-one, Turner set up a home of his own, in the lane at the bottom of Hand Court. He exhibited several pictures this year—views of Salisbury, Staffordshire, Wales, the Isle of Wight, Westminster, and some 'sea-scapes'—all testifying to his patient industry and untiring application. Turner knew there was no royal road to fame, or to the excellence which secures fame; and up the thorny steep of difficulty he pressed with slow, unwearying feet; not like those rash, impatient spirits which, if they cannot achieve success *per saltum*, retire from the struggle, broken, spiritless, and defeated. In 1798 he exhibited several views of Yorkshire scenery; and we may conjecture, therefore, that in the previous year he had first made acquaintance with that glorious English county, to which afterwards he was so passionately attached. We can conceive of no place better fitted to call forth the dormant life and force of his wonderful genius. Yorkshire, with its breezy wilds, and vast expanses of moor, which no sounds profane but the song of birds, and the voices of the wind; Yorkshire, with its broad green leas and shadowy combes, folding in the shattered remains of stately mediæval abbeys; Yorkshire, with its rocky ravines, resonant with the rush and brawl of the Greta or the Wharfe; Yorkshire, with its picturesque limestone scaurs, and its magnificent stretch of coast, and those firm, inflexible cliffs which look down in massive grandeur on the grey waters of the Northern Sea—this Yorkshire was to Turner a source of constant and happy inspiration; and some of his finest sketches are to be found among the illustrations which he contributed to the books that deal with its topographical history, like Dr. Whitaker's 'History of Richmondshire,' or the poems that have added to its deathless associations, like Scott's 'Rokeby,' and Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone.'

Mr. Ruskin remarks upon Turner's early acquaintance with Yorkshire scenery.

'At last,' he says, 'Fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin, and one summer's evening he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of Nature around him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last, and freedom at last, and loveliness at last; it is here, then, among the deserted vales—not among men; those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces—that multitudinous marvel, humanity—are not the only things which God has made.'

Mr. Ruskin says further:

'The scenery whose influence I can trace most definitely throughout his works, varied as they are, is that of Yorkshire; of all his drawings, I think those of the Yorkshire series have the most heart in them; the most affectionate, simple, unwearied, serious painting of truth. There is in them little seeking after effect, but a strong love of place; little exhibition of the artist's own powers or peculiarities, but intense appreciation of the smallest local minutiæ. . . . . It is, I believe, to those broad, wooded steeps and swells of the Yorkshire downs that we in part owe the singular massiveness that prevails in Turner's mountain drawing, and gives it one of its chief elements of grandeur. I am in the habit of looking to the Yorkshire drawings as indicating one of the culminating points in Turner's career. There he attained the highest degree of what he had up to that time attempted—namely, finish and quantity of form united with expression of atmosphere, and light without colour. His early drawings are singularly instructive in this definiteness and simplicity of aim.'

Yorkshire was to Turner what Italy was to Claude—the fountain-head of power and inspiration. Everybody knows that Turner has been called the English Claude; and the epithet we will not quarrel with, if it means only that Turner is entitled to as high a rank among the great landscape-painters. Otherwise, in the quality and expression of their pictures, their power and colour, their nature and excellence, they differ vastly. But they resembled each other in their mode of study. Turner, like Claude, diligently copied everything that caught his attention or engaged his fancy; a tree, a flower, a shining stream, bits of buildings, and nooks and corners in the landscape—and these small sketches served him greatly when he came to work upon his larger compositions. In like manner he attentively watched the sky phenomena and the atmospheric effects, the cloud-forms, and the changes of light and shade—putting them aside, as it were, until a fitting opportunity arose for drawing upon his storehouse of images.

In 1800, Turner made another step in advance, being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at the exceptionally early age of twenty-five. The picture he painted for his diploma was Dolbadun Castle, North Wales; it revealed little or nothing of the true Turneresque genius, but was carefully executed with due respect for the time-honoured conventionalities. In this year of success the artist removed his lodging to Harley Street, and in the following year to Norton Street, Portland Road. About this time he executed for Beckford, the millionnaire, and author of

'Vathek,' some sketches of the sham Gothic abbey which Beckford was rapidly rearing at Fonthill. He afterwards went to Scotland; visiting the 'grey metropolis of the North,' the Falls of Clyde, Loch Lomond, and penetrating into the West Highlands as far as Loch Awe. The result of this tour was seen in the following year—the year which witnessed his election as Royal Academician (R.A.)—when he exhibited his picture of 'Kilchurn Castle.' This picture is not a reproduction of the actual topography of Kilchurn and Loch Awe, but a representation of the impression which the grand Highland scenery made upon his mind; just as Mendelssohn's 'Scotch Symphony' does not convey a literal transcript of Scottish music, but expresses the thoughts and emotions suggested to the musician by the character of the Scottish landscape. Topographical accuracy is not to be looked for in Turner's pictures. He painted a landscape as his imagination idealized it. It was the poet's vision, not the photographist's realization of every minute detail. The story runs that a certain individual, looking at a landscape of Turner's, which professed to represent some scene he was familiar with, hesitatingly said, 'But, Mr. Turner—really I—I—do not see how you made up this picture!' 'No, sir,' growled the great artist—'don't you wish you could?' Gifted with 'the faculty divine,' Turner put upon his canvas a glory, and a sublimity, and a beauty visible to no ordinary eye—

> 'The light that never was on land or shore'—

the light that flowed from his own rich imagination. To look for topographical fidelity in Turner's landscapes is as absurd as to look for it in Shelley's 'Alastor,' or Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur,' or to insist upon finding at Dover Shakespeare's Cliff in 'King Lear.'

On this subject the reader will allow us to quote Mr. Ruskin.

'The way,' he says, 'in which most artists proceed to invent, as they call it, is this: they choose their subject, for the most part well, with a sufficient quantity of towns, mountains, ruined cottages, and other materials, to be generally interesting; they then fix on some object for a principal light; behind this put a dark cloud, or in front of it a dark piece of foreground; then they repeat this light somewhere else in a less degree, and connect the two lights together by some intermediate ones. If they find any part of the foreground uninteresting, they put a group of figures into it; if any part of the distance, they put something there from some other sketch; and proceed to inferior detail in the same manner; taking care always to put white stones near black ones, and purple colours near yellow ones, and angular forms near round ones. All this being as simply a matter of usage and practice as cookery; like that, not by any means a thing easily done well, but still having no reference whatever to "impressions on the mind."

'But the artist who has real invention sets to work in a totally different way. First he receives a true impression from the plan itself, and takes care to keep hold of that as his chief good; indeed, he needs no care in the matter, for the distinction of his mind from that of others consists in his instantly receiving such sensations strongly, and being unable to lose them, and then he sets himself as free as possible to reproduce that impression on the mind of the spectator of his picture.

'Now, observe, this impression on the mind never results from the mere piece of scenery which can be included within the limits of the picture. It depends on the temper into which the mind has been brought, both by all the landscape round, and by what has been seen previously in the course of the day, so that no particular spot upon which the painter's glance may at any moment fall, is then to him what, if seen by itself, it will be to the spectator far away; nor is it what it would be even to that spectator if he had come to the reality through the steps which Nature has appointed to be the preparation for it, instead of seeing it isolated on an exhibition wall.'

If the reader will turn to Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' he will find the question discussed with great care and completeness. Meantime he will remember that this cry for photographic fidelity is false in act, and comes from the class of critics who condemn Shakespeare's chronological liberties, and rise to a white heat of indignation because he places Bohemia on the sea coast. These are the men who expatiate on the beauty and faithfulness of a picture, because every blade of grass in the foreground is separately and individually given; though in the real landscape whoever sees or stops to count each tiny bit of herbage?

Turner, soon after his election as an Academician, undertook a continental tour. He passed through France to Switzerland, visiting the Alpine village of Chamounix and the great wan glacier of Mont Blanc, known as the Mer de Glace; crossed the Alps into the Val' d'Aosta, and studied there, with imaginative insight, the giant forms of the mountains. On his return to England he painted, among other memorials of this extended travel, which had revealed to him so many new aspects of the beautiful, the majestic, and the sublime, his 'Calais Pier,' and 'Macon Vintage,' two pictures in which the higher qualities of his genius begin to manifest their presence.

It was about this time, when he had crossed the threshold of fame and success, that he took his father from the barber's shop and gave him a comfortable place in his own home. Turner's relations to his father seem to have been always very tender and affectionate. The old man's habits were economical even to penuriousness, and nothing pleased him better than to save his son a few shillings by acting as porter at his gallery or stretching his canvasses, and Turner wisely refrained from interfering with these his small attempts to make himself useful, when he saw what a source of satisfaction he found in them. Soon after Turner went to live at Twickenham, an old friend met the elder Turner in Queen Anne Street, looking very melancholy, and found that his heart was heavy with the expense of his daily journeys to town to open his son's gallery. A week after the same friend met him, evidently in a most cheerful mood. In explanation of the change in his spirits, he said: 'Why, look'ee here, I have found a way at last of coming up cheap from Twickenham to open my son's gallery. I found out the inn where the market gardeners baited their horses; I made friends with one on 'em, and now, for a glass of gin a-day, he brings me up in his cart on the top of the vegetables.'

From some reminiscences with which the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, rector of Heston, Turner's oldest friend, supplied Mr. Thornbury, we extract a glimpse or two of Turner and his father during their residence at the artist's Twickenham house, Solus (afterwards called Sandycomb) Lodge. The *ménage* seems to have been of a very modest character. The table-cloth barely covered the table, and the earthenware was in strict keeping. 'I remember Turner's saying one day, "Old Dad," as he called his father, "have you not any wine?" whereupon Turner senior produced a bottle of currant, at which Turner, smiling, said, "Why, what have you been about?" The senior, it seemed, had rather overdone it with Hollands, and it was set aside. At this time Turner was very abstemious.'

Turner had a boat at Twickenham, but never went farther than the water's edge. He had also a gig, and an old horse—an old crop-eared bay horse—or rather a cross between a horse and a pony. In this gig he used to drive out sketching, his apparatus lying under the seat. 'I remember,' says Trimmer, 'once going on an expedition of this kind to Staines, and from thence to Runnymede, where he made some sketches; from these he painted a picture, which strongly resembles the place to this day. We went, I remember, a very steady pace, as Turner painted much faster than he drove. He said, if when out sketching you felt at a loss you had only to turn round or walk a few paces further, and you had what you wanted before you.

'At first sight, Turner gave one the appearance of a mean-looking little man. Once in a sketching ramble, in descending a hill, he snapped a tendon Achilles, and limping about afterwards with a stick, did not add to his appearance. But all this wore off. To be appreciated he required to be known. Though not polished he was not vulgar. In common with many men of genius, he had not a good flow of words, and when heated in argument got confused, especially, I am told, in his lectures on Perspective, though he was well master of his subject. He was rather taciturn than talkative. His hair was dark-brown, bordering on black, and his complexion sallow.'

Every year Turner produced his wonderful pictures, displaying not only a marvellous fertility of resource, but a wonderful power of application. In this he resembled some of the old masters, who must have spent almost every waking hour, I think, before their easel. His patient industry was part of his genius; at least, without it his genius would not have been so productive. And it is an admirable example for the young student, this great artist, this man of boundless imagination and insight, working through his daily task with so much tenacity, so much diligence, and so much inflexibility of purpose. These are the qualities that make great artists and great men.

## III.

In 1807, Turner, who was well aware of the range and variety of his powers, resolved upon putting himself in open rivalry with Claude Lorraine, and as the latter had executed a *Liber Veritatis*, so did he undertake a *Liber Studiorum.* But whereas the *Liber Veritatis* was simply a collection of drawings or memorandums of Claude's pictures, made as fast as the pictures were finished, the *Liber Studiorum* was a book of studies, expressly prepared as an 'epitome of the Turnerian universe.' Claude's was not a 'show-book,' and was intended only for private use; Turner's was intended for publication, was the produce of years of careful work, engraved mostly with his own hands, and watched in all its processes with the most vigilant attention. It is unquestionably a noble labour. Here may be seen how the artist's genius swept the entire compass of landscape art. Here may be recognized the boundless affluence of his invention, and the priceless tenaciousness of his memory.

We have noted as a special characteristic of Turner, which young readers would do well to imitate, his untiring application; not less conspicuous was his *thoroughness.* Whatever he did, he did it with all his heart and soul, resolute to make it as good as it could be made. He would not allow an engraving of his lightest sketch to go forth to the world until it was perfect in every detail. And such was his knowledge of 'engravers' effects' that when dissatisfied with a plate he would sit down and change a sunrise into a moonrise. 'It was no unusual thing for him, when a plate of the "Liber" began to wear, to take it and revive its whole effect, making all that was before light now dark, and all that was before dark now light. . . . To revive the scale of chiaroscuro in a plate at five minutes notice is as difficult as it would be for a musician to change the key of a Sonata of Beethoven, and play it at once correctly at sight after having made the change.' We have seen the margins of many of Turner's proofs thickly strewn with minute but invaluable suggestions, and directions for the engravers, all proving the conscientiousness with which his work was done, and his anxiety that no imperfection should pass unnoticed.

The subjects in the 'Liber Studiorum' are divided into six groups: Historical, Pastoral, Elegant Pastoral (the distinction between this and the former group is not very clear), Mountain, Marine, Architectural. Between 1807 and 1816 Turner published seventeen numbers, containing seventy-one plates. But the publication never paid, and Turner stopped it when he found himself engaged in more profitable enterprises.

We give the titles of a few subjects in each section, that the reader may better appreciate the variety and vigour of Turner's invention; but to understand what this magnificent production is in all its fulness and beauty, it must be carefully studied, and happy is he who can get hold of a copy of it! A complete set of the 'Liber' is worth about £3,000.

*History.*—Æacus and Hesperia; Jason; Procris and Cephalus; Christ and the Woman of Samaria; Rizpah.

*Pastoral.*—Norham Castle; East Gate, Winchelsea; Bridge and Cows; Hedging and Ditching; Young Anglers.

*Elegant Pastoral.*—Chepstow; Falls of the Clyde; Stone Bridge, with Goats; St. Catherine's Hill, near Guildford.

*Marine.*—Shipping; Yorkshire Coast, near Whitby; Inverary Pier; Martello Towers.

*Mountains.*—Devil's Bridge; Mont St. Gothard; Chain of the Alps from Grenoble; Ben Arthur.

*Architectural.*—Dunstanborough Castle; Rivaulx Abbey, Dumblane Abbey; London from Greenwich.

The sadness which permeated Turner's genius appears in his partiality for the gloomier aspects of Nature, and the evidences of the vanity of human things. The 'Liber Studiorum' affords abundant illustrations. It is the dusk of twilight and the waning sunset that he loves to paint; the ruined abbey, or the lonely sea shore, or the desolate mountain. 'A feeling of decay and humiliation,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'gives solemnity to all its simplest subjects, even to his view of daily labour. In the pastoral, by the brook-side, the child is in rags and lame. In the "Hedging and Ditching" the labourer is mean and sickly, the woman slatternly. The Water-mill is a ruin; the peat-bog dreary.

'Of human pride, see what records: Morpeth Tower, roofless and black; Gate of old Winchelsea Wall, the flock of sheep driven round it, not through it; and Rivaulx Choir, and Kirkstall Crypt, and Dunstanborough, far above the sea; and Chepstow, with evening light through traceried windows; and Lindisfarne, with falling height of wasted shaft and wall; and, last and sweetest, Raglan, in utter solitude, amid the wild wood. These are his types of human pride. Of human love: Procris dying by the arrow, Hesperia by the viper's fang, and Rizpah, more than dead, beside her children. Such are the horrors of the *Liber Studiorum.* Silent always with a bitter silence, disdaining to tell his meaning when he saw there was no ear to receive it, Turner only indicated his purpose by slight words of contemptuous anger when he heard of anyone's trying to obtain this or the other separate subject as more beautiful than the rest. "What is the use of them," he said, "but together?"' They were all links of a chain which had engraved upon it the significant legend, 'Vanitas Vanitatum.'

In 1808 Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy. Perspective—or at least technical perspective — was not his strong point, and in his pictures he invents and adopts a perspective of his own, but he endeavoured to discharge with due honesty the duties of his office, and prepared for the enlightenment of his pupils a number of large and elaborate illustrations. It was at this time that he took a house in the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and thenceforward he had always two or even three residences, flitting from one to the other according to his mood, and in the hope, perhaps, of eluding visitors, and securing the privacy which was so dear to him. His picture of 'Trafalgar,' now in Greenwich Hospital, was painted in 1807 or 1808, for George IV., who afterwards presented it to the Hospital. It is no favourite with nautical critics, who condemn unreservedly its technical defects, and these it cannot be said to counterbalance by any great artistic merits.

Turner paid his first visit to Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont—an accomplished and liberal patron of art—in 1809, and enjoyed it exceedingly. The earl was a man of fine tastes and fine manners, and the artist who, with all his external roughness, was not wanting in delicate perceptions, respected and esteemed him. He, on his part, was able to look below the surface, and to recognise in Turner what there was of genuine refinement. While the artist was at Petworth he rose very early, and for several hours in the morning worked with great assiduity; afterwards he would amuse himself freely, especially in fishing, which led the other guests into the mistake that he was a man of idle habits. Fishing was his favourite amusement. He seldom paid a country visit without being accompanied by his rod, and he carried into this pursuit the indomitable perseverance which he brought to bear on his artistic work. No inclemency of weather would daunt him, no churlishness of fortune weary him. One of Mr. Trimmer's sons used to speak of seeing him sit on the lawn at Brentford, fishing in a pond for carp. It was a wet and dreary day, but there he sat on a kitchen chair, with a piece of board under his feet. In one hand he held his huge umbrella, in the other his rod. And the wind blew and the rain descended, but silent and immovable sat Turner, until the dinner-bell rang.

In 1812 Turner removed from Harley Street to 47, Queen Anne Street, West, the house which will always be connected with his name and fame. Here he had not only a studio to paint in, but a gallery for the private exhibition of his pictures. Mr. Hamerton tells us that he was never in the house during Turner's lifetime, but well remembers visiting it with Mr. Leslie, the artist, after his death, when everything remained just as he had left it. 'There were about ninety pictures in the gallery then,' he says, 'in a wonderful state of neglect, the frames looking as if they had never been gilded. Mr. Leslie told me that he had known the house forty years, that during the whole time it had never received one touch of paint or repair, and that the papers had never been renewed. There was no picturesque magnificence about the house such as artists often like to have when they can afford it.' The truth is Turner lived *in* his art and *for* his art, and his genius was independent of condition and circumstance. He would have despised the æsthetic coxcombry which distinguishes the present race of artists, who seem unable to work except in studios elaborately fitted up and decorated, or to live except in 'interiors,' furnished in the costliest manner with every necessary that luxurious refinement can suggest. Nor did he obtain the large sums for his pictures that are nowadays offered for pictures of a far inferior character. His mode of living was simple and unostentatious, and he never troubled himself about the paper on his walls or the upholstery of his rooms, not, we believe, from parsimony, but because he was absolutely indifferent to them.

A great deal has been made of his penuriousness, but to our mind it has been grossly exaggerated. Like most men who have suffered from poverty in early years, he was undeniably thrifty, yet was he capable of acts of splendid generosity, which showed that at heart he was not a miser. He could be hospitable when occasion offered. It is recorded of him that on his Devonshire tour in 1812, he invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to a picnic, at which he provided everything on the most liberal scale. Leslie tells of a dinner at Blackwall, when the party was large and the bill heavy. Chantrey, who presided, received the bill and passed it on to Turner in a joke; the great artist immediately paid it, and would allow no one else to contribute. Nor was this a solitary instance. It is true enough that in his bargains he would insist on the last sixpence; he discharged his own part to the veriest tittle, and therefore, as a friend of principle, would make not the smallest concession on the other side.

Mr. Ruskin says, in reference to Turner's character, that he had a heart as intensely kind and as nobly true as God ever gave to one of His creatures. 'Having known him for ten years, and that during the period of his life when the brightest qualities of his mind were in many respects diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man or man's work. I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look. I never knew him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance, or endeavour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner whom I have ever known could I say this, and of this kindness and truth came all his highest power.'

When, in 1826, his magnificent picture of 'Cologne' was exhibited, it was hung between two portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which Turner's richly coloured sky threw into the shadow. Lawrence, not a little mortified, complained openly of the bad position of his canvases. At that time artists were permitted to retouch their work on the walls of the Academy. On the morning after the exhibition opened, at the private view, a friend of Turner who had seen the 'Cologne' in all its glory, led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back annoyed; the golden sky had changed to a dim colour. He ran up to the artist, who was in another part of the room: 'Turner, Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?' 'Oh,' muttered Turner, in a low voice; 'poor

Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lamp black. It will all wash off after the exhibition.' He had actually poured a wash of lamp black in water-colour over the sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time, and so allowed it to remain throughout the exhibition, lest it should injure Lawrence's chances of success.

Of no one of our greatest philanthropists is a finer action recorded—a more splendid instance of unselfishness and generosity. Who will cavil at the little failings of a man who could do a thing so truly noble?

The following anecdote we relate on the authority of Mr. Thornbury:—

'An early patron of Turner, when he was a mere industrious barber's son, working at three shilling drawings in his murky bedroom, had seen some of them in a window in the Haymarket, and had bought them. From that time he had gone on buying and being kind to the rising artist, and Turner could not forget it. Years after he heard that his old benefactor had become involved, and that his steward had received directions to cut down some valued trees. Instantly Turner's generous impulses were roused; his usual parsimony (all directed to one great object) was cast behind him. He at once wrote to the steward, concealing his name, and sent him the full amount: many, many thousands—as much as £20,000, I believe. The gentleman never knew who was his benefactor, but in time his affairs rallied, and he was enabled to pay Turner the whole sum back. Years again rolled on, and now the son of Turner's benefactor became involved. Again the birds of the air brought the news to the guardian angel of the family; again he sent the necessary thousands anonymously; again (so singular are the sequences of Providence) the son stopped the leak, righted himself, and returned the whole sum with thanks.'

When a drawing-master died, who had been one of his old friends, Turner was much afflicted, and showed all the kindness he could to the widow. He lent her money until a large sum had accumulated, and when fortune favoured the grateful woman, she waited upon him to repay it. Turner kept his hands resolutely in his pockets, desiring her to keep the money, and to educate her children with it. Was this the act of a cold hearted, rapacious man?

'Many stories,' says Mr. Jones, 'are told of Turner's parsimony and covetousness, but they are generally untrue; he was careful and desired to accumulate; he acknowledged it, often added to the jokes against himself, and would say, with an arch expression of countenance, when congratulated on the successful sale of the picture, "Yes, but there is the frame, or the carriage, or the time spent in alteration or varnishing;" but these were indulgences in the ridiculous, which always excited mirth and gave him pleasure; cruelty and unkindness he never felt, a proof of which was discovered after his death.

'The executors inquired what were the debts due to him, and learned from his lawyer that the rent of the houses in Harley Street had not been paid for two years; this surprised the executors, but the matter was explained by the lawyer stating that Mr. Turner would not allow him to distrain, yet pressed him to importune the tenants for the rent.

'Turner was always desirous to earn money, with one great and beneficent view constantly before him, yet he preferred painting a picture for any person to selling one.

'When he was painting his [Trafalgar] picture, formerly in St. James's Palace, now at Greenwich, he was criticized and instructed daily by the naval men about the Court, and during eleven days he altered the rigging to suit the fancy of each seaman, and did it with the greatest good humour; yet, during his life, he always joked about having worked eleven days without any pay or other profit.'

## IV.

Among the pictures exhibited in 1812 was that of 'Hannibal and his army crossing the Alps,' to which belongs the distinction of having been the first to appear in the Catalogue with a motto from Turner's unpublished (except in this form) poem, 'Fallacies of Hope.' Many other pictures afterwards appeared with illustrative extracts from that remarkable production, which seems to have had neither end nor beginning. Poetical fragments or, more exactly speaking, fragments in verse, of varying length, were also found after his death, amongst his sketches and papers. In truth, with remarkable but painful and hopeless persistency, Turner sought to find in poetry a channel of expression. His efforts were not successful. He had little notion of metrical harmony, and less of syntactical accuracy. The following specimens will probably call forth a smile from the amused reader :

‘From his small cot he stretched upon the main,
And by one daring effort hoped to gain
What hope appearèd ever to deny.’

‘To guard the coast their duty, not delude
By promises as little heeded as they're good :
When strictly followed give a conscious peace,
And ask at the eve of life a just release.
But idleness, the bane of every country's weal,
Equally enervates the soldier and his steel.’

‘Lead me along with thy annonuous verse,
Teach me thy numbers and thy style rehearse.’

‘Close to the mill-run stands the school,
To urchin dreadful on the dunce's stool :
Behold him placed behind the chair,
In doleful guise, twisting his yellow hair,
While the grey matron tells him not to look
At passers-by through doorway, but his book.’

‘The same inflexibility of will
Made them to choose the inhospitable hill ;
Without recourse [resource?] they stood supremely great
And grimly bid defiance even to fate.
Thus stands aloft this yet commanding fort,
“The Maiden” called, still of commanding port.
So the famed Jungfrau meets the nether skies
In endless snow untrod, and man denies
With all his wiles : precipitous or bold,
The same great characters its summits hold,
Thus graves o'er all the guarded area tell
Who fought for its possession, and who fell.’

It is easy to ridicule prosaic lines like these, deficient as they are in rhyme, accent, cadence, melody ; yet to us there is something pathetic about them. We cannot regard without emotion the spectacle of this great man of genius struggling to express himself in another medium than that with which God had provided him. He had feelings, thoughts, sympathies—not without loftiness, and tenderness, and purity ; but when he endeavoured to clothe them in words, he stammered until he almost lost the faculty of articulate speech. When we consider the defects of his early education, and his want of culture, and his ignorance of literary laws, we need not be surprised that his efforts failed. He was like a man trusting himself to the waves of the Atlantic without having learned to swim.

But what those poetic attempts very clearly demonstrate is the *double nature*, so to speak, of Turner. He was not one man, but two men; his character was singularly duplex—a strange combination of light and shade. On the one side was the squalid, vulgar, sensual, penurious Turner—and it is this side which his enemies are careful to bring into prominent relief; on the other, the great artist, with the dumb poetry in his soul, and such a boundless wealth of things of beauty and grandeur in his imagination, and so much deep feeling and capricious generosity in his heart. Had the conditions of his youth been different, had he grown up into manhood in an atmosphere of piety and refinement; and, above all, had he ever learned to value the great truths of Christ's religion, and taken to his sad despairing heart the teachings of the Divine Master, how much nobler would he have been as a man, and how as an artist he would have compassed more serenity, more restful calm, and greater sublimity of aspiration! His life was not all that he might and should have made it; his work not all that such a genius should have accomplished. His life and his work were both marred by circumstances which partly he could not, and partly he might have controlled. We cannot hold him responsible for the shortcomings of his youth, but he was fully responsible for the errors of his manhood; and in this respect his life has a lesson which the young reader will do well to learn,—that our work is necessarily injured by everything which soils our inner nature, and that the brightest genius will fail to achieve its full aim and mission in so far as it departs from purity of thought and feeling, and abandons its faith in God.

But if Turner had his faults as a man, we have seen that he was not without his merits; and some of his excellences of character are by no means common. Thus Mr. Lupton, the eminent engraver, says:

'Turner was a man that not only considered that time was money, but he acted upon it, and worked from morning till night; indeed, it would be correct to say he laboured from sunrise to sunset. He would often ask his brother artists, sarcastically, if they ever saw the sun rise. These industrious habits, and his love of his profession, gave him a very long life, and account for the great number of his works left behind him, for it may be truly said he worked as many hours as would *make the lives* of two men of his own age.

'Turner was a great observer of all that occurred in his profession; of reserved manners generally, but never coarse (as has been said), though blunt and straightforward, he had a great respect for his profession, and always felt and expressed regret if any member of it appeared to waste or neglect his time.

'In the sale of his pictures he always took a high moral position. When asked the price of a picture by a purchaser (for instance) he would say two hundred guineas. The reply has been, 'No, I will give you one hundred and seventy-five.' 'No, I won't take it.' On the morrow the applicant has come again. 'Well, Mr. Turner, I suppose I must give you your price for that picture—the two hundred guineas.' Mr. Turner has been known to reply, 'Ah, that was my price yesterday, but I have changed my mind also; the price of the picture to-day is two hundred and twenty-five guineas.' The applicant went away, and perhaps the next day was glad to have the picture at another increased price.

'Turner, among his social friends, was always entertaining, quiet in reply, and very animated and witty in conversation. He was well read in the poets.'

Some very interesting anecdotes of Turner are included in the 'Autobiography' of Mr. Cyrus Redding, a litterateur in vogue in the earlier part of the century, but now, we fear, forgotten. He met the artist, in 1812, on one of his Devonshire tours, saw a good deal of him, and recorded what he saw with much graphic vigour and apparent faithfulness. He speaks of Turner's unprepossessing exterior, reserve, and austerity of language, as existing in combination with a powerful, intelligent, reflective mind, that was irregularly self-concentrated; his faculty of vision seemed to penetrate the sources of natural effect, however various in aspect, and he stored them easily in his retentive memory. His glance appeared instantly to discover the novel features of a scene, which he at once recorded on paper in a few outlines unintelligible to others.

In a Dutch built boat, with outriggers and undecked, belonging to a weather-beaten salt, known as Captain Nords, Turner, with Damaria, an Italian officer of the army, a Mr.

Collier, Cyrus Redding, and a sailor, went on a coasting trip to Bow Island, in Bibury Bay. The sea wore that 'dirty, puddled appearance' which often precedes a gale. They kept towards Raven Head to secure an offing, but as they ran out from the land the sea rose higher, until off Stokes Point, it became stormy. Turner enjoyed the wild grandeur of the scene. He sat in the stern sheets, intently watching the wild waters, and unaffected by the motion. 'Two of our number,' says Redding, 'were sick. The soldier, in a delicate coat of scarlet, white, and gold, looked dismal enough, drenched with the spray, and so ill that at last he wanted to jump overboard. We were obliged to lay him on the rusty iron ballast in the bottom of the boat, and keep him down with a spar laid across him. Damaria was silent in his suffering. In this way we made Bow Island. The difficulty was how to get through the surf which looked unbroken. At last we got round under the lee of the island, and contrived to get on shore. All this time Turner was silent, watching the tumultuous scene. The little island, and the solitary hut it held, the bay in the bight of which it lay, and the dark long Bolt Head to seaward, against the rocky shore of which the waves broke with fury, made the artist become absorbed in contemplation, not uttering a syllable. While some shell-fish were preparing, Turner, with a pencil, clambered nearly to the summit of the island, and seemed writing rather than drawing. How he succeeded, owing to the violence of the wind, I do not know.'

Turner and Redding, with the other landsmen, did not return with the boat, owing to the violence of the gale, but prudently performed the homeward journey by land.

Redding accompanied the great artist when he sketched Mount Edgcumbe and Plymouth Sound; Trematon Castle, Saltash; the Wear Head, Colston; in short, all the views he made in the picturesque valley of the Tamar, many of which are familiar enough in engravings.

'We had one day reached the Wear-head of the Tamar, no great way below the Duke of Bedford's cottage at Endsleigh, when night came on. Turner was struck with admiration at the bridge above the Wear, which he declared altogether Italian. . . . Before six in the morning he rose, and went down towards the bridge. The air was balmy; the strong light between the hills, the dark umbrage, and the flashing water, presented a beautiful early scene. Turner sketched the bridge, but appeared, from changing his position several times, as if he had tried more than one sketch, or could not please himself as to the best point. I saw that bridge, and part of the scene afterwards in a painting in his gallery. He made several additions to the scenery near the bridge from his own imagination. The picture was poetical; and, if I remember rightly, he had introduced into it some of the fictitious characters of the heathen mythology; he had bathed it in the gorgeous glories of the southern sun, clothed it in barbaric pearl and gold—in fact, enriched it with that indefinable attraction which his genius confers on all its works. In delineating ocean, storm, or calm, the effulgence of southern glory on the chaste and highly-decorated, but solemn scenery of his native land, Turner seemed to me then, as still, without a compeer. His sea-pieces far excel those of the higher Dutch painters. His pictures of Italy's sunny clime, her melancholy ruins, and the unsullied azure of her blue heaven, have received from Turner a charm which is scarcely to be found in any other painter. He was truly the poet of painting.'*

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* The following extract is of some length, but it will not be thought tedious or unnecessary by the reader who seeks to arrive at a just conception of Turner's true character, which jealousy and envy have done their best, or worst, to misrepresent:

'Turner said that he had never seen so many natural beauties in so limited an extent of country as he saw in the vicinity of Plymouth. Some of the scenes hardly appeared to belong to this island. Mount Edgcumbe particularly delighted him, and he visited it three or four times. . . His slender graphic memoranda induces me to think that he possessed the most extraordinary memory for treasuring up the details of what he saw in nature of any individual that ever existed, and that such outlines were to him what the few heads of a discourse would be to a person who carried them away with a good memory. Some have said that he was not conscious of his own superiority; I believe that he was, and enjoyed the reflection as much as a nature would permit that did not participate in common susceptibilities, nor build its satisfaction upon such pleasures as the common mind most esteems. His habits were of the simplest character; he had no relish for the tawdry displays that obtain so much conventional estimation. A splendid house and large establishment would have been an encumbrance rather than a luxury to Turner; his mind was set on higher objects. If he desired what everyday people estimate highest, it was at his command. He was called close and niggardly; but he had no desire to live and enjoy, beyond the style of living and enjoying to which he was habituated. His mind lived in his art; he did not wish to

## V.

In 1815 Turner exhibited one of his best known pictures, 'Dido building Carthage, or the Rise of the Carthaginian

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appear other than he was. His wealth he had long determined to devote to a better purpose than giving *dilettanté* dinners, or assembling in a drawing-room the customary bevy of visitors that come and go to no good purpose, either as regards themselves or others. He was rather content to follow the path of most great men who have devoted themselves to a pursuit to which they have given their whole hearts. He did not fawn, as artists continually do, in the crowded rooms of men of rank and fortune, for interested ends, while he did not shun an occasional intermixture in good society; his own time was too precious to be wasted, as too many waste theirs. Turner felt that he bore, and desired still to bear, no surreptitious name in coteries; but to leave behind enduring renown as an artist. Concealed beneath his homely exterior there was much that was good and aspiring. Who with such ideas, humbly born as he was, so pre-eminent in art, destitute of fluency in language, though always speaking to the point—who with such ideas has ever existed without being an object of attack from some quarter or other?

'He was charged with being close in money matters. If he satisfied his simple personal wants, who has a right to call him niggardly when he preserved his wealth for a noble purpose? I have denied to several artists who told stories of his love of money that his character was as they represented it. The most miserable of wretches is he who makes life a burden in order to move in the track of other people's ideas. When I was out with Turner in Devonshire he paid his quota at the inns with cheerfulness; and some of our bills were rather higher in amount than bread and cheese would have incurred. Turner accommodated himself as well as any man I ever saw to the position of the moment.

'I chanced to relate to one of his brother academicians that I was of a party to whom Turner had given a picnic in Devonshire, but I was scarcely credited; it was impossible, and so on. Yet such was the fact. There were eight or nine of the party, including some ladies. We repaired to the heights of Mount Edgcumbe at the appointed hour. Turner, with an ample supply of cold meats, shell-fish, and wines, was there before us. In that delightful spot we spent the best part of a beautiful summer's day. Never was there more social pleasure partaken by any party in that English Eden. Turner was exceedingly agreeable for one whose language was more epigrammatic and terse than complimentary upon most occasions. He had come two or three miles with the man who bore his store of good things, and had been at work before our arrival. He showed the ladies some of his sketches in oil, which he had brought with him, perhaps to verify them. The wine circulated freely, and the remembrance was not obliterated from Turner's mind long years afterwards. My opinion is that this great artist always understood the occasion, and was prepared to meet it as any other individual would do.

'At home he led the life he preferred; he was not calculated for any but

Empire.' It does not belong to his best period; but is characterised by some specially Turneresque qualities, skill of composition, splendour of colouring, and gorgeous architectural effect. Leslie, the artist, criticized it justly when he said that it made him feel as if he was in a theatre decorated with the most brilliant of drop-scenes. A companion picture to it was produced in 1809, entitled 'The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire;' but it is far inferior in merit. From these architectural studies he was happily called away in the following year by a tour in Scotland, the scenery of which had always commanded his warmest sympathies. Its object was the preparation of illustrations for Sir Walter Scott's 'Provincial Antiquities;' and he visited the different localities in the company of the author of 'Waverley.' Scott did not understand Turner, but the artist was fully appreciated by Scott's brilliant son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, who even then, when Turner had not revealed his full powers, or attained the apogee of his fame, spoke of him as 'a great genius,' and said, 'The world has only one Turner.' The series of illustrations includes three Edinburgh subjects, and two of Dunbar, with views of Roslin, Stirling, Crichton, Borthwick, and Tantallon Castles, Linlithgow Palace, and the Bass Rock.

Turner's maturity dates, we think, from 1820, after his return from a pilgrimage to Rome. But his first thoroughly original work, in the opinion of many critics, was, 'The Bay of Baiæ; with Apollo and the Sybil,' exhibited in 1823. There, taking the Italian coast-scene as a foundation, he has built up an imaginative fabric of great beauty and brilliance. Brightness and bloom are on the land, and on the sea sparkles apparently the 'multitudinous laughter' of which Homer speaks. In 1824 Turner produced his 'Rivers of England;' sixteen subjects, finely treated with effects of light and shade; which was followed by his more elaborate work, 'Beauties of England and Wales.' This work was continued at intervals during a period of twelve or thirteen years. We may note

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his own pursuit, and in that he shone; he knew and felt it. When I see a deviation from the common track in such a man, I feel persuaded that it is the result of a preference or inclination that should be respected. He had a great regard for his own fame.'—Cyrus Redding, in Thornbury's 'Life of J. M. W. Turner,' vol. i., pp. 213-17.

that in 1826 he began another well-known series, 'The Ports' (or as they were afterwards called, 'Harbours') 'of England.'

In 1826 Turner's great picture was his 'Cologne: the Arrival of a Packet-Boat—Evening,' a composition of wonderful splendour, radiant with such a glow of light and colour that it seems as if some celestial window had been opened, and the harmonies of heaven allowed to stream upon it. 'It represents the Rhine under the walls of Cologne, with the *treckschuyt* arriving, and taking up its berth for landing the passengers. The river is placid, and scarce rippled by the slowly moving *treckschuyt*, as she makes her way past the picturesque craft beside her. On the right are the walls, with a tower and spire breaking their line, and running up to a postern, backed by a taller tower. In the foreground some balks of timber, and the spider-like arms of a couple of those fishing-nets, which tourists of the Rhine and Moselle know so well, are reflected in the wet sand, and cast their waving shadows as well as their reflections. In the distance you catch a glimpse of the distant bridge of boats. The sky is being rapt through that rosy change which precedes the dying of daylight into dusk. The sun is not seen in the picture, but a cloud lies between it and the spectator; and from behind this the broad slanting rays strike on town and tower, and shoot down to the stream, flinging on its unruffled face, and on the rounded sides of the *treckschuyt* the shadows of intercepting edifices; while from the lighted water a glow strikes back into the cool, violet shadows cast by wall and steeple, and fills them with reflected light.

To the year 1827 belongs Turner's fine marine picture, 'Fishing Boats off Calais,' to which he gave also the humorous title of 'Now for the Painter!' in allusion to Callcott's 'Letting go the Painter;' the 'painter' being the rope by which a boat is kept close to a vessel's side. The sea in this picture seethes and foams with marvellous truth and force. It is liquid and lustrous, and the waves roll across the canvas with broken lights and shadows, which suggest to the spectator the sweep of a freshly-blowing breeze.

'Mortlake Terrace: Summer Morning,' was first exhibited in 1828. The summer light is resting on the river, and glancing through the lime-boughs which trail their shade across its verdurous, lawny beach. Gilded barges and gay holiday wherries are grouped in picturesque confusion. A dog has just leaped up on the parapet to bark at their laughing merry crews. To this dog Mr. Tom Taylor points as a proof of Turner's readiness of resource when he wanted to produce an effect. It suddenly occurred to the artist that a dark object on the parapet would throw back the distance, and enhance the aërial effect of the whole picture. Thereupon he cut out this dog in black paper, and stuck him on the wall, and, satisfied with the effect, either forgot how it was produced, or did not think it worth while to replace his paper dog with a painted one, and there the paper dog remains to this day.

In 1828 Turner was again in Italy, visiting the Mediterranean coast from Nice to Spezzia, and spending some weeks in careful work at Rome. He was back in England early in 1829, and in the course of the year completed and exhibited one of his grandest pictures, 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus.' He took his subject from Pope's translation of the ninth book of the 'Odyssey,' which relates the adventures of the subtle-witted King of Ithaca and his followers in the land of the Cyclops. The time chosen is that when Ulysses, having blinded Polyphemus, rescues his men by an ingenious stratagem, and pushing out to sea, hurls his taunts at the enraged and discomfited monster. But Turner does not confine himself to a single incident; he contrives to tell a complete story within the borders of his glowing canvas.

See, the Greek mariners are climbing up the masts to unfurl sail. Ulysses, in defiance of the Cyclops, waves a burning orange-tree, while his men, kneeling at his feet, implore him to provoke the monster no further. Meanwhile the rowers ply their bending oars, and the galley leaps forward over the swelling waves. In another part of the picture we perceive the rest of the fleet of Ulysses, with their prows dark against the incoming daylight. On the middle vessel a figure with outstretched arms announces his return, and from every galley the oars are put forth to join in the flight.

Low in the left a smoulder of flame and smoke indicates the mouth of the Cyclops' dreaded and dreadful cave; while the giant himself, in shadow on the height above, a terrible huge form of vapours dense, lifts his hand to Neptune in impotent prayer. Higher still, through widening rifts in the cloud and mist, we catch glimpses of remote mountain summits, their brows shining in the sunrise.

'The great puffing cream-coloured sails, the red prows, the striped masts, the violet haze on the distant sea-rocks, the yellow glow of expanding sunlight, the horizon's bar of denser, blinder blue, the great ripple of red and golden cloudlets, the gleams on the upper cliff of the Cyclopean land, are all deliciously woven together to form this imperial picture.'

The year 1830 was the year of the death of Turner's father; from which event we may trace, I think, a marked deterioration in Turner's character. He grew more and more silent, reserved, and morose; he respected less than ever the social *bienséances*, which cannot be wholly ignored without some loss to the individual. In the same year he executed those exquisite illustrations to Rogers's poem of 'Italy,' which have secured for the poem an immortality it would never otherwise have enjoyed. Each vignette is a perfect lyric, perfect in meaning and in execution; and no one can study them without feeling that there was much more real poetry in Turner's soul than there was in that of Rogers. The indefatigable artist found time in this eventful year to revisit Scotland, having been engaged by Cadell, the publisher, to make twenty-four drawings in illustration of Scott's 'Poetical Works.' Amongst them the most notable are Abbotsford, Melrose, and Loch Coruiskin, in the island of Skye. For the same Edinburgh publisher he prepared a series of illustrations of the 'Prose Works.'

But in this department of work his *chef-d'-œuvre* was his *Liber Fluviorum*, or 'Rivers of France,' at first issued in three successive years under the title of 'Turner's Annual Tour.' The illustrations will not commend themselves to the topographer; there is no attempt at literal accuracy; but their charm is inexhaustible for all who can appreciate the varied play of a rich and powerful imagination, and can admire the bold and liberal treatment of Nature by an independent and resourceful genius. In all of them we see how skilfully Turner could handle distance and mystery—the two great elements of poetry in landscape-painting. The town subjects, in which there is little or no distance, are the least satisfactory, while the most successful are those in which a long sweep of river is included. 'His drawing of the forms of land, coteaux, and plains, is always beautiful, though the height of the coteaux is generally exaggerated; and nothing can surpass the exquisite sense of mystery with which Turner finds the outline of a remote rise of land, and loses it again. His use of cloud, of smoke or steam from chimneys or boats, is admirable, both near and in the distance, and he avails himself of it in the most cunning manner to lighten masses which might otherwise appear heavy or monotonous. Sky and water, under very varied effects, are never less than exquisite. The system of light and shade, as usual with Turner, is delicate and subtle, but arbitrary. He will draw most minute distinctions of tone, and rely far more upon them than on vulgar oppositions of black and white; but at the same time he will not be bound by scientific truth. Shadows are cast just where he wants them, whether there is any luminary to cast the shadows or not; and when the luminary is there it generally throws the shadow in quite impossible positions.'

In 1831 Turner exhibited his 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge, Bay of Baiæ,' 'The Vision of Medea,' and the fine picture of 'Stranded Vessels off Yarmouth making Signals of Distress.' In 1832 every lover of art rushed to admire his grand picture-poem of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Italy,' a marvellous vision of the past and present, of which the key-note is furnished by Byron's lines:

> 'Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful; thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility;
> Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin grand,
> With an immeasurable charm which cannot be defaced.'
> Canto iv., stanza 26.

We have here a mountainous landscape, with a silver-shining river winding through the depths; to the right a broken bridge, and on the left a heap of ruins. In the foreground, dark and funereal, stands a solitary, flat-topped pine, while the rays of the setting sun pour a melancholy light on a party of merry-makers seated by the margin of the stream. 'The motive of the picture,' says Mr. Hamerton, 'was not to astonish by grandeur, but to charm by what is loveliest in landscape; and so there is in it little or nothing of sublimity except the moderate sublimity of the hill to the left, whose summit is crowned with buildings, and the quiet kind of sublimity which belongs to ruin always. Soft outlines melting in the distant atmosphere; gentle curves of earth everywhere; rich masses of remoter foliage, and luxuriant vegetation in the foreground—these of themselves would suggest ideas of beauty, but they are sustained and accompanied by the tenderest, most delicate execution, and by a fortunate sureness of taste in the treatment of every detail.'

We have also to note, as belonging to 1832, the vigorous composition, so well-known by engravings, of 'Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway,' in which a train drives headlong through a storm of rain, with a hare running in front of the engine; and 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego coming forth from the Fiery Furnace,' one of the artist's earliest experiments in novel and startling effects of colouring. In 1833 the untiring master, whose hand and brain seem never to have been weary, produced his first Venetian picture, 'Venice—the Dogana, the Campanile of San Marco, the Ducal Palace, and Bridge of Sighs, with Canaletti painting.' Turner painted many pictures of Venetian scenery, some of which are lovely dreams of colour, and embody much of the fantastic charm and weird beauty of the 'Sea Cybele,' though they make no pretensions to topographical fidelity.

In 1834 Turner exhibited another Italian landscape—'Lake Avernus, the Fates, and the Golden Bough'—a stone-pine in the foreground, water and richly wooded land in the middle distance, and misty mountains against the far horizon. Lake Avernus, by the poets, was fabled to be one of the entrances to Hades; the Golden Bough, when plucked from the tree of Proserpine, enabled mortals to visit Pluto's dark regions in safety, and return to the light of day:

> 'Latet arbore opaca
> Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus
> Junoni infernæ dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis
> Lucus et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.
> Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire,
> Auricomos quamquis decerpserit arbore fetus.'

## VI.

From 1835 to 1844 is known by art-critics as Turner's Third Period, in which his handling became remarkable for

VENICE.
*After J. M. W. Turner.*

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swiftness, his colouring for tenderness and pensiveness, and his love of nature for intensity and depth.

I have already spoken of the *thoroughness* with which this great artist did his work. He prepared himself for it everywhere and at all times. Nothing escaped his observation; and whatever he saw of beauty or sublimity, or any detail that might hereafter prove of use, his indefatigable pencil recorded in sketches and memoranda. It will enable the reader to comprehend this entireness of devotion, this unfailing comprehensive industry, if we run over only a few of the subjects of the vastly numerous sketches made by Turner at this period of his career. We take them without any attempt at orderly arrangement:

Scenes on the Loire; the Theatre at Dijon; Honfleur; the Coblentz Bridge; Lausanne; Mons Pilatus; the edifices and canals of Venice; a Gallery of the Splügen; Villeneuve; Fluelen on the Lake of Lucerne; river-scenes; moon-rises, twilights, sunrises, and sunsets; a burning ship; a glacier; sea-scenes, and so on.

We have read of 'the passionate patience of genius,' and the true genius is as patient as it is tender and sympathetic. It might also be defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, and in this respect Turner should be quoted as an example of it. There is no greater fallacy than that which identifies genius with suddenness of conception and vehemence of execution. The 'Apollo Belvedere'—the 'Divina Commedia'—Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' Milton's 'Paradise Lost'—were these the hasty efforts of an excited imagination?

We have no space, nor is it within our scope, to furnish a chronological catalogue of all Turner's productions. We essay a humbler task, and must confine ourselves to indicating those which are of the highest interest, in themselves, or as illustrating a remarkable personality. In 1837 his chief works were: 'Apollo and Daphne in the Vale of Tempe,' a lovely fantasy of sylvan shade and swelling hill; 'Regulus leaving Rome to return to Carthage,' a magnificent vision of the past glory of the Eternal City; and 'The Parting of Hero and Leander.'

We come to 1838, when Turner painted two more of his Italian picture-poems, 'Ancient Italy' and 'Modern Italy,' which have been described as two grand efforts of his imagination, and in many respects worthy of his best days; but both rather compositions than honest topographical realities.

The first represents the banishment of Ovid from Rome, and consists primarily of a view of the Tiber looking south-west, as seen from the left bank. The bridge is the Pons Publicius, which Horatius Cocles so gallantly defended 'in the brave days of old.' The Temple of Vesta and the Mausoleum of Hadrian (now the Castle of St. Angelo) are also introduced. A sarcophagus indicates that Ovid died in exile, and against it leans a 'mysterious jack-screw,' the meaning of which none of the critics can explain.

'Modern Italy' represents a view of the Campagna combined with Tivoli, a town on a hill, a woman meeting her confessor, a religious procession, and a group of Pifferari, those pipers of the mountain who visit Rome at Christmas time in order to worship the Madonna.

In the same year Turner put before the public another of his great pictures, 'Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus,' in which the sylvan scenery is painted with extraordinary force, freedom and delicacy. But we pass on to that poem of the canvas, the 'Fighting Téméraire,' one of the most extraordinary instances of Turner's power of idealization. Turner, as we have seen, had from his earliest childhood loved ships and the sea, and had studied them both with that minute observation and watchfulness which love inspires. He had gone down to the deep in ships, and braved the fury of the storm, and gazed upon the ocean in its wilder as well as in its serener aspects. He had surveyed it when the gale drove its billows headlong in a fury of passion, to break against the rocky cliffs with a sound of wrath and wailing; as well as when it slept restfully in the light of a summer sun, its surface glittering with ripples, like the smiles on a fair face. Mr. Ruskin tells, in this connection, a striking anecdote which he heard from the Rev. William Kingsley:

Kingsley had taken his mother and a cousin to see Turner's pictures. His mother stopped before 'A Snow-Storm,' and was so fascinated by it that he could hardly direct her attention to any other picture. She told Kingsley a great deal more about it than he had any notion of, though he had seen many snow-storms. She said that she had been in such a scene on the coast of Holland during the war. When Kingsley, some time afterwards, thanked Turner for giving her permission to see the pictures, he told him that he would not guess which had most strongly caught his mother's fancy. Kingsley then named the picture; but the artist replied:

'I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to show what such a scene was like. I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape, but I felt bound to record it if I did. But no one had any business to like the picture.'

'But,' said Kingsley, 'my mother once went through just such a scene, and it brought it all back to her.'

'Is your mother a painter?'

'No.'

'Then she ought to have been thinking of something else.'

It is no wonder that Turner could paint ships and the sea as, perhaps, no painter—not even Vandeveld—had ever painted them before; painted them with the truth and force which come of perfect knowledge, and the passion and feeling that come of profound love.

The 'Fighting Téméraire' was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839. The subject was suggested by a Dublin artist, Clarkson Stanfield, himself a 'marine painter' of much more than ordinary talent. In 1838 Turner accompanied Stanfield and some kindred spirits on one of those holiday excursions which were his principal recreation. As they dropped down the river, suddenly loomed upon them the huge hull of the grand old ship which had led the British van of battle at Trafalgar. She was being towed by a puny steam-tug to her last moorings at Deptford.

Mr. Thornbury places this noble picture—this poem in oils—first of Turner's works. It is wonderful, he says, for all the qualities of colour; for brilliancy, contrast, breadth, tone, transparency, and light. It is not less wonderful for depth of sentiment; it is a grand expression—lyrical, if you like—of the lesson of mutability. The great battle-ship, her work done, her last victory won, is being towed to the last resting-place, where she will sink in gradual decay. It is, appropriately enough, a sunset scene, and the dying splendours of the day are gradually receding before the advent of the cold, calm night. Like an unconquered veteran, with the scars of battle and the trophies of victory on his breast, she moves steadily along, her tall masts still glancing erect, her spectral hull rising grandly out of waves red, as it were, with 'the blood of past battles.'

A noble and a pathetic spectacle is this old war-worn vessel, still, in her day of oblivion, so indomitable and so staunch.

'To the right we see dim through the blue vapoury twilight a factory, and masts and chimneys, all tinted with a divine art, which astonishes and delights us. To the left of the sunset, that still dominates and sways its dying torches, rises the moon, cooling the picture with delicious semitones of grey and purple, fading away into pearl. Just below the sunset, the chief focus of light in the picture, rolls and wallows a huge black buoy, forming a mass which leads the eye to the strange shadows of the steamer's bows, brightening from dark brown to a yellow, and more luminous duskiness. From the broad horizontal vermillion splash that is the core of the sunset, to the palest blue and pearl of the moon-region of the picture, is a grand compass for any painter's brush, and needed a hundred-fingered man and a ten-horse power of brain to attain it.

'In no picture we have ever seen can you pass through so far, and yet come to no wall that orders back the impatient and forth-flying imagination. Through a thousand semitones and half-notes of grey and neutral tint, we reach the sovereign colours that rule the picture. The very relaxations and freedoms of the drawing seem true to the aërial witchery and beguilement of such an hour and such an evening. The winged trails of scattered sunset fire, the red reflections of the vessel, the yellow tinge on the sail, the brown shadows, the light trail of smoke in the distance, the rich-coloured vapours of the steamer's funnel, the junction of red and blue in the distance, where the sunset dips and fuses its edge into the blue river fog—are all so many points of characteristic harmony. As a picture it is the most glorious consummation of colouring ever painted by English fingers or seen by English eyes. In exquisite transparency it surpasses water-colours; in strength and purity it transcends oil. It is the noblest English poem, founded on English scenery and English events, ever thrown on canvas. He who painted this deserves indeed a central seat in our wide Pantheon.'

This is glowing praise; but to one who looks at the picture, not from a purely technical point of view, but with a feeling for its poetry of meaning, and its depth of sentiment, it will not seem undeserved. There may be artistic defects, though these are as nothing when compared with its supreme excellences of design and colour; but I do not envy the man who can stand before it without a glistening of the eyes, and a throb at the heart. On myself—not to speak egotistically—it produces exactly the same effect as that of a fine poem. And such I think is the influence it exercises upon the mass of spectators. There is a life, a power, a force of significance in it which must move even the most apathetic. Now such a result is necessarily to be attained by genius only. No commonplace artist, bred up in the conventionalities of the schools, however intense his application, however unremitting his efforts, could paint a 'Fighting Téméraire.' On the other hand, genius itself could not have compassed so masterly an achievement without the most indefatigable labour, so that the hand could keep pace with the imagination, and the mechanical execution rightly represent and express the intellectual conception. This I take to be one of the great lessons taught by the life of Turner—the sovereign virtue of continuous and diligent effort. Says Thomas Fuller: 'A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence.' A prompt yet prudent judgment, a capacity of seeing the correct proportions and true nature of things, a refined and disciplined imagination, a love of truth and beauty—all these are the rewards of him who labours, whose enthusiasm for honest and righteous work is supreme above all conditions and circumstances.

Turner's life teaches yet another lesson: the value of devoting ourselves to one pursuit in life, and making everything subordinate to that pursuit. Turner became a great painter because he gave up all his life to the art. All he saw or read, thought or imagined, converged thither, like rays to a single focus. He did not expend his energies on half-a-dozen objects, and thereby prevent himself from attaining to supreme excellence with any. One of our moralists says: 'Be what Nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.' Cherish a fixed aim, a settled purpose; and make everything assist you in realizing and fulfilling it. Thus a river rolls onward to its ocean-goal, gathering up streams from all the uplands and valleys in its course, including them within its own channel, and thus, with increased volume, sweeping resistlessly over every let and hindrance. It is this which Sir Arthur Helps has in view in the following passage; this concentration of aim combined with variety of effort: 'The arts,' he says, are sisters; languages are close kindred; sciences are fellow-workmen; almost every branch of human knowledge is immediately connected with biography; biography falls into history, which, after drawing into itself various minor streams, such as geography, jurisprudence, political and social economy, issues forth upon the still deeper waters of general philosophy. There are very few, if any, vacant spaces between various kinds of knowledge . . . . in short, all things are so connected together, that a man who knows one subject well, cannot, if he would, fail to have acquired much besides, and that man will not be likely to keep fewer pearls who has a string to put them on, than he who picks them up and throws them together without method.'

In Mr. Ruskin's opinion the 'Téméraire' picture indicates the high-water mark of Turner's art-work; thenceforth his decline was sure though gradual. But there is little sign of failing power in 'The Slave-Ship,' exhibited in 1840, with the following title and quotation in the Royal Academy Catalogue:

'*Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying. Typhoon coming on.*

'Aloft all hands! strike the topmasts and belay;
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edge clouds
Declare the typhoon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
Where is thy market now?'—MS. 'Fallacies of Hope.'

A splendid description of this masterpiece is given by Ruskin in his 'Modern Painters.'

In the same year Turner produced his 'Venice: The Bridge of Sighs,' the celebrated bridge, built in 1589, which connects the Ducal Palace with the State Prison; also 'Venice from the Guidecca,' and 'The New Moon,' a seaport at evening, with the ribbed sands left bare by the ebbing tide, and a steamer in the distance.

The two chief pictures of 1842 were 'War—the Exile and the Rock Limpet,' a representation of Napoleon on the shore of St. Helena at sunset, gazing fixedly at a solitary shell; and the well-known 'Snow-Storm.'

Turner began his strange colour-experiments, with their chromatic contrasts and harmonies, in 1843, when he exhibited his 'Shade and Darkness, or The Evening of the Deluge,' and 'Light and Colour, or the Morning after the Deluge.' Various subjects occupied him in 1843-44-45-46; and in the last-mentioned year, his wayward fancy ran riot in such works as 'Queen Mab's Grotto,' 'The Angel Standing in the Sun,' 'The Hero of a Hundred Fights,' and 'Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.' In 1850 he exhibited some classical subjects, but his powers were greatly impaired, and his sight was failing. Physical and mental decay were overtaking the lonely old artist, who had outlived his dearest friends, and looked forward in gloom and silence to the helplessness of old age. In 1851 he ceased to exhibit, and no longer attended the meetings of the Royal Academicians, which had hitherto been very pleasant to him. David Roberts wrote to him, requesting to be allowed to see him, and after a fortnight's interval, Turner suddenly presented himself at his studio. 'I tried to cheer him up,' said Roberts, 'but he laid his hand upon his heart, and replied, "No, no; there is something here which is all wrong." As he stood by the table in my painting-room, I could not help looking attentively at him, peering in his face, for the small eye was brilliant as that of a child, and unlike the glazed and "lack-lustre eye" of age. This was my last look. The rest is soon told. None of his friends had seen him for months; indeed I believe I was the last, together with his friend George Jones, who I afterwards learned had that day also called upon him.'

Meanwhile, Turner had disappeared from his residence in Queen Anne Street, and his faithful old housekeeper, Mrs. Danby, was deeply distressed at his absence. For some time she could alight upon no trace of him; but one day, as she was brushing an old coat of her master's, she found in a side pocket a letter directed to him, and written by a friend who lived at Chelsea. This afforded a clue; and following it up, his friends found him at last in a little cottage at Chelsea, by the river-side, not far from the site of the present Cremorne Pier. The name of the landlady was Booth; and Turner, to avoid detection, assumed the name of Mr. Booth. In the neighbourhood he was dubbed Admiral Booth, for it was generally believed that he was an old admiral in decayed circumstances. It is said that, down to the very last, Turner would often rise at daybreak, leave his bed, with a blanket or dressing-gown carelessly flung round him, and ascend to the railed roof of the cottage to see the sunrise flushing the eastern heavens.

His friends arrived just in time to see him alive. He was rapidly sinking, and, on the following day, breathed his last.

Some time previously, Turner, conscious that he was seriously ill, had sent for a doctor of some eminence from Margate, whom he had before employed, and whose skill he greatly trusted. The sick man, who had once said that he would give all his money to be twenty again, anxiously watched the expression of his physician's countenance. He was told that the end was near. 'Go downstairs,' he said to the doctor, 'take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again.' The doctor did so; but could give no hope. Still Turner would not believe that the last great change was so close at hand. Alas in that sad hour he had no faith to cheer and sustain him, and his heart was oppressed with the dreadful fear of annihilation. So he lay on his deathbed, and looked his last on the beauties of this visible world, with no consoling vision illumining his soul,—no vision of that other and more beautiful world which lies beyond the dark waters of the Silent River.

He died on the 19th of December, aged seventy-nine, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The bulk of his funded property Turner bequeathed to trustees for the purpose of founding a Charity for Male Decayed Artists; but his will had been drawn up by himself, and was so full of obscurities, contradictions, and ambiguities, that it was brought before the Court of Chancery for interpretation and settlement. The decision of the Court cannot be said to have harmonized with the design of the testator in its entirety, but it did substantial justice. The real estate was allotted to the heir-at-law; the pictures and sketches became the property of the National Gallery; * a sum of £1,000 was set apart for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's; a sum of £2,000 was given to the Royal Academy; and the remainder of Turner's property was divided amongst Turner's next-of-kin.

It is well-known that with the confidence, rather than the arrogance, of genius, Turner bequeathed two of his pictures,

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* They are now preserved in Rooms IV. and VI. of the National Gallery. See Appendix.

'Dido building Carthage' and 'The Sun Rising in Mist,' to the National Gallery, on condition that they should always be placed between the two pictures painted by Claude Lorraine, 'The Seaport' and 'The Mill.' In this way he asserted what he believed and felt to be his right to rank with the greatest of the landscape-painters of the past.

In concluding this memoir, we must necessarily allude to the service rendered to Turner by Mr. Ruskin, who has devoted all his powers to the task of making the artist understood by the general public. In his 'Modern Painters' he enlarges upon his supreme merits, and upon the qualities of his work, with a rich eloquence of diction and a gorgeous opulence of fancy which charm the reader, and incite him at once to the patient study of the characteristics of the artist. As Mr. Ruskin's criticisms are not readily accessible, we propose to quote a few passages which may serve to direct aright the judgment of the youthful student, and prove of service when he finds himself in the Turner Rooms at the National Gallery. But first, we may remind him that the supreme position in art which Mr. Ruskin, and all sound critics, and all who can recognise beauty and power and imaginative affluence yield to Turner, he won by his own hand. He owed nothing to patrons or society; he was, in the highest and truest sense, self-made. And he attained this supreme position, by the vigour of his mind, the force of his will, and the boundlessness of his industry. It has been said that merely to copy Turner's works completely, without having any trouble in scheming and inventing them, would occupy most of us a hundred years. And it must be borne in mind that every touch of what bears Turner's name is absolutely his own; that he did not, like Rubens, keep a picture manufactory, with a score of workmen and pupils assiduously toiling under his superintendence; that he did not despise detail, but elaborated all his work sufficiently and much of it minutely; that he wrought for colour as much as form, and, therefore, tenderly and delicately, and without haste, though swiftly—remember all this, and marvel, as you must, how one man could possibly accomplish so much. It is true, however, that Turner was no slave to the customs of what is euphuistically called 'good society.' He rose early in the morning, as all hard workers have ever done and do and must do; he toiled at his craft all day; he wasted no time upon long luxurious repasts; he did not involve himself in the anxieties of a large establishment; he left what Emerson calls 'the curds, custards, and compliments' of society to the enjoyment of those who value them, and have no other resource for their thoughts or occupations for their leisure. For himself, he lived in and for his art. He knew that Art was a jealous mistress, who gives of her best only to those who serve her faithfully.

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[We subjoin a few passages of criticism from Mr. Ruskin:

## TURNER'S COLOURING.

'Colour without form is less frequently obtainable; and it may be doubted whether it is desirable; yet I think that to the full enjoyment of it a certain sacrifice of form is necessary; sometimes by reducing it to the shapeless glitter of a gem, as often Tintoret and Bassano; sometimes by less of outline and blending of parts, as in Turner; sometimes by flatness of mass, as often Giorgione and Titian.

'Now in Turner's power of associating cold with warm light no one has ever approached, or even ventured into the same field with him. The old masters, content with one simple tone, sacrificed to its unity all the exquisite gradations and varied touches of relief and change by which Nature unites her hues with each other. They gave the warmth of the sinking sun, overwhelming all things in its gold; but they did not give those grey passages about the horizon, where, seen through its dying light, the cool and the gloom of night gather themselves for the victory. Whether it was in their impotence or judgment, it is not for me to decide. I have only to point to the daring of Turner in this respect as something to which art affords no matter of comparison—as that in which the mere attempt is, in itself, superiority.'

## TURNER'S SKIES.

'Take up one of Turner's skies, and see whether he is narrow in his conception, or niggardly in his space. It does not matter which we take; his sublime "Babylon" is a fine example for our present purpose. Ten miles away down the Euphrates, where its gleams last along the plain, he gives us a drift of dull, elongated vapour, melting beneath into a dim haze which embraces the hills on the horizon. It is exhausted with its own motion, and broken up by the wind in its own mass into numberless groups of billowy and tossing fragments, which, beaten by the weight of storm down to the earth, are just lifting themselves again on wearied wings, and perishing in the effort. Above them, and far beyond them, the eye goes back to a broad sea of white illuminated mist, or rather cloud melted into rain, and absorbed again before that rain has fallen, but penetrated throughout, whether it be vapour or whether it be dew, with soft sunshine, turning it as white as snow. Gradually, as it rises, the rainy period ceases. Now, this is nature! It is the exhaustless living energy with which the universe is filled; and what will you set beside it of the works of other men?'

## TURNER'S SEAS.

'The noblest sea that Turner ever painted—and, if so, the noblest ever painted by man—is that of the "Slave Ship," the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor level, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath, after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood.

## TURNER'S MOUNTAINS.

'Look at the mass of mountains on the right in his "Daphne hunting with Leucippus." It is simple, broad, and united as one surge of a swelling sea; it rises in an unbroken line along the valley, and lifts its promontories with an equal slope. But it contains in its body ten thousand hills. There is not a quarter of an inch of its surface without its suggestion of increasing distance and individual form. First, on the right, you have a range of tower-like precipices, the clinging wood climbing along their ledges and cresting their summits, white waterfalls gleaming through its leaves; not as in Claude's scientific ideals, poured in vast torrents over the top, and carefully keeping all the way down on the most projecting parts of the sides; but stealing down, traced from point to point, through shadow after shadow, by their evanescent foam and flashing light—here a wreath and there a ray—through the deep chasms and hollow ravines, out of which rise the soft, rounded slopes of mightier mountains, surge beyond surge, immense and numberless, of delicate and gradual curve, accumulating in the sky until their garment of frost is exchanged for the shadowy fold of slumberous morning cloud, above which the utmost silver peak shines islanded and alone. Put what mountain painting you will beside this, of any other artist, and its heights will appear like molehills in comparison, because it will not have the unity and the multiplicity which are in nature, and with Turner, the signs of size.'

## TURNER'S MYSTERY.

Respecting this pre-eminent characteristic of Turner's compositions, one which the most superficial student cannot fail to perceive and *feel*, Mr. Ruskin writes: 'There is yet not one atom in its whole extent and mass which does not suggest more than it represents; nor does it suggest vaguely, but in such a manner as to prove that the conception of each individual inch of that distance is absolutely clear and complete in the master's mind, a separate picture fully worked out; but yet, clearly and fully as the idea is formed, just so much of it is given, and no more, as nature would have allowed us to feel or see; just so much as would enable a spectator of experience and knowledge to understand almost every minute fragment of separate detail, but appears to the unpractised and careless eye just what a distance of nature's own would appear, an unintelligible mass. Perhaps the truth of this system of drawing is better to be understood by observing the distant character of rich architecture than of any other object. Go to the top of Highgate Hill on a clear summer morning at five o'clock, and look at Westminster Abbey. You will receive an impression of a building enriched with multitudinous vertical lines. Try to distinguish one of these lines all the way down from the one next to it; you cannot. Look at it generally, and it is all symmetry and arrangement; look at it in its parts, and it is all inextricable confusion. Am I not at this moment describing a piece of Turner's drawing with the same words by which I describe nature?'

On the same subject we may quote some excellent remarks by Mr. P. G. Hamerton:

'Mystery in nature and art may be defined as that condition of things in which they are partially seen, sufficiently for us to be aware that something is there, but not sufficiently for us to determine all about it by sight alone, unaided by the inferences of experience. A bad painter would either explain too much, from mere knowledge, or else simplify to get rid of the difficulty; a painter who knew the value of mystery, and was able to render it, would show just enough of his objects to let the eye of the spectator lose them and find them again as it would in nature, with the same uncertainty about what they are. He would render the confusion and abundance of the signs by which the natural landscape expresses itself to the human eye, not giving more of things than nature gives, and trying, as far as possible, never to give very much less. I may add that it is perfectly possible (many readers will know this by experience) to have the strongest appreciation of the value of mystery, without being able to give it except under the penalty of feebleness, and it is probably for this reason that so many honest painters have made their work clearer and simpler than nature. Turner could paint strongly and mysteriously at the same time, which gave a great charm to his work for cultivated eyes, though it had the disadvantage of offending the vulgar by not being intelligible by them. . . .

'It is the simple truth, without any exaggeration or hyperbole, that Turner was the first artist who made mystery a special object of effort, and the first also to attain it in perfection. He was certainly conscious of this peculiarity in his art. When a picture of his went to New York, to a Mr. Lenox, he asked Leslie how Mr. Lenox liked it.

'"He thinks it indistinct."

'"You should tell him," Turner replied, "that indistinctness is my fault."*

'He said this in a good-humoured way, but with a tone which clearly implied that he considered mystery an integral part of his art, and that whilst choosing to call it a fault, he did so only in condescension to the tastes of the purchaser. Mr. Lenox, it may be well to add, soon altered his opinion as he gradually became able to read the mystery of Turner.']

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* Mr. Hamerton borrows this anecdote from Leslie's "Autobiography," but incorrectly; for Leslie gives Turner's reply as, 'You should tell him that indistinctness is my *forte*.'

## ANECDOTES OF TURNER.

There was a painter of the name of Bird, and when he first sent a picture to the Academy for exhibition, Turner was a member of the Hanging Committee. Bird's picture was one of considerable merit, but no place could be found for it. Turner pleaded strongly in its behalf, but was told that the thing was impossible. He sat down, and looked at it for a long time, and again urged that it should be allowed a place. He was still met with the assurance that it was impracticable. Without more ado, he took down one of his own pictures, and hung Bird's in its place.

Mr. Trimmer on one occasion was fishing with Turner, who had with him Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.' The book was illustrated, and Turner showed one of the engravings to his companion, remarking, 'That is pretty.' Mr. Trimmer answered, 'Nothing first-rate, is it?' Turner repeated his word of praise: 'It is *pretty*, and he is a poor man with a large family.'

'Mr. Turner,' says Alaric Watts, 'was very fond of Margate, and in the summer often went there on Saturday morning by the *Margate* or *King William* steamer. Most of the time he hung over the stern, watching the effects of the sun and the boiling of the foam. About two o'clock he would open his wallet of cold meat in the cabin, and taking his seat by one with whom he was in the habit of chatting, would ask for a cheese-plate and a hot potato, and did not refuse one glass of wine, but would never accept two.'

Hurst and Robinson were well-known publishers in their day. They had succeeded to the business of the celebrated Alderman Boydell, the originator of the Shakespeare Gallery. Being anxious, like him, to publish works of importance, which should bring them fame as well as profit, they called on Turner with the view of purchasing his two great pictures of the 'Rise' and 'Fall of Carthage.' The painter at once named his price: 'One thousand guineas each—not a farthing less.'

Mr. Robinson, assuming that Turner had purposely named a price which would admit of a considerable reduction, quietly suggested :

'Say eight hundred guineas each, Mr. Turner.'

The great artist turned upon him with the growl of an enraged lion :

'No; I'd sooner keep them for my winding-sheet.'

Turner was fond of a joke, and could take as well as give one. It is related that on a certain 'varnishing-day' at the Royal Academy, when the weather was very bleak and rough, Chantrey, the sculptor, between whom and Turner a warm friendship existed, went up smilingly to a picture by Turner, which was all aglow with orange chrome. Pretending to warm his hands at it, as at a fire, Chantrey exclaimed : 'Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room! By-the-bye, is it true, as I have heard, that you've got a commission at last to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?'

'In 1822, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," it was placed in the School of Painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea-piece by Turner was next to it—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the 'Waterloo' to his own picture; and putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his grey sea, went away without a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. I came into the room just as Turner left it. "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired off a gun." On the opposite wall was a picture, by Jones, of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the Furnace." "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room from Jones's picture and set fire to Turner's sea." The great man did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy.'

*Turner's House in Queen Anne Street.*—Thus described in the *Times* of November 10, 1856 :

'In that region of dull and decorous streets which radiates to the north and west from Cavendish Square, Queen Anne Street is one of the dullest and dingiest; and of that dreary Queen Anne Street, the dreariest house any thirty years before 1851 was No. 48. Judging from its weather-stained and soot-grained walls, its patched windows, dark with dust and foul with cobwebs, its woodwork unfreshened by paint, its chimneys from which curled no smoke, its unsound threshold—it might have been in Chancery, it might have been haunted, it might have been the scene of a murder. Yet it was not uninhabited. Not unfrequently a visitor might be seen to knock, and, after long waiting, the door would be half-opened by a withered and sluttish old woman, or, before 1830, by a little, shabby, lean old man. Nay, repulsive as the house might be, and grim as might be its guardians, carriages would sometimes be seen drawn up before its door for hours, while their gay and elegant freight found occupation inside. Could they be prying into the laboratory of an adept, or consulting a wizard, or driving a hard bargain with some sordid old hunks of a money-lender? Truly, neither deep alchemy, or potent witchcraft, nor hard-fisted meanness was wanting inside that dreary door. But it was the alchemy that wins sunlight from pigments—the witchcraft that evokes beauty out of the brain—the nearness that is capable of life-long sacrifice to consummate an intention of noblest patriotism.

'In that desolate house, 48, Queen Anne Street West—from 1812 to 1851, lived Joseph Mallord William Turner, the greatest landscape-painter of the English school. Hanging along a bare and chilly gallery on the first-floor of that gloomy house, stacked against the walls, rolled up in dark closets, flung aside into damp cellars, the rain streaming down the canvasses, from the warped sashes and paper-patched frames of the ill-fitting skylights, were collected some hundreds of the noblest landscapes that were ever painted, while piles of drawings even more masterly, and reams of sketches, the rudiments and first thoughts of finished works, were piled away in portfolios and presses and boxes, in every nook and corner of the dark and dusty dwelling. Notes for hundreds, cheques for thousands, had been offered again and again in that gallery to the painter of those pictures. He was said to adore money, and yet he refused both notes and cheques—scornfully often, sometimes regretfully, and as if by an effort, but always persistingly. Dealers wondered; patrons were in despair; artists scoffed, or sneered, or doubted—"Turner was mad; he meant to be buried with his 'Carthage' for a winding-sheet."'

## APPENDIX.

### List of Pictures Bequeathed by Turner to the Nation.

The Sun rising in Mist; Dido building Carthage; Portrait of Himself; Moonlight; Buttermere Lake; Coniston Fells; Cattle in Water; Æneas with the Sibyl; Rizpah; Castle; View in Wales, with Castle; Sandpit; Clapham Common; Sea Piece; The Tenth Plague; Farm; Calais Pier; The Holy Family; Destruction of Sodom; View of a Town; The Shipwreck; The Garden of the Hesperides; Blacksmith's Shop; Death of Nelson; Spithead; The Garreteer's Petition; Greenwich Hospital; St. Mawes, Cornwall; Abingdon, Berkshire; Windsor; A Ruin, with Castle; Apollo and the Python; Avalanche; Hannibal crossing the Alps; Kingston Bank; Frosty Morning; The Deluge; Dido and Æneas; Apuleia in search of Apuleius; Bligh Sand; Crossing the Brook; Decline of Carthage; Field of Waterloo; Orange-Merchantman going to Pieces; Richmond Hill; Rome, from the Vatican; Rome, the Arch of Titus; Bay of Baiæ; The Birdcage, Scene from Boccaccio; Ulysses deriding Polyphemus; Loretto Necklace; Pilate washing his Hands; View of Orvieto; Caligula's Palace and Bridge; Vision of Medea; Watteau Painting; Lord Percy under Attainder; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; The Fiery Furnace; Heidelberg; Regulus leaving Rome; Apollo and Daphne; Hero and Leander; Phryne going to the Bath; Agrippina; The Fighting Téméraire; Bacchus and Ariadne; New Devon; Bridge of Sighs; Burial of Wilkie; Napoleon at St. Helena; Steamer in Snowstorm; Evening of the Deluge; Morning after the Deluge; Opening of the Walhalla; Approach to Venice; The 'Sun of Venice' going to Sea; Port Ruysdael; Van Tromp; Rain, Steam, and Speed; Six Views of Venice; Whalers (1); Whalers (2); Whalers boiling Blubber; Queen Mab's Grotto; Masaniello; The Angel in the

Sun; Tapping the Furnace; Æneas and Dido; Mercury sent to admonish Æneas; Departure of the Trojan Fleet; Visit to the Tomb; Trafalgar; Richmond Bridge; Fire at Sea; Petworth; Chichester Canal; Mountain Glen; Harvest Home.

## TURNER'S PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The following pictures by Turner will be found in the National Gallery:—No. 369. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., landing at Torbay, Nov. 5, 1688; 370. Venice, The Dogana, Campanile, Ducal Palace, etc.; 458. Portrait of Himself, when young (painted about 1802); 459. Moonlight, a Study at Millbank; 461. Morning on the Coniston Fells, Lancashire; 463. Æneas with the Sibyl, Lake Avernus; 465. Mountain Scene (1800); 468. View on Clapham Common (1802); 469. Sea Piece; 470. The Tenth Plague of Egypt (1802); 471. Jason in Search of the Golden Fleece; 472. Calais Pier; 473. The Holy Family; 474. The Destruction of Sodom; 475. View of a Town; 476. The Shipwreck (painted in 1805); 477. The Goddess of Discord choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of the Hesperides; 478. The Blacksmith's Shop; 479. The Sun rising in a Mist; 480. The Death of Nelson; 481. Spithead, Boat's Crew recovering an anchor; 482. The Garreteer's Petition; 483. London from Greenwich; 484. St. Mawes, Falmouth Harbour, Cornwall; 485. Abingdon, Berkshire, with a View of the Thames—Morning; 486. Windsor; 488. Apollo killing the Python; 489. Cottage destroyed by an Avalanche; 490. Snowstorm, Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps; 491. Harvest Dinner, Kingston Bank; 492. A Frosty Morning, Sunrise; 493. The Deluge; 494. Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage on the Morning of the Chase; 495. Apuleia in Search of Apuleius; 496. Bligh Sand, near Sheerness; 497. Crossing the Brook; 498. Dido building Carthage; 500. The Field of Waterloo; 501. The Meuse; 502. Richmond Hill; 504. Rome, The Arch of Titus and the Campo Vaccino, seen from the Colosseum; 505. The Bay of Baiæ, Apollo and the Sibyl; 506. Carthage, Dido directing the equipment of the Fleet; 507. Scene from Boccaccio; 508. Ulysses deriding Polyphemus; 510. Pilate washing his Hands; 511. View of Orvieto; 512. Caligula's Palace and Bridge; 513. The Vision of Medea; 514. Watteau Painting; 515. Lord Percy under

Attainder, 1606; 516. Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage, Italy; 517. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego coming forth from the Fiery Furnace; 520. Apollo and Daphne, The Vale of Tempe; 523. Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus; 524. The Fighting Téméraire; 526. The New Moon; 528, Peace—Burial at Sea of the Body of Sir David Wilkie; 529. War—The Exile and the Rock Limpet; 530. Snowstorm, Steamer off a Harbour's Mouth, making Signals; 531. Shade and Darkness, The Coming of the Deluge; 532. Light and Colour; 534. Approach to Venice; 535. The 'Sun of Venice' going to Sea; 536. Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael; 538. Rain, Steam, and Speed, the Great Western Railway; 544. Venice, Morning; 545. Whalers; 548. Queen Mab's Grotto; 549. Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello, Fisherman of Naples; 550. The Angel standing in the Sun; 551. The Hero of a Hundred Fights; 556. The Battle of Trafalgar; 558. Fire at Sea; 559. Petworth Park; 560. Chichester Canal; 561. Mountain Glen; 813. Fishing Boats in a Stiff Breeze off the Coast; 1180. Clivedon-on-Thames.

## INCREASING VALUE OF TURNER'S PICTURES.

Turner's pictures do not frequently appear at sales, but on the rare occasions when such is the case, they fetch constantly increasing prices. As thus: Pictures bought by Mr. Bicknell, and sold at his death:

| | Bought for | | | Sold in 1863 for | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
| 1. Ivy Bridge, Devon ... ... .. ... | 283 | 10 | 0 | 924 | 0 | 0 |
| 2. Calder Bridge, Cumberland... ... ... | 285 | 15 | 0 | 525 | 0 | 0 |
| 3. Port Ruysdael (1827)... ... ... ... | 315 | 0 | 0 | 1,995 | 0 | 0 |
| 4. Palestrina (1830) ... ... ... ... | 1,050 | 0 | 0 | 1,995 | 0 | 0 |
| 5. Helvoetsluys: the *City of Utrecht* going to Sea (1832) ... ... ... ... ... | 283 | 10 | 0 | 1,680 | 0 | 0 |
| 6. Antwerp (1833) ... ... ... ... | 315 | 0 | 0 | 2,635 | 10 | 0 |
| 7. Wreckers: Coast of Northumberland (1834) | 288 | 15 | 0 | 1,984 | 10 | 0 |
| 8. Ehrensbreitstein (1835) ... ... ... | 401 | 1 | 9 | 1,890 | 0 | 0 |
| 9. Venice: the Giudecca (1841) ... ... | 269 | 10 | 0 | 1,732 | 10 | 0 |
| 10. Venice: the Campo Santo ... ... ... | 262 | 10 | 0 | 2,000 | 0 | 0* |

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* Fetched £2,500 at its sale in March, 1886.

# JOHN CONSTABLE, 1776—1837.

By all true lovers of English art the name of Constable will always be held in affectionate regard. He painted our calm English scenery with loving faithfulness and exquisite delicacy; its broad stretches of dewy pastures, its swelling uplands, its sedge-rimmed pools and flashing brooks, its green nooks of luxuriant foliage. He loved its moist atmospheric effects; the passing shower, with the seven-coloured arch spanning the cloud-driven sky, and the vapours of evening as they rise in soft undulations over the sleeping fields. He loved the green lanes of England, and their hedges bright with hawthorn and honeysuckle; and the rounded hills, with the windmills keeping up the busy motion of their revolving arms. These were the scenes he studied so carefully, and has reproduced with such freshness and colour; always truthful, and never feeble; lacking in the poetic affluence of later landscape artists, but still exhibiting invariably a refined fancy. He puts on his canvas the landscape as he saw and felt it; no attempt is made to associate a story with it. There it is, with the sunlight or the shadow upon it, the breeze sweeping over it, or the hush of noon pervading it. His art is limited in its range, in its efforts and achievements; but aims at nothing which it does not do well, and therefore never fails to please, if it never awakens astonishment or wonder.

A friendly critic remarks that, 'in looking at such faithful transcripts of nature as are exhibited in the landscapes of Constable, it would be difficult to point out any one quality or excellence which pre-eminently distinguishes them; and perhaps it will be found that this oneness or individuality constitutes their principal charm: one pervading animus, one singleness of intention, runs through the whole; and this, it may be observed, has been pronounced, on the best authority, the *sine quâ non* in poetical composition:

> "'Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum."*

Whether he portray the solemn burst of the approaching tempest, the breezy freshness of morning, or the deep stillness of a summer noon, every object represented, from the grandest masses to the smallest plant or spray, seem instinct with, as it were, and breathing the very spirit of the scene. His figures, too, seem naturally called forth by, and form part of, the landscape. We never ask whether they are well placed; there they are, and unless they choose to move on, there they must remain. His quiet lanes and covert nooks never serve to introduce a romantic or sentimental episode to divide nor heighten the interest; all is made subservient to the one object in view, the embodying a pure apprehension of natural effect. Hence it is that the true lover of nature admires not at sight the beauty of the lines, or the truth of colouring displayed in his works; his first impulse is, as with Fuseli, to call for his umbrella, or with Bannister, he feels the breeze blowing on his face. I do not presume to point out what high qualities of art he must have attained, or what difficulties overcome, before he could have effected so deep a feeling of the natural; but I imagine that the highest attainments of art, even all his patient study, had been vain, had they not been engrafted on the purest and warmest admiration and affection for the scenes and effects which he represented.'

The well-wooded village of East Bergholt is pleasantly situated in the richest agricultural part of Suffolk, on a gentle rising-ground which overlooks the fertile valley of the Stour. It is favourably known for the beauty of its surrounding scenery, its pastoral slopes, its luxuriant meadow-flats sprinkled with flocks and herds, its well-cultivated uplands, its woods and rivers, and the grey old churches and manor-houses, the ample farms and picturesque cottages, which lend life and character to the landscape.

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* In a word, it may be what you will; only let there be simplicity and unity.

Here, on the 11th of June, 1776, was born to Golding Constable, a gentleman of good family and substance, and Ann his wife, a son, who on the same day was named John, and baptized, as he was not expected to live. This early feebleness he soon outgrew, and he was a healthy and robust child when, at the age of seven, he was sent to a boarding-school some fifteen miles distant. We find him afterwards at the grammar-school of Dr. Grimwood at Dedham. As a scholar Constable did not shine, though he impressed his master and schoolfellows with a belief in his exceptional talents. He was at this time sixteen or seventeen years of age, and his artistic bias had already made itself manifest; so that when, during his French lessons, a long pause would sometimes occur, his master would recall him to attention with the remark, 'Go on—I am not asleep. Oh, now I see you are in your painting-room!'

His painting-room was not under his father's roof. In a little cottage close to the gate of Mr. Constable's house there lived a plumber and glazier named Dunthorne, who, having a strong love of art and considerable intelligence, occupied the leisure he could find or make in painting landscapes from nature. On his sketching excursions Constable was his constant and delighted companion; and it was in his house, or in a hired room in the village, that he pursued his favourite study. The elder Constable, however, either because he could not detect the promise of his son's efforts, or because he did not think the profession of artist was one in which a competence could be acquired, offered him no encouragement. He was willing to have educated him for the Church; but when he showed a reluctance to undergo the necessary preparation, resolved to bring him up as a miller, and for a year he was employed in one of his father's mills, executing his duties with diligence and exactness. Tall and well-formed, with regular features, fine dark eyes, and healthy English complexion, he was known through all the country-side as 'the handsome miller.'

In a popular engraving from one of his sketches, entitled 'Spring,' the windmill in the right-hand corner is intended for that in which he worked, and its outline, with the name of 'John Constable, 1792,' accurately and neatly carved by him with a penknife, long remained visible on one of its timbers. His knowledge of the picturesque machinery of water-mills and windmills—now, alas! almost extinct—was of service to him in his later life. His younger brother, Abram Constable, once uttered an apt and appropriate criticism: 'When I look at a mill painted by John, I see that it will *go round*, which is not always the case with those of other artists.' Leslie observes that by a 'wind-miller' every change of the sky is watched with peculiar interest; and it will appear from Constable's description of the sketch that the time spent upon it was by no means time wasted.

'It may perhaps,' he says, 'give some idea of one of those bright and silvery days in the spring, when at noon large garish clouds surcharged with hail or sleet sweep with their broad shadows the fields, woods, and hills, and by their depths enhance the value of the vivid greens and yellows so peculiar to the season. The *natural history*, if the expression may be used, of the skies, which are so particularly marked in the hail-squalls at this time of the year, is this: The clouds accumulate in very large masses, and from their loftiness seem to move but slowly; immediately upon these large clouds appear numerous opaque patches, which are only small clouds passing rapidly before them, and consisting of isolated portions detached probably from the larger clouds. These floating much nearer the earth, may perhaps fall in with a stronger current of wind, which, as well as their comparative lightness, causes them to move with greater rapidity; hence they are called by *wind-millers* and sailors *messengers*, and always portend bad weather. They float midway in what may be termed the lanes of the clouds, and from being so situated, are almost uniformly in shadow, receiving a reflected light only from the clear blue sky immediately above them. In passing over the bright parts of the larger clouds they appear as darks, but in passing the shadowed parts they assume a grey, a pale, or a lurid hue.'

We have here an example of Constable's keenness and accuracy of observation, a faculty without which no man need hope to be an artist. The feebleness of most amateur landscapes originates in the fact that the sketcher seizes only on the superficial phases of things—on the salient points which none can fail to detect, and that he lacks the patience with which the true artist investigates every detail, every changing circumstance, every alteration of proportion or relation. He is satisfied with the general character of the landscape, and pays no attention to its subsidiary features. He does not appreciate the infinite variety of nature; that the grey of one morning is unlike the grey of another; that no two sunsets resemble each other; that no scene wears exactly the same aspect on two successive days. After all, *patience* is the handmaid of genius; *patience* is the true secret of success. The patient worker is a thorough worker, and thorough work brings with it its own reward. I do not think that our moralists insist sufficiently upon the value of patience, especially to young men. They enlarge upon the admirableness of earnestness, industry, punctuality, and other of the everyday virtues, but say so little about patience, which is better than all.

An impulse to Constable's love of art was given by his introduction to Sir George Beaumont, then well known as an amateur painter of considerable merit, as a connoisseur, and as a patron. Sir George showed him Claude's exquisite picture of 'Hagai,'* which broke upon him as a revelation of what might be accomplished in colour. He also showed him a selection of water-colour sketches by Girton, the friend of Turner, advising him to study these as examples of breadth and truth; and, to be sure, it was fortunate for Constable that, on the threshold of his career, he was brought under such high and wholesome influences. One's early impressions are not easily eradicated, and it is much easier to get *into* a bad style than to get *out* of it; but from Girton the young student could learn nothing that was not pure, and good, and true.

In 1795 his father withdrew his objections to Constable's entering upon professional life, and accordingly he set off for London to ascertain his chances of success. Here he received much excellent advice from Farrington and John Thomas Smith, and applied himself with vigour to the study of his art. Recalled to East Bergholt by the death of his father's confidential clerk in October, 1797, he was compelled for some months to engage in the business which he so profoundly disliked. But he continued patient and hopeful, and at last his wishes were consummated. On the 4th of February, 1799, he was admitted a student at the Royal Academy.

In the following winter, writing to a friend, he says: 'I paint by all the daylight we have, and that is little enough. I sometimes see the sky, but imagine to yourself how a pearl must look through a burnt glass. I employ my evenings in making drawings and in reading, and I hope by the former to clear my rent. If I can I shall be very happy. Our friend Smith has offered to take any of my pictures into his shop for sale. He is pleased to find I am reasonable in my prices.'

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* It is now in the National Gallery, and called 'The Annunciation.'

At another time he writes: 'I find it necessary to fag at copying some time yet, to acquire execution. The more facility of practice I get, the more pleasure I shall find in my art. Without the power of execution I should be continually embarrassed, and it would be a burthen to me. This fine weather almost makes me melancholy; it recalls so forcibly every scene we have visited and drawn together. I even love every stile and stump, and every lane in the village, so deep-rooted are early impressions.'

Working assiduously and patiently, gathering knowledge on every side, while keeping steadfastly in view as his main object the attainment of success in his profession, Constable presents an admirable example for imitation by the youthful student. He went on from step to step with steady, persevering labour—*ohne hast*, *ohne rast*, as Goethe advises—not by leaps and bounds, with the certainty that there would be many lamentable slips backward, and much additional effort expended in recovering these retrograde movements, but with a continuous progress, which, if slow, was sure and steadfast. That he neglected nothing which could strengthen his grasp on his profession is evident from a passage in one of his letters:

'About a fortnight back I was so fully in the hope of making an immediate visit to Bergholt that I deferred writing. I then knew nothing of the Anatomical Lectures which I am at present attending, and which will be over in about a week or ten days. I am so much more interested in the study than I expected, and feel my mind so generally enlarged by it, that I congratulate myself on having been so fortunate as to have attended these lectures. Excepting astronomy—and that I know little of—I believe no study is really so sublime, or goes more to carry the mind to the Divine Architect. Indeed, the whole machine which it has pleased God to form for the accommodation of the real man, the mind, during its probation in this vale of tears, is as wonderful as the contemplation of it is affecting.

I see, however, many instances of the truth, and a melancholy truth it is, that a knowledge of the things created does not always lead to a veneration of the Creator.'

In 1802, when he was just twenty-six years of age, Constable first appeared as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, with a picture bearing the unassuming title of 'A Landscape.' His talents had recommended him to the notice of the President of the Academy, Benjamin West, whose name has been so often used by writers of 'books for boys' to point a moral and adorn a tale. In reference to one of Constable's sketches, West remarked: 'You must have loved nature very much, young man, before you could have painted this.' Then, taking a piece of chalk, he showed how the chiaroscuro might be improved by some additional touches of light between the stems and branches of the trees, saying, 'Always remember, sir, that light and shadow *never stand still.*' West added: 'Whatever object you are painting, keep in mind its prevailing character rather than its accidental appearance (unless in the subject there is some peculiar reason for the latter), and never be content until you have transferred that to canvas. In your skies, for instance, always aim at *brightness*, although there are states of the atmosphere in which the sky itself is not bright. I do not mean that you are not to paint solemn or lowering skies, but even in the darkest effects there should be brightness. Your darks should be like the darks of silver, not of lead or of slate.' It was by the advice of West that he refused a situation as drawing-master in a school which his friend, Dr. Fisher, had procured for him. In inducing Constable to decline this offer, West rendered a greater service to British art than he did by any of his dull and heavy historical pictures; for had he accepted it, he would never have risen to his high position as a landscape-painter, and the world would have been so much the poorer in things of beauty.

An insight into the young artist's habit of mind is furnished us by the following letter:

'For these few weeks past I believe I have thought more seriously of my profession than at any other time of my life—of that which is the surest way to excellence. I am just returned from a visit to Sir George Beaumont's pictures with a deep conviction of the truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds's observation that "there is no easy way of becoming a great painter."

For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits this summer, nor to give up my time to commonplace people. I shall return to Bergholt, when I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. . . There is room enough for a natural painter. The great vice of the present day is *bravura*—an attempt to do something beyond the truth. Fashion always had, and will have, its day; but truth in all things only will last, and can only have just claims on posterity.'

A young man who could see his defects so clearly, and remedy them so promptly—who had so just a knowledge of the claims of art, and such a resolution to satisfy them—could hardly fail to do good work.

A landscape-painter must, of course, go to nature for his inspiration. This was what Constable did; but with the grander and wilder aspects of nature his sympathy was not so complete as with his pastoral sweetness and sylvan tranquillity. He wandered for two months, in 1806, among the romantic lakes and mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland; but their silence and solitude, their grandeur and sublimity, oppressed him. He loved better the fertile leas of his native Suffolk, with their human associations—the picturesque village, the farmhouse, the cottage, and the grey old church; and it was these which he painted with most success.

For some time a strong attachment had existed between Constable and a young lady, Miss Maria Bicknell; but the course of true love, in their case, did not run entirely smooth, owing to the opposition made by some of the young lady's friends. In his letters to her some interesting passages occur.

Thus he writes, on one occasion: 'How delighted I am that you are fond of Cowper. But how could it be otherwise? for he is the poet of religion and nature. I think the world much indebted to Mr. Hayley [who had just published 'Cowper's Correspondence']. I never saw till now the supplement to the letters; perhaps some of his best are to be found there, and it contains an interesting account of the death of poor Rose, a young friend of the poet's. Nothing can exceed the beautiful appearance of the country, its freshness, its amenity.'

Again: 'I have been living a hermit-like life, though always with my pencil in my hand. Perhaps this has not been much the case with hermits, if we except Swaneveldt (the pupil of Claude), who was called the "Hermit of Italy," from the romantic solitudes he lived in, and which his pictures so admirably describe. How much real delight have I had with the study of landscape this summer! Either I am myself improved in the art of seeing Nature, which Sir Joshua calls painting, or Nature has unveiled her beauties to me less fastidiously. Perhaps there is something of both, so we will divide the compliment. But I am writing this nonsense with a sad heart, when I think what would be my happiness could I have this enjoyment with you. Then, indeed, would my mind be calm to contemplate the endless beauties of this happy county.'

Constable's art was not of a kind to make any sudden impression on the public. There was nothing in it to surprise, perplex, or astonish: its charm lay in its strict fidelity to nature; its freshness, and its grace. His reputation, therefore, was of slow growth. A dozen will be found to stare, open-mouthed, before some large historical canvas, brimming over with figures, to one who will give himself heart and soul to the study of a small 'bit of landscape,' however exquisitely painted. The merits of the latter will appeal necessarily to a cultivated taste. But, by degrees, the circle of Constable's admirers widened; and it came to be known that English scenery had found in him a patient and conscientious interpreter.

The obstacles that had stood in the way of his domestic happiness having been removed by his own patience and perseverance and Miss Bicknell's constancy, they were married at St. Martin's Church on the 2nd of October, 1816; and afterwards settled down at 1, Keppel Street, Russell Square. In the following year he exhibited his well-known 'Harvest-field with Reapers and Gleaners,' and a 'Scene on a Navigable River.' Mr. Leslie, a most competent judge, thinks that his art was never more perfect than at this period of his life. 'I remember,' he says. 'being greatly struck by a small picture, a "View from Hampstead Heath." I have before noticed that what we commonly called "warm colours" are not necessary to produce the impressions of warmth in landscape; and this picture affords to me the strongest possible proof of the truth of this. The sky is of the blue of an English summer-day, with large, but not threatening, clouds of a silvery whiteness. The distance is of a deep blue, and the near trees and grass of the freshest green; for Constable could never consent to patch up the verdure of nature to obtain warmth. These tints are balanced by a very little warm colour on a road and gravel-pit in the foreground, a single house in the middle distance, and the scarlet jacket of a labourer. Yet I know no picture in which the mid-day heat of midsummer is so admirably expressed; and were not the eye refreshed by the shade thrown over a great part of the foreground by some trees that border the road, and the cool blue of water near it, one would wish, in looking at it, for a parasol, as Fuseli wished for an umbrella when standing before one of Constable's showers. . . . At later periods of his life, Constable aimed, and successfully, at grander and more evanescent effects of Nature; but in copying her simplest aspects, he never surpassed such pictures as this; which, I cannot but think, will obtain for him, when his merits are fully acknowledged, the praise of having been the most genuine painter of English landscape that has yet lived.'

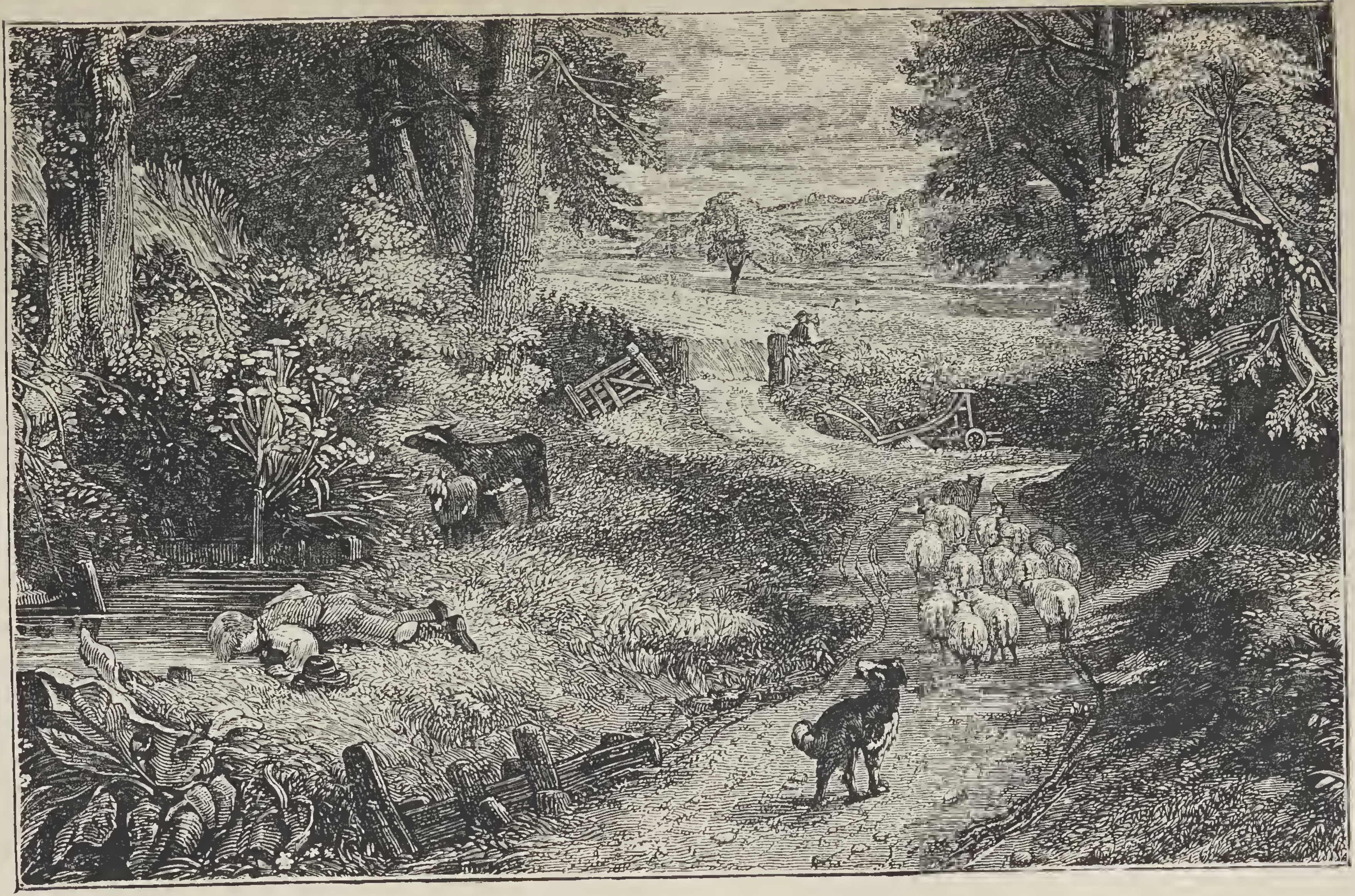
In 1819 he sent to the Academy the largest and most important work he had yet produced, 'A Scene on the River Stour,' afterwards called, from a white horse in a barge near the foreground, 'Constable's White Horse.' The soft pearl-grey light of an English summer morning has never been more happily rendered. The picture is instinct with the life and truth of nature. Some months later its painter was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; a public recognition of his merits which, naturally, was not unwelcome.

Constable's life was so uneventful, that his biographer finds little to record except that staunch and vigorous devotion to his daily work which makes it so noble an example. Every season he exhibited new pictures, and every year saw his artistic fame strengthened and extended. His confidence in himself advanced with his power; and he completed three or four large canvases with a success which even his detractors could not ignore or deny. One of the best of these was 'The Hay Wain;' another was a 'View on the Stour, near Flatford Mill.' He continued his patient application to his art nevertheless, and notes (in October, 1822) that he has made 'about fifty careful studies of skies.'

In 1824 some of Constable's pictures were exhibited at Paris, and produced quite a sensation among the French artists, who were struck by their truth, their vivacity of colour, and richness of surface. To Constable was awarded the King's gold medal—an honour very welcome to a man who, among his own countrymen, had received but a grudging recognition. His great picture in 1825 was 'The Lock,' a vigorously painted scene of canal—or rather river—life. The execution everywhere shows the skilful and experienced hand; the colouring is bright and healthy, deep and clear. The chief object in the foreground is a horse mounted by a boy, leaping one of the barriers which cross the towing-paths along the Stour, to prevent the cattle from transgressing their bounds. In 1826 was produced 'The Corn Field,' now in the National Gallery. The noontide breeze is rippling over the golden waves of corn, which shine through the spaces of the stalwart trees that keep cool and shadowy a narrow rural lane.

The artist's happy life was sadly interrupted in November, 1828, by the death of his beloved wife—an affliction which he felt very deeply. In the February following, he was elected a Royal Academician. He was greatly pleased at the attainment of this honour, though, as he said, it had been delayed until he was solitary, and could not share with another the satisfaction it imparted. Though at last his genius was thus publicly acknowledged by his brother artists, he was still little known to the great body of the public, who had not then been educated into a love of landscape art in its purest and truest form. He did something in this direction by his publication of 'The English Landscape'—a series of fine engravings from his best pictures, such as 'The Cornfield,' 'The Lock,' 'Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows,' Stratford Mill,' and Hadleigh Castle;' but its circulation was never large.

Constable's death was very sudden. On the 31st March, 1857, he had spent the day as usual in his studio, and in the evening had taken a short walk on a charitable errand. He returned about nine, ate a hearty supper, and retired to bed. Shortly before midnight he awoke in great pain, with all the symptoms of indigestion; and in less than half an hour died in a fainting-fit, induced, we may suppose, by some sudden



A SURREY CORNFIELD.
*After John Constable.*
1776–1837.

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affection of the heart. He was not quite sixty-one years of age.

In the preceding pages we have dealt chiefly with the *artist;* we shall now put together a few notes in reference to the *man.*

Like all—or almost all—painters, Constable was fond of music. He played the flute with considerable skill, but laid it aside when he found that it interfered with his professional pursuits. In his later years, his attention was given more exclusively to the sciences, and especially to geology, in the study of which he took great delight.

He was a man of rigidly temperate habits; exclusive in his tastes, but very agreeable in congenial society. His benevolence was inexhaustible; and as a husband and a father, he showed himself affectionate and sympathetic. Of his integrity no one ever doubted. He was exceedingly fond of children—a sure sign of a high, pure nature—and would say, in imitation of the Greek philosopher, 'Children should be respected.'

He possessed considerable powers of terse and forcible expression, and, indeed, his language often assumed an epigrammatic turn. Some selections from his papers can scarcely fail to interest and gratify the reader:

'The world is wide; no two days are alike, nor even two hours; neither were there ever two leaves of a tree alike since the creation of the world; and the genuine productions of art, like those of nature, are all distinct from each other.'

'What were the habits of Claude and the Poussins? Though surrounded with palaces filled with pictures, they made the fields their chief places of study.'

'There should be a moral feeling in the art, as well as in everything else; and it is not right in a young man to assume great dash, or great completion, without study or pains.'

'Of one of a class of persons unfortunately too common, Constable happily said: "More *overbearing weakness* I never met with in any one man."'

On hearing a person remark, in reference to the celebrated collection of Raphael's drawings that once belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, 'They inspire;' he answered, 'They do more—they inform.'

Blake, the eccentric painter and poet, a man of great but irregular genius, said of a beautiful drawing (by Constable) of an avenue of firs on Hampstead Heath, 'Why, this is not drawing, but inspiration!' Constable replied—and the reply conveys a lesson to many young men who fancy they can dispense with study and careful preparation, and trust to what they are pleased to consider their extraordinary talents—'I never knew it before; *I meant it for drawing.*'

'My pictures will never be popular,' he said; 'for they have no *handling.* But I do not see *handling* in nature.' The uneducated taste is not content with nature as it is, but wants it tricked up in meretricious trappings. So, too, in art; it despises the pure and simple; everything must be gaudy, startling, and loaded with ornament.

To a lady who, looking at an engraving of a horse, pronounced it ugly, he replied, 'No, madam, there is nothing ugly; I never saw an ugly thing in my life; for let the form of an object be what it may—light, shade, and perspective will always make it beautiful. It is perspective which improves the form of this.'

He was sometimes very witty in his retorts. Archdeacon Fisher, one Sunday, after preaching, asked him how he liked his sermon. 'Very much indeed, Fisher; I always did like short sermons.'

A friend, expressing to him his dissatisfaction at his slow progress in art, derived much encouragement from the remark Constable made in reply, 'If you had found painting as easy as you once thought it, you would have given it up long ago.'

While Constable was a member of the Council of the Royal Academy, a picture of a murder scene was sent in for exhibition, and refused on account of its coarse display of brains and blood. But Constable objected to the wretchedness of the work, remarking, 'That for his part he saw no *brains* in the picture.'

A few of his criticisms on the great painters may be introduced by way of conclusion; they are those of a competent judge:

'Claude Lorraine's works,' he said, 'had given unalloyed pleasure for two centuries. In his landscapes all is lovely—all is amiable—all is amenity and repose; the calm sunshine of the heart. He carried landscape, indeed, to perfection; that is, *human perfection.* No doubt the greatest masters introduced their best efforts but as experiments, and perhaps as experiments that had failed when compared with their hopes, their wishes, to what they saw in nature. When we speak of the perfection of art, we must recollect what the materials are with which a painter contends with nature. For the light of the sun he has but patent yellow and white lead; for the darkest shade, umber or soot. Brightness was the characteristic excellence of Claude—brightness, independent of colour.'

'The circumstances attending the life and education of Salvator Rosa were peculiar, and show how his character and that of his art was formed, or rather *confirmed.* He was first placed with Francesco Francanzaria, and he there became one of the *desperate* school of Anniello Falcone, a battle-painter, who formed the "Company of Death" at Naples, in the revolt with Masaniello. He was afterwards, for a short time, in the school of Spagnoletto; thus he had *savages* for his masters in painting, and he painted *savage* subjects. Salvator Rosa is a great favourite with most writers, particularly the ladies; and it has lately been attempted to show that he deserved the reputation, to which he always aspired, of a great historical painter. But there is a meanness in all his conceptions of history which must for ever exclude him from the first rank; and Fuseli, with true judgment, admits him to be a great genius only in landscape.'

'By the Rainbow of Rubens, I do not allude to a particular picture, for Rubens often introduced it. I mean, indeed, more than the rainbow itself—I mean dewy light and freshness; the departing shower, with the exhilaration of the departing sun, effects which Rubens, more than any other painter, has perfected on canvas.'

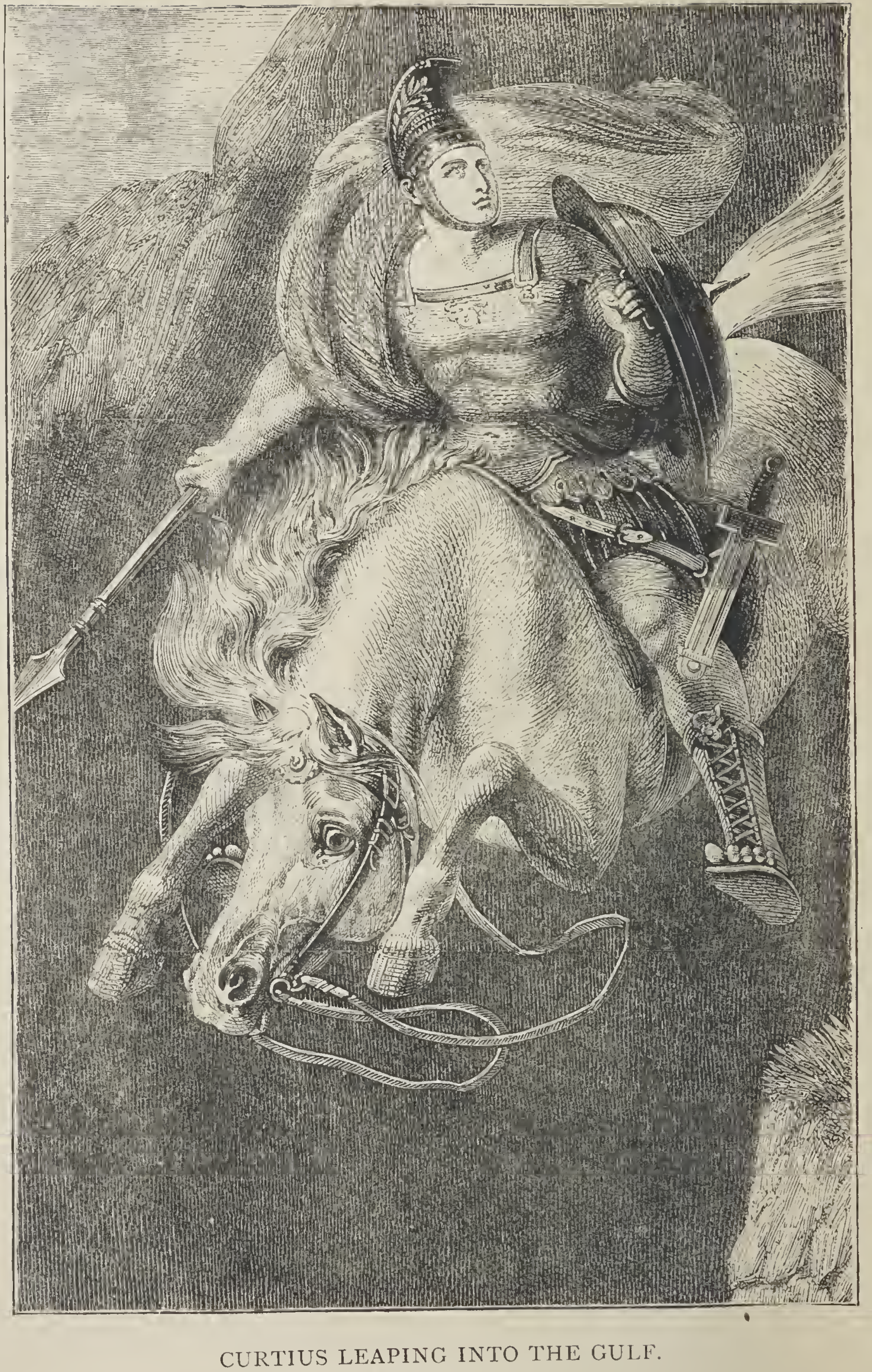
'The landscapes of Ruysdael present the greatest possible contrast to those of Claude, showing how powerfully, from the most opposite directions, genius may command our homage. In Claude's pictures, with scarcely an exception, the sun ever shines. Ruysdael, on the contrary, delighted in, and has made delightful to our eyes, those solemn days, peculiar to his country and to ours, when, without storm, large rolling clouds scarcely permit a ray of sunlight to break the shades of the forest. By these effects he enveloped the most ordinary scenes in grandeur; and whenever he has attempted marine subjects, he is far beyond Vandevelde.'

'To Wilson, who was ten years the senior of Reynolds, may justly be given the praise of opening the way to the genuine principles of landscape in England. He appeared at a time when this art, not only here but on the Continent, was altogether in the hands of the mannerists. It was in Italy that he first became acquainted with his own powers; and no doubt the works of Claude and the Poussins enabled him to make the discovery. But he looked at nature entirely for himself, and, remaining free from any tincture of the styles that prevailed among the living artists, both abroad and at home, he was almost wholly excluded from any share of the patronage which was liberally bestowed on his contemporaries. Stothard used to relate an anecdote of Wilson which showed how much he was disposed to turn to nature even in the midst of art. Stothard, when a student, asked Wilson in the library of the Royal Academy, to recommend something for him to copy. Wilson at the moment was standing at one of the windows, which, as the quadrangle at Somerset House was then unfinished, commanded a fine view of the river. "There," said the librarian, pointing to the animated scene, "is something for you to copy!"'

'The landscape of Gainsborough is soothing, tender, and affecting. The stillness of noon, the depths of twilight, and the dews and pearls of the morning, are all to be found on the canvases of this most benevolent and kind-hearted man. On looking at them, we find tears in one's eyes, and know not what brings them. The lonely haunts of the solitary shepherd, the return of the rustic with his bill and bundle of wood, the darksome lane or dell, the sweet little cottage girl at the spring with her pitcher, were the things he delighted to paint—and which he painted with exquisite refinement, yet not a refinement beyond nature.'

### Constable's Pictures in the National Gallery.

The National Gallery contains the following specimens of this master: 130. The Corn Field, or Country Lane (painted in 1826); The Valley Farm (1835); 1,065. A Corn Field with figures; 1,066. On Barnes Common; The Hay Wain (presented by Mr. Vaughan in March, 1886).



CURTIUS LEAPING INTO THE GULF.
*After Benjamin Robert Haydon.*
1786–1846.

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# BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, 1786—1846.

IT is not difficult, perhaps, to formulate rules, by the observance of which the young might avoid the misery of a wasted life; but it is difficult to enforce that observance. Youth, in the exuberance of its untried strength, in its happy confidence in unexhausted powers, despises the warnings of experience, and ignores the penalties that surely await every breach of the laws that govern human affairs. The moralist who urges them is like one who preaches in a wilderness; there are none to listen. Each of us expects that, in some mysterious way or other, he shall escape the Nemesis that has overtaken his predecessors. Each of us admits the necessity of law and order for every one but himself. It seems, therefore, but useless work to repeat the maxims which constant repetition has already converted into commonplaces. And yet, *one* caution there is which we should like to impress deeply on the minds of the young before they plunge into the stress and turmoil of life: that they should never over-estimate the measure of their capabilities, and never commit themselves to an enterprise beyond the scope of their resources. This, to our thinking, is the lesson conveyed by the old myth of Sisyphus, who, as fast as he rolled his stone up the hill, was doomed to see it roll back again, because he possessed not the means of keeping it on the summit. Such, too, is the meaning of the story of Icarus, who came to such sudden ruin because his waxen wings were unfitted for the task he had laid upon them. The Italian proverb advises us, that he who goes slowly and softly goes far; and we know that the athlete who expends his strength in the early part of the race will not come in first at the winning-post. How often are we called upon to mourn over failures induced by imprudent effort and consequent premature exhaustion; how often over failures due to the presumption that attempts too much, to the vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, and falls to the ground with a crash of broken bones! It is seldom necessary to censure youth for excess of prudence. It believes that all worlds are open to it, all enterprises possible to it; that it can scale the battlements of the gods, and put the Titans to shame. There is no peak, however lofty, which can escape its profane foot; no depth, however profound, which it does not attempt to fathom. Happy youth, in its dreams, until the glittering visions are rudely dissipated, and the mirage vanishes before the cold winds of experience! But if failure teaches wisdom, it also induces, too often, a spirit of despondency: rudely awakened from its fancies the scared soul sinks into apathy and indifference. Therefore is it well that we should (in homely phrase) 'look before we leap;' that with clear sight we should measure the distance that has to be accomplished, the height that has to be ascended, and afterwards determine whether our resources are adequate to the endeavour. Why expose ourselves to the laughter of a cynical crowd by attempting with puny arms to bend the bow of Ulysses? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—let us keep within our means, and avoid the shame and discouragement of defeat. Our duty is plain enough: to do exactly what we *can* do, and what we can do *well*, and beyond this not to move ever so little. So Wordsworth teaches:

'All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of His might
God fashions His desires.'

The happy man is he whose wishes do not outrun his capabilities, whose ambition is controlled by a wise self-knowledge, who aims at no mark which he cannot hit. In other words, the happy man is he who has taken to heart the advice of the Greek sage, 'Know thyself.' A man who knows himself—knows what he can do and suffer and be—is proof against the arrows and slings of uncertain fortune. For such a man circumstance does not exist; he is, always and everywhere, *totus in se*. No misadventure can take him unawares; he makes no failures because he keeps his efforts within the bound and limit of his faculties.

> ‘The common problem, yours, mine, every one’s,
> Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
> Provided it *could be*, but finding first
> What *may be*, then find how to make it fair
> *Up to our means*—a very different thing!’

Wise words of Robert Browning’s, worthy of being printed in letters of gold! When we essay to live *beyond* our means we invite the frowns of fortune. It is only by keeping something in reserve, something in hand, that we can rise superior to calamity. It was by the skilful use of his reserves that Napoleon won his greatest battles; and he lost Waterloo because, at the critical moment, he had no reserves to call upon. Meditate upon the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Why did the latter creature, with its slow gait, win? Because it possessed the staying faculty, and had not exhausted its resources at the outset.

The accumulation of such resources is not possible, of course, unless we exercise a rigorous self-discipline, unless we cultivate an heroic patience, watch our opportunities, study our materials, and rigorously guard against waste of effort. The Alpine climber may have yearned with all his mind and soul to reach the white pure peak that lifts into the serene air its crown of everlasting snow; but, alas! if he has thrown away his energies in too violent exertions on the lower slopes, or if the ascent be wholly beyond his grip, he must lie where he has fallen, with the soil and stain of defeat upon him. It is said that every young actor thinks he can play Hamlet, and perhaps he can—badly; but is it not better to *succeed* as Rosencrantz than to *fail* as Hamlet? Let your *first* step, at least, be modest: do not essay to run before you have learned to walk!

It was to Benjamin Robert Haydon, the painter, that Keats addressed the following sonnet:

> ‘High-mindedness, a jealousy for good,
> A loving kindness for the great man’s fame,
> Dwells here and there with people of no name,
> In noisome alley and in pathless wood:
> And when we think the truth least understood,
> Oft may be found a “singleness of aim”
> That ought to frighten into hooded shame

A money-mongering, pitiable brood.
How glorious this affection for the cause
Of steadfast genius, toiling gallantly!
What when a stout unbending champion awes
Envy and Malice to their native sty?
Unnumbered souls breathe out a still applause,
Proud to behold him in his country's eye.'

The painter, to whom Keats offered this fine tribute—Benjamin Robert Haydon, who is described as a 'steadfast genius, toiling gallantly'—was, nevertheless, a man whose life affords a warning rather than an example. Endowed with very considerable gifts, he has left behind him little else than a name; and it is probable the time will come when he will scarcely be remembered except through the poet's verse. There was much in his life that was noble, almost heroic; yet it proved a pitiful failure. For the art he loved, and to which he devoted himself with stern enthusiasm—for the fame which his ambitious spirit coveted, he accomplished little, we might even say, nothing. He did not want either energy of character, activity of intellect, or singleness of purpose; and yet he failed. Failed, because he would not learn the great truth that a man's efforts must be proportioned to his resources; and that talent, like mediocrity, must keep within its measure. For him who attempts a work beyond his means the world has either laughter, or, as in poor Haydon's tragical case, tears.

Benjamin Robert Haydon, the son of a respectable bookseller, was born at Plymouth on the 24th of July, 1786. Of his childhood few anecdotes seem to have been recorded; but we gather that he had more than an ordinary boy's intelligence and frankness, and that he early showed a strong liking for 'pretty pictures.' He was educated at the grammar school of his native town, and his master having sufficient insight to discover his latent artistic capacity, did his best to encourage and develop it. An additional stimulus was given to it by the example and advice of one of his father's apprentices, who thought himself 'a genius,' because he neglected his proper work; and at length the elder Haydon began to feel some pride in his boy's productions, and to exhibit them complacently to his customers. There was mischief in this, however, for the customers were not qualified to criticize, and, therefore, thought it safe to praise, and their exaggerated commendation nourished in young Haydon a spirit of excessive confidence.

At the age of thirteen he was sent to the Plympton Grammar School (where Sir Joshua Reynolds received his education), and began to learn something of Latin and Greek. Drawing was excluded from his studies, because his father intended him for the counting-house; but the 'ruling passion' was not to be crushed out, and the schoolboy employed his leisure in drawing caricatures. From Plympton he was removed to Exeter to acquire the art, or science, of book-keeping; after which he returned home, was bound apprentice to his father, and soon chafed at what he was pleased to consider an intolerable yoke. His father's business yielded a handsome income; and Haydon, if he had adhered to it steadily, might, in a comparatively brief period, have realized a modest independence, and placed himself in a position to pursue an artistic career without fear of failure. But he had fostered a belief in himself as a great genius, a future Raphael or Titian, and turned away contemptuously from things so commonplace and degrading as cashbooks and ledgers. 'I hated standing behind the counter,' he says, 'and insulted the customers. I hated the town and people in it. I saw my father had more talent than the asses he was obliged to bend to. I knew his honourable descent, and I despised the vain fools that patronized him.'

A young man with such singular conceptions of his duty was clearly unfitted for the vulgar but necessary occupation of 'standing behind the counter.' His great soul, it was obvious, would not be cribbed, cabined, and confined in the dull atmosphere of a bookseller's shop. He told his father that he had made up his mind to be a great painter—nothing less. 'Who has put this stuff into your head?' said shrewd Mr. Haydon. 'Nobody,' replied the ambitious apprentice; 'I always have had it.' 'You will live to repent.' 'Never, my dear father; I would rather die in the trial.'

While he was thus indulging in ambitious dreams and wayward fancies, he met with Sir Joshua Reynolds's valuable 'Discourses upon Art;' and their perusal gave definiteness and shape and order to his semi-chaotic thoughts. He made up his mind finally that he would be an artist; and his father, knowing that a reluctant apprentice was worth but little, and sharing, perhaps, his son's ambitious hopes, gave way. On the 13th of May, 1804, being then in his nineteenth year, Haydon set out for London, with a vision of immortal fame like a column of fire before him. For three months after his arrival in the great city, 'I saw nothing,' he says, 'but my books, my casts, and my drawings. My enthusiasm was immense, my devotion for study that of a martyr. I rose when I woke, —at three, four, or five--drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from my casts from nine to one, and from half-past one until five; then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. I was once so long without speaking to a human creature that my gums became painfully sore from the clenched tightness of my teeth. I was resolved to be a great painter, to honour my country, to rescue the art from that stigma of incapacity which was impressed upon it.' Here was an Avatar if the world had but known it! This raw Devonshire lad had been born in time to save the renown of English art—to rescue it 'from the stigma of incapacity' cast upon it by such small deer as Wilson, and Gainsborough, and Reynolds. In this arrogant and grotesque self-confidence we detect the key-note of Haydon's whole career. 'However visionary,' he modestly adds, 'such aspirings may seem in a youth of eighteen, I never doubted my capacity to realize them. I had made up my mind what to do. I wanted no guide. To apply night and day, to seclude myself from society, to keep the Greeks and the great Italians in view, and to endeavour to unite form, colour, light, shadow, and expression, was my constant determination.'

Obviously, there is much to admire in this elevated purpose and courageous resolution; but, at the same time, we feel that it is not in such a spirit as this that the true artist begins his work. A modest self-consciousness, a sense of one's inability to realize all one's conceptions, a recognition of the grandeur of art and the littleness of man—these, combined with the faculty of patience, a capacity for continuous application, and a just estimate of one's powers, are the qualities which differentiate the true artist from the pretender or the egotist.

Though he so haughtily disclaimed guidance, Haydon obtained introductions to Northcote, Opie, and Fuseli, contemporary painters, whose fame is already approaching the vanishing point. Men they were of some talent and more energy; but it must frankly be acknowledged of them, as of Haydon, that their means were inadequate to the work they undertook. He attended the classes of the Royal

Academy; and took much pleasure in the lectures of Fuseli, who was undoubtedly gifted with a vivid imagination, though he was unable to give fit and full expression to its conceptions. He also made the acquaintance of a 'raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman,' named Wilkie, who was afterwards to outstrip him in the race, and enshrine his name in the grateful admiration of the people by his exquisite domestic pictures. Meanwhile, he pursued his studies with a most laudable persistency. Anatomy attracted him beyond measure; and he attained to a knowledge of the structure of the human body, of the bones and ligaments and muscles and tendons, such as an experienced surgeon might have envied. In the Academy he does not seem to have been much noticed; a fact for which he accounted in his own self-complacent way.

The success which attended a picture of Wilkie's in the Exhibition of 1806, emboldened him to court the suffrages of the art-loving public; and, with his usual fervour of ambition, he determined upon a composition in 'high art.' The subject he selected was 'Joseph and Mary resting on the Road to Egypt;' and the size of the canvas, six feet by four. Alas, throughout his career Haydon's ideas of art were governed by the size of his canvas! He was nothing unless colossal: his tremendous energy could not be confined within moderate limits. When the picture was nearly finished, Sir George Beaumont, the well-known connoisseur and art-patron, called to see it. He spoke of it with commendation: 'It was very poetical; and—*quite large enough for anything*.' That it was poetical, Haydon of course agreed; that it was large enough, he could not admit. The young man who had been born into the world to rescue British art from its 'stigma of incapacity' was not likely to be satisfied with a canvas six feet by four.

'The subject I had chosen was,' he says, 'a pretty one, if poetically treated. *I had so treated it.* In the centre was Joseph holding the Child asleep; the ass on the other side; above were two angels regarding the group; and, in the extreme distance, the Pyramids at the break of day. The whole was silently tender: the scenery divided interest with the actors. The colour was true and harmonious; the drawing correct. I had tried to unite nature and the antique. I never painted without nature, and never settled my forms without the antique. I proceeded with the utmost circumspection; and I believe it was rather an extraordinary work for a *first* picture. It was an attempt to unite all parts of the art as means of conveying thought, in due subordination. It had colour, light, and shadow; impasti, handling, drawing, form and expression.'

Haydon's grave deficiency in the moderation and modesty characteristic of the higher genius is painfully apparent in the extravagant language which he here applies to the crude first efforts of a young, half-taught painter. It would be in keeping only in the mouth of a critic commenting upon the masterpieces of a Guido and a Correggio. We repeat that the first condition of real and permanent success is, that a man should know his own level; and, unhappily, this was a piece of self-knowledge that no amount of experience impressed upon Benjamin Robert Haydon.

In the Exhibition of 1807 his picture, however, found a place; nor did it want for admirers. Lord Mulgrave commissioned him to execute another, on an historical subject; and the subject selected was the 'Murder of Curius Dentatus.' He was interrupted in his work upon it by the death of his mother; but he resumed his brush as soon as he had overcome his first emotions of sorrow and despondency. A second interruption originated in his study of the celebrated Elgin Marbles. These splendid specimens of ancient art revealed to him the defects of the models he had hitherto followed, and to some extent opened his reluctant eyes to his own imperfections of expression and execution. Suddenly convinced of his egregious failure to realize the heroic in the form and action of his Roman warrior, he dashed his sponge upon the canvas, and breathed like one who has got rid of an unwelcome burden. Through Lord Mulgrave's kindness, he obtained an introduction to the Earl of Elgin, who permitted him to work from the antique for three months, until he had thoroughly mastered the principles of the art which had produced them. While we condemn Haydon's rash ambition and colossal egotism, it would be grievously unjust if we did not testify to the conscientiousness of his industry and the severity of his labour. He drew from the Marbles for ten, and fourteen, and even fifteen hours at a time, enjoying their divine companionship until midnight, holding in one hand his diligent pencil and in the other a taper and drawing-board; and he would have lingered on until morning if the drowsy porter had not staggered in to upbraid him for his late hours. Reluctantly returning home, cold, damp, and benumbed, his clothes steaming up as he dried them, he would spread his drawings on the floor, and, by the flickering light of a tallow candle, contemplate them in a kind of ecstatic dream; musing on the revolutions of history and the rise and fall of empires; reflecting that he had been studying the glorious monuments of classic genius which a Socrates or a Plato had admired; and then, his soul soaring high on the wings of passion and impulse, praying God to enlighten his mind and strengthen it to the discovery of the laws by which the great old artists had constructed their immortal works. Those who in their early days of hope and aspiration have experienced similar emotions will easily understand Haydon's rapture of delight. Rising with the sun, he opened his eyes to its welcome radiance only to remember and rejoice—like the artist of old—that he, too, was a painter. He sprang from his bed, dressed as if he had not a moment to spare, and passed the day in a fever of effort, or enchanted reverie; secluded from the world, regardless of its idols or its cares, its dangers or its pleasures, its temptations or its rewards; possessed by a vision of the ideal, which shone unclouded, like—

'The light that never was on land or shore.'

Let not the reader suppose that we seek to depreciate this enthusiasm or make a mock of it. We are well aware that without some such lofty impulse, some such fervent inspiration, the young will never conquer the difficulties that beset their upward progress. But it is necessary to guard against extravagance; even our better feelings and our purer aspirations must not be suffered to escape our control. Happier he, however, who thus gives himself up to the joy of his devotion to a noble object—who thus consecrates his effort to a worthy purpose, than the languid cynic who expends his cheap sneers upon the folly of earnestness, and the trifler who is wholly involved in the commonplaces and conventionalities of society. In the same spirit in which the poet prizes 'a year of Europe,' before 'a cycle of Cathay,' do we value every attempt to get free from the choking atmosphere of a dull and sordid life. There is something in the mere endeavour which refines the taste, kindles the imagination, and awakens all the best emotions of the heart. It is like a fresh pure breeze admitted into the corrupt air of a dungeon or a hospital, before whose healthy influence disappears everything that is vitiated and depraving.

In March, 1809, the 'Dentatus' was completed, and at the Royal Academy's Exhibition was submitted to the judgment of the critics and the public. Neither pronounced a very favourable opinion; it was generally admitted that the painter had 'attempted too much;' but Lord Mulgrave liberally remunerated him with a sum of two hundred and ten guineas. Haydon, however, who had nothing of the serene equanimity of genius, accounted for his failure by imputing jealousy to the Academicians, and contending that they had not allotted to him a good place in the Exhibition, thus beginning that long warfare against the Academy which fevered and fretted his irritable temperament and wasted his time and energy. Never was any man more impatient of criticism or more intolerant of opposition. To disagree with him was to expose yourself to unmeasured accusations of incompetency, envy, malice, and all kinds of uncharitableness. So enormous was his self-appreciation that it could not admit the possibility of mistake, and it formed such a lofty estimate of his powers that the calm, impartial observer would look on only with amazement. Hence he waged an incessant warfare against a legion of adversaries which his own folly was constantly reinforcing.

His second patron was Sir George Beaumont, who ordered a picture in illustration of a scene from 'Macbeth.' Haydon had scarcely accepted the commission, before he fell into a misunderstanding with Sir George. He persisted in painting on too large a scale, and Sir George in vain attempted to persuade him to undertake a smaller canvas. While he was worrying himself and his friends by this obstinacy, it was announced that his picture of 'Dentatus' had won the prize of one hundred guineas given by the Directors of the British Gallery for the best historical picture. Immeasurably elated, he set to work on his 'Macbeth.' But soon a source of fresh troubles arose. During the first years of his sojourn in London his father had rendered him the most generous assistance, but now adverse trade compelled him to withdraw it, and the remuneration Haydon received for his work being sadly disproportioned to the value of the time bestowed upon it, he began to feel the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. Supposing it would be but temporary, he borrowed, and thus, he says pathetically, began debt and obligation, from which Serbonian bog—alas, how many young men have sunk in it!—he failed to extricate himself so long as he lived.

The 'Macbeth' was finished towards the end of 1811. On seeing the huge canvas, Sir George Beaumont refused to purchase it, but offered him £100 towards his expenses and a commission for a smaller picture, the price to be settled by arbitration. Haydon rejected the offer with indignation; and found himself with a picture on his hands which represented three years of unpaid labour, and with no immediate prospect of a purchaser or of another commission. Exasperated by what he considered to be the cold neglect of his family, burdened with the consciousness of debt, and involved in a thousand perplexities and embarrassments, he could find no relief for his mental excitement except in a violent attack on the Royal Academy, which was not wholly just and was altogether impolitic. If we would convince people of our merits, it is not wise to begin by abusing them for their own shortcomings; but this was the principle on which Haydon acted.

The colossal self-esteem which we have indicated as at the bottom of all his calamities bristles in every line of his account of this most unwise proceeding:

'I was twenty-six years of age,' he writes, 'when I attacked the Academy. I exposed their petty intrigues; I laid open their ungrateful, cruel, heartless treatment of Wilkie. I annihilated Payne Knight's absurd theories against great works. I proved his ignorance of Pliny; and having thus swept the path, I laid down rules to guide the student which time must confirm—rules, the result of my own failures, collected and digested within six years—rules which posterity will refer to and confirm, early acquired without a master or instructor, settled in spite of folly, and put forth in spite of ignorance or rank.'

Whether this trumpet-peal of self-laudation would more move Democritus to laughter, or Heraclitus to tears, I will not say; but, certainly, we cannot refuse our admiration to the exuberant strength and supreme reliance of the man.

'Thus, then,' he adds, 'for the rest of my anxious life, my destiny was altered. I had brought forty men, and all their high connections, on my back at twenty-six years old, and there was nothing left but "victory or Westminster Abbey." I made up my mind for the conflict, and ordered at once another canvas for a larger work.'

By increasing the size of his canvas, Haydon seems to have thought he would conquer fate.

After due consideration, he pitched upon 'Solomon's Judgment' as a subject suitable for 'high art.' When reminded that it had engaged the brush of both Raphael and Rubens, he replied, with amazing audacity, 'I'll tell the story better.' With unfailing courage he worked away at his monster canvas, though he was deeply in debt, and owed even his landlord £200. An eating-house keeper generously came to his aid by offering him a daily dinner, without payment, until the *magnum opus* was finished. With equal generosity, his landlord informed him that he might occupy his lodgings for two years rent free. Who shall say that art is without its admirers? With occasional advances from friends and patrons he was thus enabled to keep the wolf from the door. His fertile brain teeming with ideas, he conceived the happy thought of illuminating the walls of the two Houses of Parliament with a grand series of designs in illustration of the progress of civil government. His scheme was never adopted; but to him belongs, at all events, the credit of having thrown out a suggestion which, in our own time, has resulted in the decoration of the palace of the Legislature with appropriate works of art.

Throughout the year 1813, he laboured at his picture indefatigably. His sufferings were really severe, but even in his worst hours he had his food and his lodging. Recreation, too, he found in the pleasant, wise, and witty talk of such men as Hazlitt and Northcote, Leigh Hunt, Barnes of the *Times*, Wilkie, and Charles Lamb. Early in 1814 the picture was completed, and sent for exhibition at the Water-Colour Gallery in Spring Gardens. The boldness of the design and the vigour of the execution, the manliness and freedom of touch, which contrasted so strongly with the feeble prettiness of the Georgian artists, excited general admiration; and before it had been exhibited three days it was sold for 600 guineas. This opportune purchase temporarily relieved the artist from his anxieties. He paid about half his debts—exhausting £500 in doing so—and then started afresh with £100 in cash and renewed credit.

'The success of "Solomon" was so great,' he says, 'and my triumph so complete, that, had I died then, my name must have stood on record as a youth who had made a stand against the prejudices of a country, the oppressions of rank, and the cruelty and injustice of two public bodies.

'It was a victory in every sense of the word. In my pursuit I had proved the power of inherent talent, and I had done good to this great cause as far as I could do it. I did not command bayonets and cannon; would to God I had! But what I did command I wielded with firmness and constancy. I had shown one characteristic of my dear country—bottom. I had been tried and not found wanting. I held out when feeble, and faint, and blind, and now I reaped the reward.'

'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem' was the next subject which engaged his brush; but before he entered upon it he accompanied Wilkie on a visit to France. It was a natural result that, in the following spring, he should again be tormented by the demon of Debt—a demon which takes the heart and hope out of its victims, and enthralls them in burning chains. Fortunately, he made up his quarrel with Sir George Beaumont, who ordered a picture of him at a price not to exceed 200 guineas, and advanced him fifty. It is characteristic of Haydon that he stipulated it should not be 'less than life.' In the autumn he received a commission from Mr. Phillips, of Manchester, for 500 guineas, with £200 paid down. Soon afterwards came the great sculptor, Canova, with words of praise, which cheered and encouraged him greatly; and, as if to fill his cup of rejoicing to the brim, and steep him in happy oblivion of his pecuniary trials, he received three sonnets from Wordsworth, one of which conveyed indirectly a high compliment to his work and genius:

'High is our calling, friend! Creative Art
(Whether the instruments of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues),
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as well she may,
From long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,—
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness:
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!'

Hard, indeed, was the strife; for heavy liabilities accumulated upon him. He began to borrow from money-lenders at an exorbitant rate. Not that he was profligate in his life or selfishly extravagant in his expenditure; but he was loose-handed and careless: spent freely on casts and prints; while in his fanaticism for high art, he turned away from those sources of income which lie open to successful painters, such as portraits, cabinet or genre pictures, landscapes, and the like. Unless he could work on a large scale, with 'figures life-size,' Haydon would not, or could not, work at all. But the number of patrons who can purchase huge canvases at a price remunerative to the artist must necessarily be small; while, on the other hand, the execution of such a work necessarily occupies so long a period and involves so much labour that to be remunerative the price must be heavy. As Haydon had no capital to fall back upon, he was forced, while engaged on a commission, to beg and borrow, with the depressing consideration before him that when he eventually received payment, the money was already mortgaged to discharge these loans and advances. All the while he laboured under the strange delusion —it is apparent on every page of his 'Autobiography'—that he was rendering a great service to art by adhering with so much tenacity to his life-size pictures; and seems to have felt that he deserved the laurel crown because he persisted in the execution of work that did not pay. If he would have condescended to such subjects as are generally attractive, and to canvases of moderate dimensions, his pencil would have been employed largely and profitably; and we are convinced that they would have suited his powers much better than those on which he sought to base his reputation.

It would answer no useful end to follow up very closely the various stages of the painter's unfortunate career. From first to last it rested under two dark shadows: his persistent and irrational hostility to the Royal Academy, and the strain of pecuniary anxieties, which neither the large sums he received from generous hands, nor the considerable income which, in spite of all drawbacks, he earned by his art, sufficed to relieve. Twice he passed through the Insolvent Court; in 1803, only two years after his marriage, and again in 1836. But though on each occasion he made a new departure, he speedily plunged into new embarrassments. Public subscriptions were raised for him; donations poured in from liberal patrons of art and artists. In vain: the unfortunate man sank deeper and deepre into the Slough of Despond which has swallowed up so many lives of promise.

His quarrel with the Academy compelled him to exhibit his pictures on his own account. By these exhibitions he frequently lost, but sometimes they were brilliantly successful; as in 1820, when he made nearly £3,000 by what is, perhaps, one of his finest pictures, 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.' In 1821 he exhibited 'Christ's Agony in the Garden;' in 1823, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' another of his more admirable compositions; in 1826, 'Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites,' and 'Venus and Anchises;' in 1827, 'Alexander and Bucephalus' and 'Eacus'; in 1828, 'The Mock Election in the King's Bench,' in the Hogarthian style, but far inferior to Hogarth in humoristic character and graphic force; in 1830, the well-known and popular 'Napoleon at St. Helena;' in 1832, 'Xenophon's First Sight of the Sea, on his Retreat with the Ten Thousand;' in 1834, 'The Reform Banquet;' in 1835, 'Achilles at the Court of Lycomedes discovering his Sex;' in 1836, 'Samson and Delilah;' in 1838, 'Christ blessing Little Children;' in 1839, 'The Duke of Wellington at Waterloo;' in 1841, 'The Anti-Slavery Convention' and 'The Maid of Saragoza;' in 1842, 'Curtius leaping into the Gulf;' in 1843, 'The Entry of the Black Prince into London with John, King of France, as his Prisoner,' a cartoon sent to the competitive exhibition at Westminster Hall of designs for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament; in 1844, 'Alexander killing the Lion;' and in 1845, 'Uriel and Satan.'

Of all these pictures it may honestly be said that their colouring is powerful and rich, their sentiment elevated, and their design bold and original. But, too often, these merits are more than counterbalanced by grave defects of execution, by a conspicuous and unpleasant mannerism, and by excessive crudeness. It is impossible to look upon them without perceiving that the aim of the artist has been beyond his means; that he has failed to carry out what he intended. They are bold, rough sketches; not without evidence of very considerable ability, but deficient in those higher, purer qualities which distinguish the works of the Great Masters. As an eminent critic said of them, they are Haydon himself, and fail where he failed.

They have neither sobriety, harmony, nor repose; they are full of assertion which is not justified, of promise which is never realized. They are the pictures of a man who refused to learn, because he did not believe that he required to be taught.

Mr. G. F. Watts, an undoubtedly competent authority, pronounces the following judgment on Haydon as a painter:

'The characteristics of his art appear to me to be great determination and power, knowledge and effrontery. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. . . . Haydon seems to me to have succeeded as often as he displays any real anxiety to do so; but one is struck with the extraordinary discrepancy of different parts of his work, as though, bored by a fixed attention that had taken him out of himself, yet highly applauding the result, he had daubed and scrawled his brush about in a sort of intoxication of self-glory. . . . In Haydon's work there is not sufficient forgetfulness of self to disarm criticism of personality. His pictures are themselves biographical notes of the most interesting kind; but their want of beauty repels, and their want of modesty exasperates. Perhaps their principal characteristic is want of delicacy of perception and refinement of execution. In these respects I have seen no work of his that is not more than incomplete.'

The audacity and want of refinement which we lament in Haydon's pictures are not less obvious in his 'Autobiography;' a fact the more significant because no one can doubt that it was written with a view to publication. He takes the reader into his confidence to an extent which, to a sensitive mind would simply be impossible; while he continually struggles to impress him with a conviction that he is honoured by such close intercourse with a genius and a martyr—the sole prophet of 'high art' that England has known. We grow weary, at last, of the monotonous record of pecuniary difficulties which, to a great extent, the most ordinary prudence would have avoided; of passionate denunciations for which no justification appears; of a parade of piety and morality which, in a journal intended for the public eye, offends by its want of reticence. Yet the book must be read by anyone who would wish to understand the character of Haydon, and the causes of his failure. Almost every page of it conveys—especially to the young—a useful moral. It shows, in the most striking light, the evils of inordinate egotism, and embodies a strong refutation of the dangerous idea that even high talent can disregard the ordinary rules of prudence and discretion.

Haydon's vanity indulged in the belief that half the world was jealous of a genius which the other half was blind enough not to recognise; that is, it was about equally composed, so far as he was concerned, of knaves and fools. Hence he was in a condition of constant warfare, and as he was naturally of a bold and aggressive disposition, he never stood on the defensive. He was always declaiming against the few or the many, who, he said, oppressed, wronged, insulted, and calumniated him. We confess to some astonishment that a man with so little that was lovable in his character should have met with so much sympathy; and we are tempted to think better of the world when we find it indulgent and compassionate towards this restless, irritable and bellicose painter.

The following passages from his 'Autobiography' will disclose some of the more marked features of his character.

At Edinburgh, in April, 1837, he writes: 'Went to Holyrood, and bargained with the housekeeper to let me come back by candle-light, and see and walk up the very staircase which Ruthven and Darnley stole up on the night of the murder of Rizzio. It is extraordinary, this desire to feel a grand and new sensation.'

'December 31st.—The last day of 1838. A year of competence, work, and prosperity, comparatively. Blessings and gratitude to that benevolent Creator under whose merciful dispensation this happened. It has not made me ungrateful or vicious; but I have less crime to answer for than any other previous year of my past life.

'Gratitude for ever and ever. Amen.

'The people are more alive to art than ever. Everywhere have I been received with enthusiasm, and the importance of high art is no longer a matter of doubt with them.

'Thus ends 1838. Could I hope that every year would be equally blessed by employment and competence, every wish would be gratified. May I deserve it. Amen.'

'December 2nd, 1839.—It is now seven years since I ordered my 'Solomon' canvas. I was young (twenty-six). Sir George had treated me cruelly [which he had not]. I had attacked the Academy; the world was against me. I had not a farthing; yet how I remember the delight with which I mounted my deal table and dashed it in, singing and trusting in God, as I always do. When one is once imbued with that clear, heavenly confidence, there is nothing like it. It has carried me through everything.

'I think my dearest Mary [his wife] has not got it. I do not think women have in general. Two years ago, after I returned from Broadstairs, I had not a farthing, having spent it all to recover her health. She said to me, "What are we to do, my dear?" I replied, "Trust in God."

'There was something like a smile on her face. The very next day, or the day after, came the order for four hundred guineas from Liverpool, and ever since I have been employed. I say so now I have no grand commission. But I trust in God with all my heart and all my soul.

'It is extraordinary that with a large canvas in the house, I always feel as if Satan crossing Chaos was no match for me. My heart beats; my breast broadens; my height rises; my cheek warms. How I would swell in a Vatican or a dome of St. Paul's! O God, bless me before I die!

'Why such talents—why such desires—why such longings—if to pine in hopeless ambition and endless agonies? In Thee I trust, O God.'

His egotism conflicts with his sense of right and wrong, and leads him to gloze over a most indefensible action in the following partial manner:

'In 1816 I exhibited certain drawings in St. James's Street; here the people of fashion crowded for days. The next year I followed up the list with "Jerusalem;" but the picture not being bright, though the receipts were vast, I began to get embarrassed. During "Jerusalem," Lord de Tabley gave me a commission. I begged him to transfer it to Bewick, as he was a young man of promise [one of his pupils]. He did so, and was paid sixty guineas for his first picture. His second Sir William Chayter bought; and during his third, his landlord refused to let him proceed unless I became security for his rent. I did so. In the meantime I was becoming rapidly involved, and having helped Bewick in his difficulties, I thoughtlessly asked him to help me by the usual iniquities of a struggling man, namely, accommodation bills. Bewick and Harvey [another pupil] both did so; these were not accommodation bills to raise money on, but accommodation bills to get time extended for money already owing.'

This, we need hardly observe, did not lessen the responsibility incurred by those who signed them.

'When in the hands of a lawyer, if I wanted time, "Get another name" was the reply. As I wished for secrecy, I asked these young men, into whose hands I had put the means of getting a living without charging a farthing. As the father of a family, I now see the indelicacy and wickedness of this conduct. But at that time I was young—a bachelor, at the head of a forlorn hope, and I relied on the honour and enthusiasm of my people. I had reduced Bewick's liabilities from £236 to £136, and Harvey's from £284 to £184; and whilst in the act of extricating them I got through the "Lazarus," and was ruined. There is no excuse for my inducing my pupils to lend their names as security for bills, but I was in such a state of desperation that I wonder at nothing.'

In 1842 the Fine Arts Commission, which had been appointed by the Government, issued a notice of the conditions for a cartoon competition, intended to test the capacity of English artists in a style of art adapted to the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament. It was with profound pleasure that Haydon welcomed this first step towards the achievement of one of the great objects of his life; yet the pleasure was dashed by a painful foreboding that, though he had borne the burden and heat of the day, he would reap none of the fruits of victory. This presentiment had come upon him in the previous year, and had increased in intensity as the conviction was reluctantly forced upon his mind that his powers were failing. He could not conquer the feeling that, though he had maintained so gallant a front, the race would not be to his winning; that, as with slow steps he toiled along the way, he was being rapidly left behind by younger, stronger, and fresher competitors. To the bitterness of his soul he gave utterance in the following wild words:

'The greatest curse that can befall a father in England is to have a son gifted with a passion and a genius for high art. Thank God with all my soul and all my nature, my children have witnessed the harassing agonies under which I have ever painted; and the very name of painting—the very name of high art—the very thought of a picture, gives them a hideous and disgusting taste in their mouths. Thank God, not one of my boys, nor my girl, can draw a straight line, even with a ruler, much less without one. And I pray God, on my knees, with my forehead bent to the earth, and my lips to the dust, that He will, in His mercy, afflict them with every other passion, appetite, or misery, with wretchedness, disease, insanity, or gabbling idiotism, rather than a longing for painting—that scorned, miserable art—that greater imposture than the human species it imitates.'

In 1845, his anxieties pressing upon him with increased weight, there are clear indications of the over-wrought brain, and he who reads feels impelled to drop the tone of censure before the man's almost intolerable agony:

'May 25th.—O God! I am again without any resource but in Thy mercy. Enable me to bear up, and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing, however desperate or overwhelming, stop me from the completion of my six designs. On them my country's honour rests, and my own fame as well. Thou knowest how for forty-one years I have struggled and resisted. Enable me to do so to the last gasp of my life.'

'June 24th.—Another day of pecuniary difficulty and harass—lost! Paid £28 12s. 6d., and have £21 and £30 to pay to-morrow, with only £5 to meet it.'

'June 26th.—Exceedingly harassed for money. The "Uriel" has not produced a single commission. In great anxiety I glazed the drapery of "Aristides," and was served with a writ for £21 in the midst of doing it, by a man to whom I had given ten sketches. I told the clerk I must finish the glazing if the Lord Chancellor brought a writ, and so I did; then went to the lawyer and arranged it, and blew him up. But what a state of mind to paint in! The reason is clear enough. I have never suited my labour to the existing tastes. I know what is right, and do it. So did the early Christians, and *so do all great men.* Suffering is the consequence; but it must be borne. *Should I have shaken the nation if I had not?*'

Unhappy Haydon! he was still under the delusion that he, and he alone, had converted the English nation to a belief in the principles of true Art.

Alluding to the decorative art-work ordered for the new Houses of Parliament, he writes on the 27th:

'Out the whole day on money matters. Got a promise of £30, and came home with £5. All the young men have got commissions—Bell, Minshall, Foley, Maclise, and others. I am totally left out, after forty-one years' suffering and hard work, with my "Lazarus" and "Curtius," and "Uriel" before their eyes; and being, too, the whole and sole designer for the House of Lords in the first instance, and the cause of the thing being done at all. Backed by encouragement I have never known, how steadily would my powers develop!'

On the last day of the year he writes:

'The end of 1845 is approaching rapidly—ten minutes after nine. I prayed at the end of 1844 that I might get through the great work in hand. I have accomplished "Aristides" and "Nero" of the six contemplated. O God! grant that no difficulty, however apparently insurmountable, may conquer my spirit, or prevent me from bringing to a triumphant conclusion my six works originally designed for the old House.

'I prayed that in 1844 that my son might be brought through his degree. It was by Thy mercy completed, and yet at the time I prayed I had not a guinea.

'I prayed to accomplish 'Aristides' and 'Nero;' I have attained, by Thy blessing, my desire. I prayed for health—I have had it. I prayed for blessings on my family—they have been blessed. Can I feel grateful enough? Never.

'I now pray, O Almighty, surrounded with difficulties, and in great necessity, that I may accomplish two more of my six—that I may sell the two I have done, and be employed for the remaining four.

'O God! not mine, but Thy will be done. Give me eyes and intellect, and energy and health, till the last gush of existence, and I'll bear up, and get through, under Thy blessing, my six works to illustrate the best government for mankind.

'O Lord! let not this be presumption, but that just confidence inspired by Thee, O God! This year is closing rapidly. I almost hear the rush and roar of the mighty wave that will overwhelm it for ever! O Lord, accept my deep, deep gratitude for all Thy mercies this last year; and grant I may deserve a continuance of such mercies, and conclude by the end of 1846 two more great works of my series! Amen, amen, amen.'

Haydon's prayers have not inaptly been described as 'begging-letters.' Of the humble spirit of the true believer it is certain they exhibit but little. He does not ask for a new heart, or bow before his God in sackcloth and ashes; yet their sincerity is unquestionable. They were the utterances of one whose faith was firm and steadfast, however imperfect his knowledge of divine things. Had he seen with clearer vision the infinite love and wisdom of the Heavenly Father, he would, however, have taken a different and a wiser view of the objects and duties of life; and, influenced by a higher standard of thought and action, would have escaped the dread anxieties in which an ill-regulated ambition involved him.

But his wayward and unhappy career approaches its tragic close. On Easter Monday, 1846, he opened, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, an exhibition of his two cartoon pictures—'The Banishment of Aristides with his Wife and Children,' designed to illustrate 'the injustice of democracy,' and 'Nero playing his lyre while Rome is burning,' intended to prove 'the heartlessness of despotism.' These works, he said in his advertisement, were parts of a series of six designs made thirty-four years before for the old House of Lords, and in vain submitted to every successive Ministry. The admission fee was one shilling. Unhappily for Haydon, the public taste for large areas of canvas covered with life-size figures had wholly passed away; and his later efforts, showing, as they did, indisputable signs of enfeebled powers, were not able to restore it. The exhibition was a failure. The last hope and resource of this proud, imperious, yet half-despondent spirit, when it broke down, he broke down with it, and the Marah-waters of despair engulphed him. Probably it was less the pecuniary loss which wounded him to the quick than the seal set by the public indifference to his own secret consciousness of failing energies and diminished capacity.

On the opening day of the exhibition, April 6th, Haydon wrote in his journal—we marvel that the lines are not traced in blood—the following significant entry:

'Receipts, 1846, £1 1s. 6d.; "Aristides."
Receipts, 1820, £19 16s.; "Jerusalem."
'In God I trust. Amen.'

Let us follow up the painful record:

'April 7th.—Rain. £1 8s. 6d.

'April 8th.—Fine. Receipts worse, £1 6s. 6d.

'April 13th, Easter-Monday.—O God, bless my receipts this day, for the sake of my creditors, my family, and my art. Amen.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 'Receipts, 22 (visitors) ... ... ... | £1 | 2 | 0 |
| 'Catalogues, 3 ... ... ... ... | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| | £1 | 3 | 6 |

'They (the public) rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. [The American dwarf was then on exhibition at the Egyptian Hall.] They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help! and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, and caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream.

'I would not have believed it of the English people.'

On April 21st he writes:

'Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week. B. R. Haydon 133½ (the ½ a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people! O God, bless me through the evils of this day. I thank Thee Thou hast done so. Amen.'

The exhibition closed on the 18th of May, with a loss of £111 8s. 10d., and his difficulties beset him with hungrier violence than ever. On the 1st of June, he remarks that he must, or should, pay £136 14s 10d. in the course of the month, and has only 18s. in the house, with 'nothing coming in, all received.' In reply to his application, Sir Robert Peel, with characteristic generosity, sent him £50. But already the ardent spirit had given way; the iron had entered the stricken soul; the brain reeled beneath the overwhelming pressure of pecuniary anxiety and baffled ambition. Who shall tell what he suffered during the last hours of his unhappy and partly wasted life? Who shall conceive the depth of the gloom from which rose his last cry upon earth? Here are the words which close his diary:

'June 22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of
B. R. HAYDON.'

'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*.

'End of Twenty-sixth Volume.'

A few minutes after these lines were written—nay, perhaps, before the ink was dry—the hand that wrote them was cold and stiff in death. About a quarter to eleven on this 22nd of June, Haydon's wife and daughter heard the report of firearms, but took no special heed of it, from an impression that it was connected with the movements of troops in the neighbouring park. An hour later, Miss Haydon happened to enter the painting-room, and found her father lying dead before his unfinished picture of 'Alfred and the First English Jury,' a razor at his side, and near it a small pistol recently discharged, a deep gash in his throat, and a bullet-wound in his head.

Over this awful scene, this tragical close to a life of restless endeavour and aspiration, let us pitifully draw the curtain, and abstain from harsh judgment of a deed committed, doubtlessly, when the overwrought brain had lost its consciousness of right and wrong.

# JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A., 1755—1826.

JOHN FLAXMAN was born at York on the 6th of July, 1755. He was the son of a moulder of figures, who, when Flaxman was six months old, removed to London, and opened a small shop for the sale of plaster casts, first in New Street, Covent Garden, and afterwards in the Strand. The boy was weakly from his birth, and slightly deformed. His infirmities prevented him from sharing in the usual games of healthy childhood, and he was therefore compelled to amuse himself after his own devices. In a little stuffed chair, just high enough for him to see over the counter, he would sit for hours together, surrounded by books and paper and pencils, reading at one moment and at another drawing. His father's customers were naturally led to notice this quiet, thoughtful, silent boy, who differed so greatly in his tastes and habits from other boys; and entering into conversation with him were surprised to find the extent and variety of his knowledge, and pleased to see the eagerness with which he listened when the talk turned upon painters and poets, or the great deeds of great men. A boy who had made acquaintance with Homer and drew original designs was more of a *lusus naturæ* a hundred years ago than he would be now, though Flaxmans, of course, are rare enough in any age.

One of his biographers informs us that he was still very young when he gave indications of that quick observation and love of works of art which characterized him in later life. When his father went to see the coronation procession of George III., the child begged him to bring home one of the medals which were to be distributed among the populace. He was not successful in getting one; but on his return, chancing to find a plated button bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, rather than disappoint his little enthusiast, who was then in very delicate health, he ventured to deceive him, and gave him the button. The boy, just five years old, accepted it with delight, but remarked that the device was a very strange one for a coronation medal. At this time he was fond of examining the watch-seals of every person who would allow him an opportunity, and always kept by him a bit of soft wax to take an impression of any which pleased him. When a friend reminded Flaxman, after he had risen to eminence, of this juvenile habit—'Sir,' he replied, with Johnsonian antithesis, 'we are never too young to learn what is useful, or too old to grow wise and good.'

Among those who watched with interest the boy's expanding faculties was a clergyman named Matthew, who has left an interesting account of his first interview with him. He had visited the shop of the elder Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and while standing there heard a child cough behind the counter. He looked over, and saw a little boy seated on a small chair, with a larger chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. 'His fine eyes and beautiful forehead,' says Mr. Matthew, 'interested me, and I said, "What book is that?" He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and said, "Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it." "Aye, indeed?" I answered. "You are a fine boy; but this is not the proper book. I'll bring you a right one to-morrow." I did as I promised, and the acquaintance, thus casually begun, ripened into one of the best friendships of my life.'

At his books and models the boy continued to labour assiduously, and with the keen delight which every true student feels in the gradual acquisition of knowledge. Nothing, I believe, in after life, gives such abundant and genuine pleasure as the slow victories of our boyhood—when, step by step, we advance along the laborious path which broadens as we advance, and opens up to us an ever-widening horizon of infinite beauty and pleasure! The difficult phrase in Xenophon or Cicero which gradually unfolds to us its meaning, the intricate mathematical problem of which we slowly conquer the solution—what a joy we feel in adding them to our lengthening list of obstacles overcome! With what a light in our eyes, with what a glow upon our cheeks, we rise from our desk triumphant! None of the successes of mature manhood awakens in the jaded heart such a feeling of exultation.

When about ten years old, Flaxman underwent a remarkable constitutional change. Hitherto weak and delicate, and subject to constant attacks of illness, he had known nothing of the amusements of out-of-door life. But all at once 'a flush of health' came upon him, his feebleness disappeared, he threw aside his crutches, and with a zest all the greater for his long deprivation he wandered among the leafy lanes and smiling meadows. His lively imagination kindled under the new influences which were brought to bear upon it, and he indulged in many a dream of romance. After reading 'Don Quixote,' he was seized with a sudden desire to play the part of a knight-errant, like the hero of Cervantes; and one morning early, unknown to his friends, he set out, armed with a toy sword, in search of adventures. According to Lord Beaconsfield, adventures are to the adventurous; but such was not the case with Flaxman. In the wide area of Hyde Park he met with neither wicked knight nor distressed damsel; and he returned home weary and disappointed.

In very early years Flaxman seems to have resolved on following the profession of a sculptor, and he acted in his resolution with that indomitable strength of purpose which ensures success. His father's shop supplied him with models; and he assiduously drew and modelled from the antique, with a close study of the elements of form and proportion. Occasionally his ambition met with a check. Having shown a drawing of a human eye to Mortimer, the artist, the latter rudely inquired, 'Is it an oyster?' But the boy felt within him the force of genius, the consciousness of power, and was not to be turned aside by an unmannerly jest from the career he had chosen. His brain teemed with the sweet fancies of the poets; his soul was aflame with the inspiration derived from the lives of the great men of the past; and, like Milton, he was determined to create and accomplish something which the world would not willingly let die. 'We are not sent into this world,' says Ruskin, 'to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and strength to.' Into his life-work Flaxman put all his heart and strength, and from his boyhood upward laboured as one who felt the dignity, the usefulness, and the duty of labour.

He was eleven or twelve years old when he gained another step in his career by being introduced to Mrs. Matthew, a woman of rare intelligence and refined taste—the friend of Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and Mrs. Barbauld. He frequently spent his evenings at her house in Rathbone Place, where she read to him Homer and Virgil, and discoursed upon sculpture and poetry. 'At this house,' says his biographer, 'where he was for many years a welcome visitor, he passed frequent evenings in very enlightened and delightful society. Here he was encouraged in studying the dead languages, so necessary to him in his profession. By acquiring these, he learned to think with the authors, and to embody the ideas of Homer, Hesiod, and Æschylus in a manner that no modern artist has exceeded.' It is not pretended that Flaxman ever attained to exact scholarship; but he seems to have had some knowledge of the Greek poets in their own tongue. Probably he was no better scholar than Keats; but, like Keats, he caught the spirit of the antique world, and breathed it into modern forms.

The calm beauty and reserved power of some Homeric designs which Mrs. Matthew's readings had suggested induced a Mr. Crutchely, of Sunning Hill Park, to commission from him a set of drawings in black chalk, about four-and-twenty inches high. The subjects, six in number, were all from Greek poetry: Antigone conducting her father, the blind Œdipus, to the Temple of the Furies; Diomedes and Odysseus seizing Dolon as a spy; The Lamentation of the Trojans over the body of Hector; Alexander taking the cup from Philip, his physician; Alcestis bidding farewell to her children to preserve the life of their father; and Hercules releasing Alcestis from the Infernal Regions and restoring her to her husband. These worth were necessarily marked by the immaturity of youth, but they were imbued with promise, and there was in them that mysterious something which the most finished productions of a mediocre mind never by any chance display.

In his fifteenth year Flaxman became a student of the Royal Academy. He exhibited his first work, a figure of Neptune, in wax, in 1770. In 1817 he exhibited his last work, a statue of John Kemble, in marble. Between these two dates, a period of forty-seven years, we know what he accomplished—how the promise ripened into performance, how the budding genius passed into flower and fruit, enriching the world with exquisite creations, and adding largely to the stock of human happiness, if there be any truth in the poet's hackneyed assertion that things of beauty are joys for ever. Flaxman did not *force* his genius, or weaken it by precipitate and too frequent efforts. At twenty years of age he had sent only ten pieces of sculpture to the Academy. In these earlier years, moreover, he seems to have practised oftener with the pencil than with the modelling tool, and to have devoted less attention to sculpture than to painting. However this may be, he had gained the reputation of an earnest and assiduous student, of one from whom great things might be expected. He gave an ardent attention to the works of Stothard and William Blake; the former so distinguished for grace and simplicity, the latter for wealth of invention and wild imaginative power. Both were of real advantage to him, by way of contrast and comparison; and both helped to fan the fire of genius that was rapidly kindling in his brain and heart.

In his fifteenth year he won the silver medal at the Royal Academy, and thereupon became a candidate for the greater honour of the gold one. One who knew him at this period describes him as really active and strong, though small and apparently weak of body; a match for most of his companions in feats of agility, while he surpassed them all in intellectual powers. There was a wonderful earnestness in his look, and the vivacity of his bright eye and the fineness of his forehead were not readily forgotten. His fellow-students perceived his merit, and, as he was grave and mild and unassuming, heartily recognised it; so that when he became, inopposition to Engleheart, a candidate for the gold medal, all the probationers and students exclaimed, 'Flaxman! Flaxman!' Strange to say he was defeated, and he accepted his defeat as a useful lesson, designed to check his pride and rebuke his self-confidence, while at the same time it stimulated him to more vigorous exertion. One of his biographers reports him as saying: 'I gave in my model at the Academy, and believed the medal was my own. I knew what Engleheart could do, and I did not dread him. The Council gave, as is usual, a subject to model in a specified time; mine was finished ere my opponent had begun; he completed his at length, and we had to await the issue. Conceit was my comfort. I had made up my mind that I was to win, and even invited some friends to cheer themselves at my table, till I should return from the Academy with the prize. It was given by Reynolds to Engleheart. I burst into tears; this sharp lesson tumbled my conceit, and I determined to redouble my exertions, and put it, if possible, beyond the power of the President to make any mistakes for the future.' If Flaxman really made use of these words he did himself a great injustice, for there is abundant evidence of his freedom from vanity or assumption. His was the self-confidence of a great mind, not the conceit of a little one.

His disappointment, as we have said, acted upon him like a stimulus. A nature so enthusiastic, yet so patient and persevering, was not to be overthrown by the first check. He threw into his work a fresh energy, an increase of vigour. He studied on a larger and bolder scale. And all this while he strove against poverty, against the painful limitations and hindrances of narrow means, and was compelled to give a large portion of his time to the arduous task of earning his bread. During the day he handled the plaster trowel, at night he consoled himself with the heroic inspiration of Homer. After all, this seven years' apprenticeship had in it an element of good. To see 'a courser of the sun' harnessed to the plough may be a sorry sight, but what if it accustom the radiant steed to endurance and regular effort and habits of obedience?

To Josiah Wedgwood, who was then engaged in applying the principles of art to the manufacture of English pottery, young Flaxman became known as a skilful designer, and he was immediately employed in the production of improved patterns of earthenware and china. These consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief, and their subjects, taken from ancient history and poetry, were remarkable for their variety, their fertility of invention, their grace. For examples of genre he studied the Etruscan vases and the architectural ornaments of Greece, while Stuart's 'Athens' supplied him with the happiest suggestions. In this way he ministered largely to the improvement and refinement of the public taste; and the art pottery of Flaxman and Wedgwood initiated the movement for bringing art into the houses of the people, and diffusing everywhere that appreciation of the beautiful which has led to such extensive results.

From his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year the young artist lived by the sweat of his brow. He maintained himself chiefly on the remuneration he received from the Wedgwoods, and this he did the more easily because his tastes were few, and his habits frugal and abstemious. He had no sensual inclinations; he lived for art and art only, and was rigorously ascetic in all things except his thirst for knowledge. 'The seclusion to which illness in early youth had confined him had caused him to seek for company in himself, and when grown up to manhood, and full of health and spirits, he still preferred his own chamber to public haunts, and casts from the antique and the poets of Greece and England to the society of the gay, the witty and the beautiful. His feeling that disease had left him slightly deformed may also, very probably, have had some share in determining his mode of life . . . Whatever was the cause, there is nothing more certain than that from boyhood to old age he lived the same quiet, simple, secluded sort of life, working by day, and sketching and reading during the evenings. Occasionally, when his daily task was over, he would work at the bust of a friend; but it was his chief delight to make designs from the poets, from the Bible, and from the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

In 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, Flaxman quitted the paternal roof, and hired a small house and studio in Wardour Street. At the same time he took unto himself a wife, Ann Denman, one whom he had long loved, and who fully returned his affection. He could not have had a better, a more suitable helpmate. She was of a sweet and gentle temper, and graceful in her manners; with a fine taste for art and letters, well versed in French and Italian, and possessing also a knowledge of Greek. What was better than all, she had a firm belief in her husband's genius, and devoted her life to the task of freeing it from all the fetters of circumstance. In his hours of despondency she cheered and encouraged him.

She sympathized with his aspirations, while she managed his household affairs with a wise economy. She so acted in all things that it seemed 'as if the Church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and blood.' Those who desire to estimate Flaxman aright must not forget 'the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or, with submission on their lips and rebellion in their hearts, make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No; they loved each other truly: they read the same books, thought the same thoughts; prized the same friends, and, like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated.'

Soon after Flaxman's marriage, he met Sir Joshua Reynolds, himself a bachelor, who accosted him bluntly: 'So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I will tell you, you are ruined for an artist!' Flaxman returned home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and, smiling, said, 'Ann, I am ruined for an artist.' 'John,' said she, 'how has this happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' said he, 'in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession.' He went on to refer to the opinion so strongly and so frequently expressed by the famous painter, that no man could become a great artist without studying the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo at Rome and Florence. 'And I,' said Flaxman, with the consciousness of power—'*I* would be a great artist.' 'And a great artist you shall be,' said his wife, 'and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to your greatness.' 'But how?' inquired Flaxman. 'By work and economy,' was the noble answer; 'it never shall be said that Ann Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist.' So they resolved in silence to prepare themselves for the journey; and during the next five years Flxaman worked and his wife economized. They sought no assistance from the Academy; they made known their intentions to none, but gradually accumulated a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of their projected enterprise. A friend of the young couple has preserved a pleasant picture of their married life at this period. 'I remember him well,' writes Smith; 'so do I his wife: and also his humble little house in Wardour Street. All was neat—nay, elegant. The figures from which he studied were the finest antiques; the Nature which he copied was the fairest that could be had—and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was that air of devout quiet which reigned everywhere—the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself; and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man. There was no ostentatious display of piety; nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality; but he was a reader of the Scriptures and a worshipper of sincerity; and if ever Purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman. . . . . During his residence in this house,' adds Smith, 'he was chosen by the parish of St. Anne, in which he lived, as one of the collectors for the watch-rate; and I have often seen him with an ink-bottle in his button-hole collecting the money.' This engagement made him an eye-witness of many cases of distress and suffering, which, from his scanty resources, he did not fail to relieve.

During the five years which elapsed between his marriage and his departure for Rome, he exhibited seven works, which testified to the robust growth of his genius. These included—his monument to Collins the poet, for Chichester Cathedral; and his fine monument to Mrs. Morley, in Gloucester Cathedral. Mrs. Morley perished with her child at sea, and the sculptor represents her as summoned by angels, with her babe, from the storm-tossed deep, and ascending into heaven.

He set out for Rome in the spring of 1787. In the Eternal City he moved about like one who, in a dream, sees himself surrounded by forms of beauty. He was lost in admiration of its treasures of ancient and modern art. He saw, he said, that the great Italian masters approached, as near as the nature of their materials would permit, the great poets of the world; that they had impressed on all their works a grave beauty and a divinity of sentiment which explained and almost justified the superstitious adoration of the people. In like manner, the sculptors and painters of modern Italy had dedicated their powers to the service of the Church, and made their works the interpreters of its doctrines and traditions to the common people. Flaxman seems to have conceived the design of doing for the

Reformed Church the same great service which the Italian artists had rendered to the Church of Rome. To some extent he carried out his intention: and his sculptures—at least those which bear a sacred character—embody poetic or moral passages of Scripture, and may be so arranged as to exhibit the whole history of Revelation, and 'the divine and moral dispensation of our Saviour.'

To maintain himself and his wife at Rome, Flaxman was compelled to work very hard. His copies from the antique, however, found a ready sale, and were so much admired that English visitors sought him out, and gave him commissions for original designs. In this way he was led to execute his immortal illustrations of Homer, of Æschylus, and Dante. We are told by one of Flaxman's friends that his modesty induced him at first to transcribe his subjects from the Greek vases, adapting them to his purpose; but that he soon gained in courage and certainty, and drew on the boundless resources of his own imagination. He himself remarks, concerning the ancient bas-reliefs, that they 'present a magnificent collection of compositions from the great poets of antiquity, Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles—the systems of ancient philosophy with Greek mysteries, initiations, and mythology.' The study of these will give the young artist the true principles of composition. By carefully observing them he will accustom himself to a noble habit of thinking, and consequently choose whatever is beautiful, elegant, and grand; rejecting all that is mean and vulgar. By thus imbibing the electric spark of the poetic fire, he will attain the power of employing the beauty and grace of ancient poetry and genius in the service of the establishments and morals of our own time and country.

The illustrations of the 'Iliad' are thirty-nine in number, and of these seven-and-twenty contain female figures. For Flaxman loved beauty even more than sublimity, and sought to relieve with scenes of a gentle character those battle episodes with which the Homeric poem abounds. The first design appropriately represents the poet,

'The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,'

addressing the Muse, who, in response to the combined petition of his harp and voice, descends to his assistance. Next comes the angry parley between Agamemnon and Achilles, in which

Pallas pulls back her favoured hero by his long locks, and soothes him into submission. We have afterwards the parting between Briseis and her lover; Briareus summoned by Thetis to succour Zeus; Ares held captive by Otus and Ephialtes; Aphrodite inviting Helen to the chamber of Paris; Aphrodite presenting her to her Trojan lord; Hector chiding Paris; and the lovely group of Hector meeting Andromache and his child, where the tenderness and grace of the poet are faithfully reflected by the artist. The heroic spirit animates such designs as Pallas and Diomedes encountering Ares; Ajax defending the fleet against the attack of the Trojans; the contest over the body of Patroclus; the Gods descending to battle; and Achilles striving with the spirits of the Trojan rivers. In the opinion of Allan Cunningham, one of the finest designs is that in which Thetis supplicates Chares and Hephæstion to make new armour for her son: the Goddess sits disconsolate, Chares approaches to comfort her, and Hephæstion advances, supported by his two golden handmaidens. Finer still is that which shows us the soothsayer Polydamas advising Hector to quit his chariot and attack the Greeks. The hero checks his horses, and with his spear in one hand and his shield in the other, listens as the seer indicates to him the way to certain victory.

The designs in illustration of the 'Odyssey' are thirty-nine in number, and in harmony with the character of the poem which suggests them. They breathe 'an austere domestic beauty,' and are marked by a kind of statuesque dignity. As in the pictures of Penelope surprised in the act of unravelling the web; Mercury visiting Calypso; Phenicus entertaining Penelope's suitors with song; Circe and Odysseus amid the delights of the enchanted isle; Nestor sacrificing in the presence of Pallas; the Sirens seeking to allure the Greek warriors by their dangerous strains; the Harpies seizing the three daughters of Pandarus; Penelope reluctantly carrying her husband's bow to her suitors; and the meeting of Odysseus and Penelope. All the drawings in which Homer's subtle-witted hero appears have a wonderful charm. Take those in which he introduces himself to Alcinous and Arete, and weeps at the song of Demodocus. What a vivid contrast between the 'long-lost exile king,' hiding his face in his mantle, and trembling with emotion as he listens to the poet's story of his woes, and the same hero afterwards, when, discovering himself, he springs to his feet and exclaims :

> 'I am Odysseus—famed o'er all the earth
> For subtlest wisdom, and renowned to heaven.'

For these fine inventions he received fifteen shillings each—a sorry recompense—but Flaxman coveted fame, not money, and poured his best into his work, because he loved his art. Patrons now came forward, for his genius could no longer be doubted or denied. Thomas Hope, the author of 'Anastasius,' commissioned a small-size group in marble of 'Cephalus and Aurora,' and the Countess Spencer engaged him to illustrate Æschylus—a task in which his sympathy with the antique found ample scope. For his Æschylus designs he received one guinea each. His indifference to pecuniary considerations was shown by his undertaking to execute for the Earl of Bristol (who was also Bishop of Derry) a group representing the fury of Athamus, from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' It consists of four figures of the heroic size (that is, larger than life), and occupied the sculptor for many months. The payment was £600—less than a third of the value : less, indeed, than the actual cost.

His next task was the restoration of the magnificent torso, which connoisseurs pronounce to be a fragment of a Hercules. He purchased a plaster cast, and wrought upon it with all the earnestness of his poetic nature. But instead of producing a single complete figure, he executed two—Hercules and Omphale—a conception which did not meet with unanimous approval. Nor, indeed, was it to be expected that in entering into competition, as it were, with antiquity, he could be wholly successful, or satisfy everybody's views of what form the reproduction should assume. His Hercules was too ponderous for the gentle Omphale, so that it was cynically compared to Milton's lion dandling the kid.

Flaxman's close and careful study of the antique at Rome, and in other Italian cities, led him to certain conclusions, which he afterwards embodied in his lectures. 'In early times in Greece,' he said, 'their figures were ordinary and barbarous, having only the rudest character of imitation, without any of its graces. Their gods were distinguished by their symbols only ; Jupiter by his thunderbolt, Neptune by his trident, and Mercury by his caduceus ; not unfrequently these and other divinities were represented with wings, to show that they were not mere men. The symbols, attributes, and personal characteristics, as the arts improved, were derived from the poets, and influenced by philosophy. The early figures of Jupiter and Neptune have no beards, but when Homer's verses became the canon of public opinion, the father of gods and men became bearded, and so did his brother Neptune. It is likely that Hercules was not exhibited with extraordinary muscular strength until the Greek tragedians had settled his character by their impassioned descriptions of his acts and labours. The winged genii on the Greek vases were introduced from the Pythagorean philosophy ; and female divinities became lovely and gracious in the time of Plato—in fine, the different systems of philosophy influenced, as they appeared, the arts of design, giving a tone to their excellence, and an indication of their character. The female divinities of those early days of sculpture were clothed in draperies divided into few and perpendicular folds. The hair of both male and female statues of this period is arranged with great care, collected in a club behind, sometimes entirely curled, in the same manner as practised by the native Americans and the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. Dædalus and Eudæus formed their statues of wood ; metal was also used for various purposes of sculpture, as we learn from Homer, Hesiod, and Plutarch.'

He goes on to speak of the greatest of the Athenian sculptors. 'The superior genius of Phidius,' he says, 'in addition to his knowledge of painting, which he practised previous to sculpture, gave a grandeur to his compositions, a grace to his groups, a softness to flesh, and a flow to draperies unknown to his predecessors, the character of whose figures were stiff rather than dignified, and the folds of drapery parallel, few, and resembling geometrical lines rather than the simple but ever-varying appearances of nature. His statue of Minerva, thirty-nine feet high, was made of ivory and gold, holding a Victory, six feet high, in her right hand, and a spear in her left, her tunic reaching to her feet. She had her helmet on, and the Medusa's head on her Ægis ; her shield was adorned with the battle of the gods and giants ; the pedestal with the birth of Pandora. Plato tells us the eyes were of precious stones. But the great work of this chief of sculptors—the astonishment and praise of after ages—was the Jupiter at Elis, sitting on his throne, his left hand holding a sceptre, his right hand extending victory to the Olympian conquerors, his head crowned with olives, and his pallium decorated with beasts, birds, and flowers. The four corners of the throne were dancing Victories, each supported by a sphinx tearing a Theban youth. At the back of the throne above his head were the three Hours or Seasons on one side, and on the other the three Graces. On the bar between the legs of the throne, and the panels or spaces between them, were represented many stories: the destruction of Niobe's children, the labours of Hercules, the delivery of Prometheus, the Garden of Hesperides, with the different adventures of the heroic ages. On the base the battle of Theseus with the Amazons; on the pedestal an assembly of the gods—the sun, the moon, in their cars, and the birth of Venus. The height of the work was sixty feet. The statue was ivory, enriched with the radiance of golden ornaments and precious stones, and was justly esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world.'

These extracts exhibit Flaxman as a writer in a favourable light; his style is easy and accurate, and his descriptions are not without considerable graphic force.

The next great series of Flaxman's designs, in illustration of Dante, was commissioned by Mr. Thomas Hope. In these he derived no assistance from the monuments of antiquity; his classical studies could be of little service; he was compelled to trust to his own resources, and the result bears witness to his essential originality. It is clear that he thoroughly sympathized with his author; that his imagination was kindled by the austere and majestic genius of the great Florentine. The designs number one hundred and seven; namely, thirty-eight to the 'Inferno,' thirty-eight to the 'Purgatorio,' and thirty-three to the 'Paradiso.' In Cunningham's opinion, those which illustrate the 'Inferno' are the worthiest of Flaxman's fame. Only two of them bear any touch of tenderness, those devoted to the episode of Paolo and Francesca; the others belong to the stern and terrible. We have—the spirit of Farinata degli Uberti ascending from the sepulchre:

> 'Lo! Farinata there, who hath himself
> Uplifted; from his girdle upwards, all
> Exposed, behold him;'

the Fiery Rain which torments the damned:

'O'er all the sand full slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hushed ;'

the Evil Spirit carrying the wicked into the deepest hell; Virgil and Dante hemmed round by threatening demons at the passage of the bridge ; Fiends tormenting a sinner in the Lake of Pitch ; the Fiery Serpents ; the Vale of Disease, and the punishment of Impostors. Perhaps the grandest design, in its deep moral significance, is that of the procession of Hypocrites, who march two by two, hooded and cloaked, and with bent heads, like mourners following a corpse. They are condemned to pace eternally the same weary round, and at every step they tread upon the crucified Caiaphas :

'That piercèd spirit, whom intent
Thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
To suffer for the people. He doth lie
Transverse ; nor any passes, but him first
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.'

Between the 'Inferno' and the 'Purgatorio,' Flaxman has introduced a beautiful allegory, wherein Faith, Hope, and Charity, supported by guardian-angels, hover over the perishing world, which, smitten by fire, is rolling up like a scroll. The principal illustrations of the 'Purgatorio' are : Dante listening to the sweet song of Casella :

'"Love that discourses in my thoughts," he then
Began in such soft accents, that within
The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide,
And all who came with him, so well were pleased,
That seemed nought else might in their thoughts have room.
Fast fixed in mute attention to his notes
We stood ;'

Buonconte, delivered by a spirit of light from one of darkness; the meeting between Virgil and Sordello; the conversation of the two poets with Rinucci da Calboli and Guido di Brettinoro; the meeting with Statius; the purification of Forese; the repose of Virgil, Statius, and Dante ; the interview between the poet and Beatrice ; and Beatrice in the triumphal car. Designs of a different character illustrate the Mountain where spirits are detained in probation ; the Vision of the slothful and negligent ; the throng of Babes escaping from the jaws of Death ; the Punishment of the Proud ; the purification from Envy; the doom of the Selfish, the Sensual, and the Gross; and the Vale of Avarice. Finally, as examples of imaginative power, we may refer to the group of spirits entering Purgatory; Dante and Virgil guided by the angel through the gloomy gate; and the expulsion of Lucifer and his host from heaven.

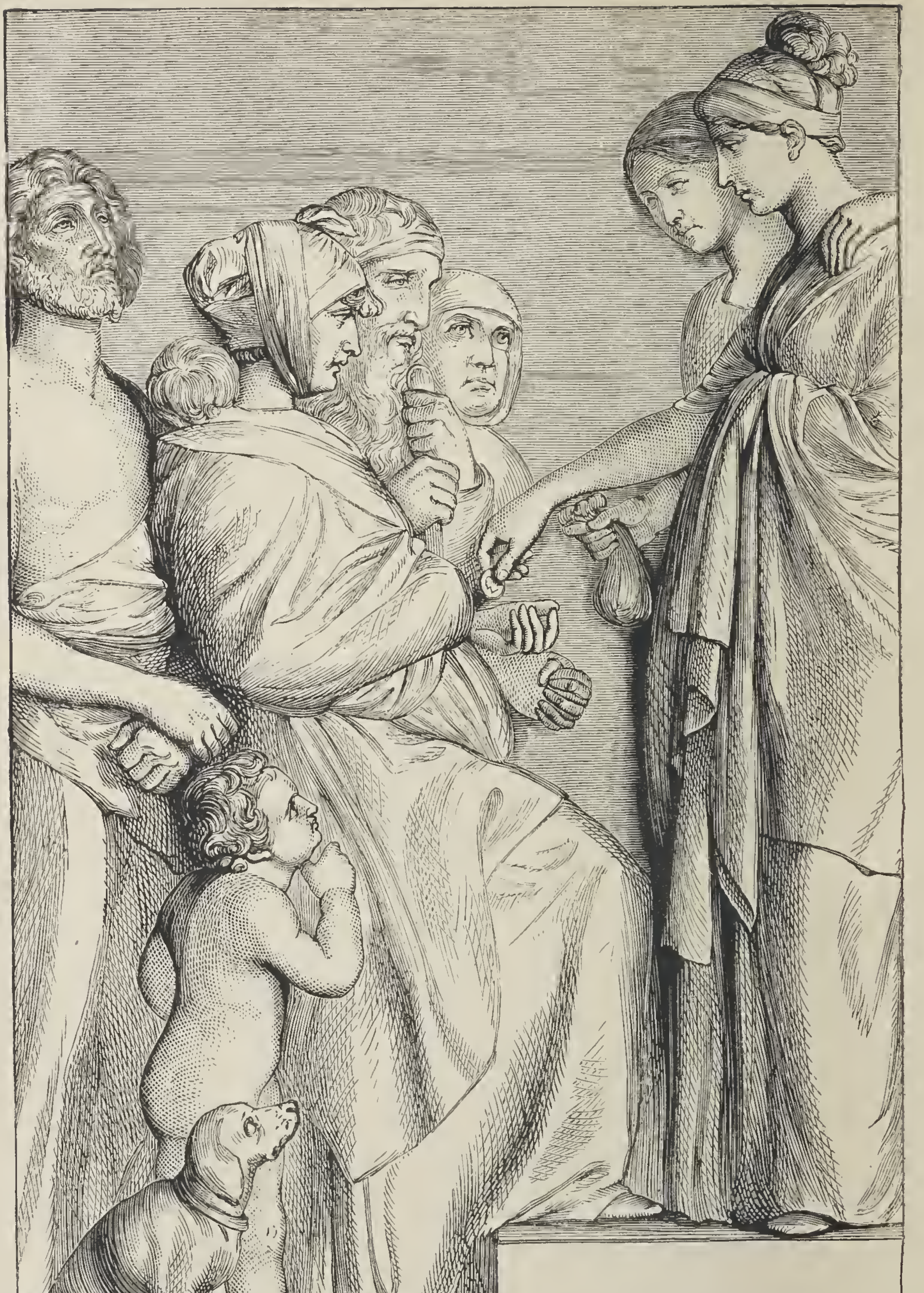
The illustrations of the Paradiso are, of course, very different in style, and have a touch about them of that visionary splendour which illuminated the dreams of Swedenborg, with whose mystical writings Flaxman, at this time, was greatly charmed. There is almost a superfluity of celestial haloes, golden palaces, winged angels, luminous stars, and cherub faces, until we are brought face to face with the great mystery which closes Dante's grand series of conceptions :

> 'Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound ;
> And, from another, one reflected seemed
> As rainbow is from rainbow ; and the third
> Seemed fire, breathed equally from both.'

Having spent upwards of seven years in Rome, Flaxman prepared at last to return to England, his preparations being quickened by Napoleon Bonaparte's invasion of Italy. 'I remember a night or two before my departure,' says the sculptor, 'that the French ambassador proudly showed us, at an evening party, a medal of Bonaparte. "There," said he, "is the man who is to shake the monarchies of the earth, and raise the glory of the Republic." I looked at the head, and said at once, 'This citizen Bonaparte of yours is the very image of Augustus Cæsar." "Image of a tyrant !" exclaimed the Frenchman; "no, indeed. I tell you he is another sort of a man. He is a young, enthusiastic hero, and dreams of nothing but liberty and equality." '

Settling down in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, Flaxman undertook his noble monument to the Earl of Mansfield which represents the illustrious judge as seated, in his robes, between Wisdom and Justice, while behind is a recumbent youth, apparently symbolical of the power of the Law to punish wrong-doers. When Banks, the sculptor, saw this magnificent group, he exclaimed, 'This little man cuts us all out !'

While engaged on the Mansfield monument, Flaxman amused his leisure with the preparation of a graceful tribute to the love and devotion of his wife. In a MS. volume he wrote the story,



CHARITY.
*After John Flaxman.*
1755–1826.

*Page* 161.

and with his magic pencil illustrated the adventures of a Christian hero, the Knight of the Burning Cross, who, in the truest spirit of chivalry, goes forth into the world to succour the suffering, chastise the wicked, and support the feeble. He is surrounded by a host of temptations; good and evil spirits contend for him as their prize; his own passions beset him in terrific shapes, like those of Dante's 'Inferno;' but, led by a guardian angel, he defies and escapes every danger, becomes a purified spirit, and is commissioned to watch over the good on earth. In this capacity he delivers the oppressed, shields the innocent, and diffuses a celestial light wherever he passes. The sketches are fifty in number, and it is needless to say that their fine and delicate beauty has all the charm of Flaxman's poetic genius.

On the first page of this *Liber Amoris*—how much loftier, and truer, and purer than Hazlitt's!—the artist-husband drew a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth; on either side an angel, and above, a scroll inscribed 'Ann Flaxman;' below, two hands clasped in a pledge of mutual love; while two cherubs bear aloft a garland, and space is provided for the dedicatory epigraph:

'The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicates the traits of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to a spiritual world, and blessed with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensation of Providence, he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as Universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy.—JOHN FLAXMAN, October 2, 1796.'

The influence of Spenser is plainly perceptible in this beautiful allegory.

In 1797, Flaxman was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; and in the same year he exhibited three sketches in bas-relief, on Scriptural subjects: 'Christ raising from the dead the daughter of Jairus;' 'Comforting the Weak-hearted;' and 'Feeding the Hungry;' as well as his monument to Sir William Jones the Orientalist, now preserved in the chapel of University College, Oxford.

On his election as member of the Royal Academy, Flaxman produced as his diploma-work a beautiful marble group of 'Apollo and Marsyas.' At this period of national excitement, when the country was rejoicing over its victories at sea, a scheme was set on foot for the erection of a grand Naval Pillar; but Flaxman, whose brain was always teeming with great ideas, prepared in its stead to make a statue of Britannia, 200 feet high, and place it upon Greenwich Hill. He explained his design in a 'Letter to the Committee for raising the Naval Pillar or Monument, under the patronage of the Duke of Gloucester;' but the Committee took alarm at so colossal a scheme, and somewhat unceremoniously rejected it.

Flaxman, in nowise discouraged, continued the cultivation of his art with indefatigable spirit, bringing all the resources of his genius to bear upon each separate work. It would be useless for us to attempt a catalogue of all he conceived and accomplished; his hand was as active as his brain was fertile; and he produced in quick succession an almost unexampled number of noble compositions. Lewisham Church, Kent, contains his beautiful monument to Mary Lushington—a relievo of an angel pointing the mourning mother to the Divine words, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' At Micheldever, Hants, is the celebrated Baring monument, embodying—a poem in marble—the words, 'Thy will be done, Thy kingdom come, Deliver us from evil.' The first phrase is illustrated by a devotional life-size figure, which happily typifies piety and resignation; for the second, we have a mother and daughter ascending to the skies, amid a press of angels' wings; and for the third, a male figure in subdued agony appears in the air, while spirits of good and evil contend for the mastery. The monuments of Mrs. Tighe and the Countess Spencer are scarcely less well known. In his historical monuments, Flaxman is not happy. His imaginative power seems to have failed him in this class of works, which was wholly alien to his genius and sympathies; and he relied too much on the old conventional Britannias, Victories, and British Lions. Some of his portrait-statues, however, are very felicitous, as, for example, those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Rajah of Tanjore, the Missionary Schwartz, Lord Cornwallis, and the Marquis of Hastings.

The home-life of Flaxman exhibits him in a very pleasing aspect. He loved to beguile the winter evenings by inventing, for the amusement of his family or friends, a variety of little fancies in prose or verse, illustrated by his ready pencil. These, however, were always made to point a moral. It does not appear that any care was taken to preserve them; but the quaint legend of 'The Casket' escaped destruction, and from it we can gain some idea of the character of the others.

The story of the Casket is thus related. One day, in the winter of 1812, Flaxman, who was not without his Oriental leanings, purchased a small but richly wrought Chinese casket, as a present for his wife and sister. It was a fitting repository for trinkets and lace, and similar feminine treasures; so the gratified ladies set it on the table before them, and began a conversation upon it. 'This is a pretty thing,' said one of them, 'and not made yesterday, I can assure ye; its history must be curious.' 'Curious, no doubt,' said the other; 'but we can easily make a history for it. What is it without its genealogy? Let us assure you that it was made in the reign of the illustrious Ching-fu by one of the Muses of China, to hold the "Golden Maxims" of Confucius.' 'And obtained in barter,' enjoined the other, 'for glass-beads and twopenny knives by one of those wandering genii called in Britain "trading captains!"'

Upon these hints, Flaxman set to work with pen and pencil, and portrayed the fortunes of the casket in the sketches and some scores of couplets. The verse portion begins with a flowing panegyric on the ancient philosopher-kings of China, who taught their subjects 'the resources of civilization':

'. . . . . . . . The various arts of life,
To build, keep house, and live as man and wife;
Prepare green tea, make wooden gods, cook rice,
Pickle and tadpoles, and eat rats and mice.'

Under such kings China necessarily enjoyed the highest happiness and the greatest prosperity. Now it happened that when Tsieu was on the throne, his daughter Lo-ceu, reposing one day amid the bowers of the royal gardens, heard the song of a nightingale, and, as she understood the language of birds, was able to make out that the songster was describing a certain splendid casket which formed one of the treasures of Paradise. Immediately she hastened to join her sisters, Ping-su and Sing-su, and, sitting down beside them,

'Alternate took each sister's hand, and prest
With ardour to her own fair fragrant breast.'

She told them what she had learned from the nightingale's strains, and made her urgent entreaty :

'Sisters, in wondrous arts you both excel,
Hard to conceive, more difficult to tell—
Make me a casket ; grace it with your art ;
In it fair Sivam shall her laws impart ;
In it shall virtue's moral law be given
Sent down to man, the last best gift of heaven.'

The two princesses comply, and with gems and pearls, scented woods and perfumed pigments, produce a wondrously dainty casket, in which Lo-ceu resolves to enshrine the noblest maxims and divinest verses of the poets and philosophers of the Flowery Land. But a famous sorcerer, Psi-whong, who is afraid of the injury that his profession will sustain if poetry and mortality are thus honoured, swoops down on winged tigers to the presence of the three princesses, and offers to fill the casket with the most potent spells and magical verses, which should bring nothing but joy and gladness to man. But he is repulsed with scorn and anger, and hurled down headlong amid the hissing of serpents and

'A blue sulphurous flame, whose noisome fume
Poisoned the wholesome air, and spread a dolorous gloom.'

In the belief that their treasure is not safe from the malice of the Chinese magicians, the three princesses carry it to Mount Hermon, and depositing it on the high and holy hill, as in a safe and sacred place, entrust it to the charge of genii :

'Then Persian Sadi's noble mind was fired
By wisdom's charms and virtue's love inspired,
To give the world again the golden age
By hallowed precept and example sage ;
On him the beauteous casket they bestowed.'

On the death of Sadi it passed into the hands of the poet Hafiz :

'By Hafiz next the casket was possest,
With quickest fancy, brightest genius blest ;
His looks beamed rapture, all his movements grace,
Beauteous his form, enchanting was his face.'

He began composing verses for the casket. At first they breathed an atmosphere of truth and purity, but by degrees he gave the reins to his passions, and as he indulged in a freer strain, the treasure was

> 'By indignant angels snatched away.'

The guardian genii bear it on the waves of air to a certain island renowned for its virtuous people, its virtuous songs, and virtuous works of art :

> 'Lo ! golden helms and spears light the blue air,
> And cherub faces, so divinely fair,
> Their locks ambrosial float upon the gale,
> Their pure white robes along the breezes sail ;
> The Muses raise their voice in choral song,
> Salute the pageant as it moves along.'

The precious casket is at last consigned to the hands of the sea-nymphs and Tritons, who with shouts and song escort it o'er the boundless waves, while the gods of ancient Greece clap their hands as the strange procession undulates past them, to reach at length the shores of Britain, where

> 'The godlike genius of the British Isle
> Receives the casket with benignant smile.'

In 1810 Flaxman was appointed to the new Professorship of Sculpture instituted by the Royal Academy, and in the following year delivered his first course of lectures. The subjects for this and the nine sequent years were : 1, English Sculpture ; 2, Egyptian Sculpture ; 3, Grecian Sculpture ; 4, Science ; 5, Beauty ; 6, Composition ; 7, Style ; 8, Drapery ; 9, Ancient Art ; and 10, Modern Art. Flaxman's treatment of his theme is always judicious and intelligent, his criticism is exact and pertinent, and he expresses himself in clear and precise, though somewhat monotonous language. But he never warms into enthusiasm—he who had so much of earnestness and poetic fire in his nature ! It is as if the sculptor lost the ardour of the studio on mounting the lecturer's rostrum. The most attractive lectures of the group are those on English Architecture, Beauty, and Composition. These deserve very careful perusal, and will well repay it. Perhaps in a lecture we have no right to expect the play of fancy or the flow of imagination ; yet an artist when discoursing on art one would naturally expect to break the trammels of conventionalism, and carry his hearers with him to 'heights empyrean.'

We shall take a very few specimen passages from Flaxman's dissertations :

'In the formation and appearance of the body we shall always find that its beauty depends on its health, strength, and agility, most convenient motion and harmony of parts in the male and female human figure, according to the purposes for which they were intended: the man for greater power and exertion, the woman for tenderness and grace. If those characteristics of form are animated by a soul in which benevolence, temperance, fortitude, and the other usual virtues preside unclouded by vice, we shall recognise in such a one perfect beauty, and remember that God created man in His own image. The most perfect human beauty is that most free from deformity either of body or mind, and may be, therefore, defined

'"The most perfect soul in the most perfect body."'

After quoting Homer and Plato, he continues:

'These are fine passages and splendid authorities; yet mental beauty and personal beauty are often—too often—found apart. The poets of Greece sang, the philosophers wrote, and the sculptors carved in the spirit and meaning of their religion. It was addressed chiefly to the eye, took up its abode in magnificent temples—was visible in sacred processions and solemn sacrifices—its voice was heard in oracles, to which the wisest listened, and the forms which it assumed were the noblest which man's imagination could conceive. This was the time when the beautiful was identified with the best. In this the heathen differed from the Christian; the former worshipped external beauty, the latter adored the immortal and the divine. The wildest of all our enthusiasts never insisted on the personal beauty of the Saviour of mankind, nor on the external loveliness of His apostles. Had Phidias carved the Christian patriarchs, he would have made them naked men of the race of Apollo. A hand not infirm painted them; and the apostles of Raphael are grave men; their Master's religion is stamped on their brows, and they are covered soberly with garments. It is a splendid theory which the sons at least, if not the daughters, seldom realize, that the finest face goes with the worthiest mind.'

The tenderly affectionate heart of Flaxman was sorely wounded in 1820 by the death of his wife, the patient and loving helpmate who had shared with so much loyalty his earlier trials and his later triumphs. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a friend and counsellor, who is always by our side, prompt to assist, to encourage, to sympathize; constant, true, and loyal when others prove false; infusing fresh vitality into the waning hope; a radiant star in the deepest gloom of fortune. Guizot, the French statesman, having experienced the happy influence of a good wife's companionship, could write: 'Man yearns after a happiness more complete and more tender than that which all the labours and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I felt when it began, and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great enterprises, domestic affections prove the basis of life, and the most brilliant career has only incomplete and superficial enjoyments if it be a stranger to the happy bonds of family and friendship.' Flaxman lost no opportunity of expressing his gratitude to 'Ann Denman,' or his respect for her talent and culture. When any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, 'Ask Mrs. Flaxman; she is my dictionary.' After her death it was easily seen that he moved like one the light of whose life had gone out.

Among his latest and most successful works must be mentioned the admirable group of Michael subduing Satan, which he executed for Lord Egremont; and the Shield of Apuleius, designed for Rundell and Bridge. The latter is based, of course, upon the famous description in the 'Iliad.' It is circular, and three feet in diameter. Round the border undulates the sea, wave rippling after wave, as on a summer day; it measures about three fingers in breadth. On the central base Apollo, or the Sun, is seen in his golden chariot, his fiery coursers starting forward, impatient to run their daily course. The circle, of which Apollo occupies the centre, is in diameter a little more than a foot, yet within this limited space the artist's fertile fancy has depicted—

> 'Earth, and sky, and sea,
> The ever-circling sun, and full-orbed moon,
> And all the signs that crown the vault of heaven;
> Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might,
> And Arctos, called the Wain, who wheels on high
> His circling course, and on Orion waits;
> Sole star that never bathes in the ocean's wave.'

Between this vivid delineation of the universe and the ocean-border, all the resources of Flaxman's imagination have been expended on the twelve scenes, or pictures, which represent the various avocations of humanity. We see the busy crowds in the market-place; the judges on their bench; the pomp and revelry of a marriage procession; the stir and clash of contending armies; the ploughman labouring in the fallow field; the reapers gathering in the golden grain, while among them in silence stands the king, rejoicing in the plenteous swaths; the vintage merry-making,* and the attack of the lions on the pasturing herd; the peaceful sheepfold; and lastly, the mazy dance of youths and maidens, whirling with practised feet to the music of a skilful lyre. The figures in these exquisite delineations are generally about six inches high, and vary in relief from the smallest visible elevation, to half an inch. They exceed one hundred in number. In the centre of the shield the height is six inches above the plane. 'Of this magnificent work,' we are told, 'the artist was justly proud; he was paid £620 for the drawings and model; the first cast, in silver gilt, price 2,000 guineas, was placed by his Majesty on his own sideboard; the second, of the same material and value, was presented by the King to the Duke of York; a third, of the same metal, was made for Lord Lonsdale; and a fourth for the Duke of Northumberland. Two casts in bronze were made by the proprietors for themselves, and three in plaster were prepared, for the Royal Academy, for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and for Flaxman himself.'

We borrow from Allan Cunningham an interesting account of his first interview with the great sculptor (in 1825): 'He had come to the exhibition-room with a statue; on seeing me he smiled, took off his hat, bowed, and shook me heartily by the hand, saying, with a voice which I think I hear now, "Allan Cunningham, I am glad to meet you. Lady Dacre has repeated some of your noble ballads; come and sit down beside me, and let us talk of verse. I love it, and I love Scotland too." We sat down together, and though several Academicians came into the room, he heeded them not, but expatiated on the kindness he had experienced at Glasgow, and his admiration of the passionate songs of Burns. He told me also that the old English ballads of Percy had made a strong impression on his mind; and instanced Sir Cauline as one of the happiest stories in verse. "I am making," said he, "a statue of Burns; will you do me the kindness to come and see it?" I promised, and parting there with mutual assurance of remembrance, some weeks elapsed before I had an opportunity of paying my respects to him in Buckingham Street. He received me with his hat in his hand, and conducted me into his little studio, among models and sketches. There was but one chair, a small barrel, which held coals, with a board laid over it; on the former he seated me, and occupied the latter himself, after having removed a favourite black cat, who seemed to consider the act ungracious. Our talk was all concerning poetry and poets; he listened well pleased to my description of the person of Burns, and said, "a manly man, and his poetry is like him."'

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* Homer, 'Iliad,' bk. 18, lines 645-651 (Lord Derby's translation):

> 'There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,
> In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.
> A boy amid them, from a clear-toned harp,
> Drew lovely music; well his liquid voice
> The strings accompanied; they all with dance
> And song harmonious joined, and joyous shouts,
> As the gay bevy lightly tripped along.'

In the following year Flaxman had some slight attacks of illness, which, however, for a septuagenarian, he shook off with wonderful ease. He still took great pleasure in the company of his friends, and though he had lost Hayley and Banks and Romney, Thomas Hope and Samuel Roberts, Howard and Stothard remained to him. Connected with his last days, which were approaching more rapidly than anyone anticipated, is an incident of a somewhat romantic character, that reminds one of the circumstances attending Mozart's fatal illness and death. It was Saturday, the 2nd of December. The sculptor had just risen, when a stranger was introduced. 'Sir,' he said, presenting a book as he spoke, 'this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and at the same time to apologize for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, sir, it was so generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and having this book ready for publication he has inscribed it "Al Ombra di Flaxman." No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author, affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology.' Flaxman smiled, accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family and some of his friends.

On the following day, Sunday, Flaxman went to church. He seems to have caught cold, but refused to take any medicine, and though he retired to bed, rose the next day at his usual hour, and received some guests at dinner with his usual cheerfulness. But the cold he had neglected brought on inflammation of the lungs; he refused to go to bed, saying, 'When I lie down I cannot breathe,' and sat in a cushioned chair, attended by his sister and his sister-in-law. The disease had laid so firm a grasp on his feeble frame that no medical skill could stay its progress, and on Thursday morning, December the 7th, 1826, the great sculptor passed away, without a struggle. He was in the 72nd year of his age.

We have told our story imperfectly if the reader cannot gather from it the lessons which, in our opinion, Flaxman's life conveys: such as the inestimable value of patient diligence and tenacity of purpose, the dignity of labour, the nobleness of a pure and truthful life, the happiness that lies in conscientious work. These and other lessons the student, if sincere, will find embodied in our record. In conclusion, we shall borrow a few details from his biographer in further illustration of the habits and character of one who was not only a great artist, but a high-minded man and devout Christian.

He was small in stature, slim in form. His long, dark hair fell carelessly on either side of his head. There was nothing remarkable in his countenance, except when he grew animated in conversation: then his eyes glowed with light, and his sweet smile softened the habitually grave expression of his mouth. He dressed plainly, but not meanly, and lived quietly, though not parsimoniously. 'He aspired after no finery—kept neither coach nor servant in livery—considered himself more the companion than the master of his men—treated them to a jaunt in the country and a dinner twice a year, presiding among them with great good-humour: and in times of more than common state—the Academy dinners, for instance—he caused John Burgo, his marble-polisher, to stand behind his chair. To his men, of whom he employed some twelve or fifteen, he was ever kind and indulgent. He made himself acquainted with their families and their wants, and aided them in an agreeable and delicate way: when they were sick he gave them their wages, and paid their doctor's bills; and if any of them happened to be unavoidably absent, he said, "Providence has made six days for work in the week—take your full wages."'

Flaxman usually rose (in later life) at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at nine. He studied or modelled until one, when he dined—generally upon one dish, and very sparingly. Afterwards resumed his studies or modelling; read a little; drank tea at six; conversed with his wife and sisters, or any friends who called; supped early, and enjoyed a little more conversation before he retired to rest. His domestic life, as we have seen, was eminently happy; his character was simple and stainless; his temper mild, gentle, and generous; and in conclusion, 'a more perfect exemplar of the good man was to be found in his conduct than in all the theories of the learned,' or commonplaces of the moralist.

[*Authorities:* Smith, 'Life of John Flaxman;' Allan Cunningham, 'Lives of British Sculptors,' etc.]

# JOHN GIBSON, R.A., 1790—1866.

SOME of my readers may perhaps remember the 'Dedicatory Epistle' prefixed by the late Lord Lytton to his philosophical romance of 'Zanoni.' It is addressed to 'John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor,' whom the writer, in his ornate rhetoric, speaks of as one 'elevated by the ideal which he exalts, and securely dwelling in a glorious existence with the images born of his imagination.' He continues to apostrophize him in language which embodies a glowing panegyric. 'Your youth,' he says, 'has been devoted to toil, but your manhood may be consecrated to fame; a fame unsullied by one desire of gold. You have escaped the two worst perils that beset the artist in our time and land—the debasing tendencies of commerce, and the angry rivalries of competition. You have not wrought your marble for the market—you have not been tempted, by the praises which our vicious criticism has showered upon exaggeration and distortion, to lower your taste to the level of the hour; you have lived, and you have laboured, as if you had no rivals, but in the dead—no purchasers, save in judges of what is best. In the divine Priesthood of the Beautiful, you have sought only to increase her worshippers and enrich her temples. The pupil of Canova, you have inherited his excellences, while you have shunned his errors—yours his delicacy, not his affectation. Your heart resembles him even more than your genius—you have the same noble enthusiasm for your sublime profession—the same lofty freedom from envy and the spirit that depreciates—the same generous desire, not to war with, but to serve, artists in your art; aiding, strengthening, advising, elevating

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the timidity of inexperience, and the vague aspirations of youth.'

It must be owned that a fine, even a noble figure, is put before us in this glowing sketch; and yet there can be no doubt that the proportions are not exaggerated—John Gibson, the greatest of English sculptors since Flaxman, was all that his friend, Lord Lytton, represents him.

The estimate supplied by Lady Eastlake is a proof of this; and at the same time we take it to be a sufficient justification for our action in including Gibson among our 'Master Minds in Art.' And assuredly, both in himself and his career, we may find much that will be profitable to study—lessons that it will do us good to learn. He was a great example of abstemiousness. So simple was his heart, so few were his wants, that he seems never to have felt that he was practising any self-denial, because he disregarded the pleasures of the senses. He cared nothing about money, nor about money's worth; he loved his art, and strove to do his best in all that he undertook, without thought of pecuniary reward, or even of fame. He was always absorbed in one subject, and that was the particular work, or part of the work—were it but the turn of a corner of drapery—which was then under his modelling hands. Time was nothing to him; his patient genius laboured long over even the minutest detail, so that it might be finished as well as it was possible to finish it. His pupil, Miss Hosmer, when modelling her Medusa head, expressed to him her shame at having spent so much time upon it. 'Always try,' said Gibson, 'to do the best you can. Never mind how long you are upon a work—no. No one will ask how long you have been upon a work, except fools; you don't care what fools think.'

Gibson was remarkable for his unaffected simplicity, his *childlike*ness. But this was combined with a courageous truthfulness, an indomitable power of resolution, and a certain dignity of self-respect. Few men have ever surpassed, few perhaps have equalled him, in generous recognition of the merits of others, and in ready forgiveness of injuries. Gibson emphatically possessed his soul in quietness and patience. He was habitually serene in temperament, like his own statues in repose; though there was fire and passion, as some of his works might also exemplify.

Says Lady Eastlake: 'It is a pure, and beautiful, and, above all, a happy life to dwell on: without one dark corner to conceal—the very beau-ideal of the artist-career—serene and uneventful, yet forming a consistent whole, in which the reader will rather find repose than excitement. Gibson always saw his way straight on—was never irresolute—his aim at excellence was without self-interest; his desire for lasting fame at no expense of peace. He spent his life . . . ever communing with what he felt to be the True and the Beautiful, and serving Art for her own sake only. And in his own language he thus recorded how richly she rewarded her votary: 'In my art what do I feel? what do I encounter?—happiness: love which does not depress me, difficulties which I do not fear, resolutions which never abate, flights which carry me above the crowd, ambitions which trample no one down!'

John Gibson was born at Conway, in North Wales, in 1790, and christened in the parish church. Both his parents were Welsh; and Welsh was the language chiefly spoken in their household. The father was a poor man, but strictly honest; the mother, a woman of many virtues, but passionate and masterful. She ruled her husband always, and her family as long as she lived.

In his autobiography the sculptor acknowledges that he owed much to this strong-minded, brave-hearted woman's instruction in truth and honesty. She taught him to look upon lying and stealing and drunkenness as hateful and disgusting crimes.

'I remember,' he says, 'a circumstance which was of the greatest importance to me, and ever inspired me with gratitude to my mother. One day I entered my home eating a cake; my mother's quick eye fell upon it; she observed, too, that I made some attempt at concealment; so she questioned me, "Who gave you that?" I answered, "The woman in the street who sells cakes." She went to the corner of the room, where a rod was kept, then took me by the hand, and led me to the woman. "Did you give this little boy a cake?" "No." Whereupon the rod was vigorously applied, in the presence of the people in the street, who were looking on. My distress was great. At evening prayers my father, who had been informed of my disgrace, dwelt in a solemn manner on the sin I had committed—the great crime of theft and lies. That was my first theft, and my last.'

Evidently Mrs. Gibson had derived her notions of education from the teaching of Solomon.

His artistic faculty displayed itself very early. He was about nine years old when he began to admire the rudely coloured alehouse signs. One day he made his initial attempt to draw from nature. His attention had frequently been drawn to a pretty scene—a line of geese sailing upon the smooth glassy surface of a pond, and he drew the geese in long procession, every one in profile, on his father's casting slate. His father looked at the rude attempt, and smiled; his mother, less critical, as mothers always are, exclaimed, 'Indeed, Jack, these are very like geese.'

'I rubbed out that drawing,' says Gibson; and, after dwelling upon the geese again, I drew them upon a larger scale, one behind the other, and again my mother praised me. Then I produced the same composition a third time, adding more geese, but nothing new in the treatment. Then my mother thought she had had enough of the geese, and said, "Suppose you change the subject, and try to draw a horse?" After gazing long and often upon a horse, at last I ventured to commit him to the slate. I drew him in profile, all by memory. This effort delighted my mother still more. I stuck to the horse, as I had done to the geese, always repeating the same view, till my mother had had enough of that too. "Now, Jack," she said, "put a man upon his back." I went out, and carefully watched men on horseback, and, returning home, produced an equestrian figure. I never thought of copying from the object itself, but always, after looking at it, drew from recollection.'

When Gibson was about nine years of age, his father determined on emigrating to the United States. The family actually reached Liverpool. But Mrs. Gibson took fright at the idea of trusting herself to the sea in ships, and would not be induced to embark. They settled down, therefore, in Liverpool, where Gibson was put to school.

As he went to and fro in the great seaport-town, the boy's eyes were constantly attracted by the numerous print-shops, and by the engravings exhibited in their windows. He soon began to imitate them. As he had no money to purchase any, his plan was to fix his attention on one figure only, and impress it strongly on his mind. Then he hastened home, and sketched the general action, returning again and again to the shop-window, and correcting his copy until he was satisfied with the resemblance. This excellent method he continued 'for long;' and it strengthened his memory so wonderfully, that throughout life he retained the power, so important to an artist, of drawing from recollection.

His drawings gradually found purchasers among his school-fellows, and, with the money thus honourably obtained, the young artist was enabled to purchase paper and colours. In this relation we may quote an amusing anecdote: 'There was a very amiable boy,' he says, 'who was fond of me, and who was so amiable as always to admire my drawings. His father had presented him with a new Prayer-book, beautifully bound: this gift, with sixpence from his mother, was for good conduct at school. The boy said to me, "Gibson, you know how much I like your drawings; if you will make me one in colours for the new Prayer-book, I will give you the sixpence." At that time there was a fine print of Napoleon crossing the Alps, from David's fine picture, in one of the shop-windows, which I had already espied in my peculiar way. I showed my copy to my friend; he was charmed, and commissioned me to repeat the subject as a frontispiece to his Prayer-book! It was executed in bright colours, and he paid me the sixpence—the largest sum I had yet received for a work of art.' Surely a more incongruous frontispiece was never seen!

It was at the shop of a Mr. Tourneau, a stationer, that the boy-artist purchased his materials. One day the good man said to him, 'My lad, you are a frequent customer; I suppose you are a painter?' We can fancy the amusing self-confidence with which Gibson answered, 'Yes, sir, I paint.' In the course of conversation, Mr. Tourneau asked him if he had ever seen an Academy drawing; and finding that he was ignorant of what an Academy drawing meant, he showed him some studies from the nude, in black and white chalk, and lent them to him to copy. When he had made a certain progress, Mr. Tourneau added some small plaster-casts from the antique, and these Gibson drew under his generous instructions. All honour to the memory of the kind-hearted man, who thus assisted struggling genius in its early development.

But the time arrived when Gibson must be put to some mode of earning his bread; and as his father could not afford to pay the premium which the portrait and miniature painters required with a pupil, he apprenticed his reluctant son, at the age of fourteen, to a firm of cabinet-makers. After one year's experience of the work, Gibson was disgusted with it; and succeeded in persuading his employers to change his indentures, and bind him to wood-carving; that is, to ornamental furniture.

With this occupation he was at first well pleased; but making the acquaintance of a person from London, who was a flower-carver in marble, the latent bias was suddenly called forth, and he became greatly excited. His new acquaintance introduced him to Messrs. Francis, whose marble-works were situated on Brownlow Hill. They employed a M. Lüge, a Prussian, to model for them; and Gibson was never weary of admiring the figures he produced. In his leisure hours, during the second year of his apprenticeship, he industriously modelled in clay, copying what busts he could procure. One day he copied in clay a small head of Bacchus, by M. Lüge, which had particularly delighted him; and in showing it to Mr. Francis, he acknowledged that the copy was so correct he could hardly distinguish it from the original. Afterwards Gibson executed a small head of Mercury in marble—his first attempt; and this was so much praised by Mr. Francis, that he conceived the idea of inducing him to purchase his indentures from the cabinet-makers, that he might serve the remainder of his seven years in the practice of sculpture. But the cabinet-makers refused to part with him; would not take even an offer of seventy pounds, alleging that he was the most industrious lad they had in their service. Gibson then decided on a plan of emancipating himself, which illustrates in a striking manner his passionate love of his art and his fixity of purpose. We tell the story in his own words:

'I continued to attend regularly at the working hours, but I did no work. They remonstrated with me in vain—praised my former industry, appealed to my gratitude for kindness, reminded me that they had often made me presents. I admitted that it was all true. They then told me that an apprentice might be imprisoned for neglecting his duty. I admitted that too. But my mind was made up—a sculptor, and not a cabinet-maker, I would be. "I will fight for it," said I to myself, "and rather serve the remaining years in prison than continue at this disgusting wood-carving."

'Several days elapsed, and I kept up the fight, doing scarcely any work, though always regularly at my post. At length my master flew into a passion, called me an ungrateful scoundrel, and gave me a blow on the side of my head. It was with his open hand—not violently. I kept myself calm, and said with quiet determination, "I am quite prepared to go before the magistrate; I have nothing to say in my defence; I have made up my mind to stay in prison—yes, for years." With so inflexible a martyr there was nothing to be done. At length the cabinet-makers were persuaded to accept the seventy pounds, and the happy day arrived when I found myself entered as an apprentice for sculpture to the Messrs. Francis.'

Great was Gibson's joy at his emancipation from a hateful thraldom; and the days passed happily while he was engaged in modelling, drawing, and executing works in marble. He had acquired considerable skill in execution, when, one day, a tall and stately-looking gentleman, with snow-white hair, aquiline nose and thick beard, entered the workshop. It was William Roscoe, the merchant prince of Liverpool, well-known in literature as the historian of Leo X. and Lorenzo de Medicis. He came to order a chimney-piece for his library at Allerton. Gibson's numerous drawings and models were placed before him, and he spoke of them in terms of cordial approval. Returning in a few days, he told the young artist that he wished him to make a basso-relievo for the centre of the chimney-piece, not in marble, but in terra-cotta, from a print which he had brought with him—a valuable print, he said, by Marc Antonio, from Raphael. It represented Alexander the Great ordering Homer's 'Iliad' to be deposited in the costly casket captured from Darius. Gibson's performance fully satisfied his employer; it is now preserved in the Liverpool Institution.

Detecting the expanding genius of the young sculptor, Mr. Roscoe invited him once a week to Allerton, and made him free of all the art treasures it contained, including portfolios full of rare and beautiful engravings from the old masters, and original drawings of great value. Some of these he advised Gibson to copy, that he might learn to sketch with the same vigour and freedom; and in this way the guest became familiarized with the best examples, and drew inspiration from the marvellous inventions of Michael Angelo and Raphael. It was the former, however, who exercised the greater influence over him at this stage of his career. He was not yet nineteen, when his bold imagination conceived the idea of a large cartoon, the subject of which was to be the fall of Satan and his angels. The design included a number of groups and single figures fashioned in various ways, and falling in every imaginable direction; it was executed in light and shade, with pen and bistre. His mode of proceeding was as follows: Modelling the principal groups and figures in clay, he hung them up with a string. The upper figures were lighted naturally from above; and for the lower groups, supposed to be illuminated by the lurid glow of hell, he placed a lamp beneath his clay models, and thus secured a correct and natural effect. Then he traced the drawing upon the cartoon until the design was complete.

About this time he began to study anatomy, under Dr. Vose, and by close attention to his master's lessons, and regular attendance in the dissecting-room, he obtained a thorough knowledge—and such a knowledge is more necessary even to the sculptor than to the painter—of the construction of the human body.

He records with gratitude the sound advice he occasionally received from Mr. Roscoe, whose artistic taste was refined and discriminative. 'No one,' he said to Gibson, 'can be a greater admirer of Michael Angelo than I am; but, if you are to be a sculptor, I must remind you that there is but one road to excellence, and that is the road trodden for you by the Greeks, who carried the art to the highest perfection. Michael Angelo, with all his powerful genius, missed the purity of the Greeks. But it is their principles established from Nature which you should endeavour to imbibe. The works of the ancients will teach you how to select the scattered beauties displayed in Nature. The Greek statue is Nature in the abstract; therefore, when we contemplate those sublime works, we feel elevated.'

While laboriously and persistently continuing his studies, he made some kind friends, whose encouragement was of infinite value to him. Among these were Mrs. d'Aguilar, who had been a celebrated beauty, and Mrs. Robinson, a lady of great personal charms and fine taste. The influence of the latter was peculiarly beneficial, as she made him acquainted with the great poets, and led him to a class of reading which corrected his judgment, stimulated his imagination, and enriched his ideas. Through the D'Aguilars he was introduced to John Kemble, the famous actor, who sat to him for a bust. During these sittings Kemble conversed very freely with the young sculptor. Gibson acknowledged that at times, when witnessing pathetic scenes upon the stage, he was harassed by his feelings, and got ashamed of giving way to them. 'Ah, my boy,' said the tragedian, 'never contend with your feelings. Better give way.' One day, speaking of expression, he said that genius was expressed by the eye, feeling by the large dilating nostril, and temper by the mouth. Gibson observed, as he spoke, that his own countenance illustrated this. He was a magnificent man, with the grandest head he ever saw, a striking figure, and wonderfully expressive face. 'He was the noblest Roman of them all.'

Like most young artists, Gibson had set his heart upon visiting Rome, in order that he might study there among the priceless treasures of ancient art. It was with him as with Goethe: his thoughts, his visions, his fancies, by day and night, began and ended with the Eternal City. He could not sleep for the strong desire that consumed his soul. 'Mother,' he said, 'last night I dreamed a dream'—he believed in his mother as an interpreter of dreams. 'I dreamt that I was wandering in solitary meditation, when a great eagle darted down upon me, and took me up in the air. Higher and higher he flew with me, over towns and rivers, till I lost sight of the earth, and I saw nothing but clouds. Fear was upon me, when the earth began to reappear, and I felt myself descending. Presently I saw buildings below me, and soon the eagle alighted in the midst of a great city. "And this," I said to myself in my dream, "*this is* Rome."' After thinking in silence for some time, his mother answered—basing her answer probably rather on her knowledge of her son's strong and strenuous character than on the dream of his fervid imagination—'Jack, as sure as thou art now sitting before me, thy fate will carry thee over every difficulty to Rome.'

A basso-relievo of Psyche carried by two Zephyrs was the first work which he sent to the Royal Academy for exhibition. For Sir John Gladstone, the father of the great statesman, he executed a couple of female figures in alto-relievo, for a costly chimney-piece, which won warm and general admiration.

Early in the year 1817, being then twenty-seven years of age, he left Liverpool, and removed to London. There he obtained an introduction to a liberal patron of art, Mr. Watson Taylor, and modelled for that gentleman a bust of himself, another of Mrs. Watson Taylor, and then busts of all their children. From Flaxman he received the kindliest and most generous encouragement, and was strongly advised by him to go to Rome, as the best school in Europe for a young sculptor. Having shown his drawings to Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy exclaimed: 'There is that in them which labour can never attain.' Yes, there was in them the glow and life of genius, that rare and precious gift of the Gods. Having collected a sum of £150, Gibson proceeded to act upon his irrevocable resolution, and, in September, started for Rome, where he arrived on the 20th of October, 1817. He might then have said with Goethe: 'All the dreams of my youth I now see living before me. Everywhere I go I find an old familiar face; everything is just what I thought it, and yet everything is new.'

He had letters of introduction to Canova,* which he hastened to present. The great sculptor received him very kindly; and examined with close attention some drawings which he had brought with him; and appointed a private interview with him on the following Sunday. At this interview he offered to take him as his pupil, and to allow him to model in his studio. Hitherto Gibson had had no master, and had studied in no academy. He was self-taught, and, therefore, to some extent, as all self-taught persons must be, imperfectly taught. At his own request, Canova allowed him to copy his fine 'Pugilist,' and he worked at it with great zeal; but after toiling at the clay figure for a few days, down it fell! It seems that Canova had previously observed to his foreman that Gibson's figure must fall. 'For you see,' he said, 'that he knows nothing of the skeleton-work; but let him proceed, and when his figure

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* The life of Canova is one that carries with it a lesson of so much emphasis that a brief sketch of it will not lie beyond the scope of the present volume.

The great Italian sculptor was the son of a village stone-cutter, who died while he was yet an infant. He was then placed with his grandfather, Pasino, who was also a stone-cutter, but a man of more than ordinary intelligence. While still in his childhood he learned the elements of drawing, and devoted all his leisure to the modelling of small images in clay, allowing himself no other recreation than to listen to the ballads sung and the stories told by his grandfather. He was only in his ninth year when Pasino employed him in his shop as a regular workman. When he was twelve the attention of a Venetian gentleman, one Signor Falieri, was drawn to his intelligence and industry, and he placed him in the studio of Giuseppe Toretti, an artist of some eminence, for instruction in the rudiments of sculpture. And here we may observe that the memory of the generous and far-seeing men who have encouraged and supported genius in its early struggles, who have fanned the first sparks of promise in a Canova, a Gibson, a Turner, a Flaxman, deserves more gratitude at the hands of the world than it receives. For without their thoughtful generosity the promise might have withered away in the cold atmosphere of poverty, and never ripened into promise.

Canova soon learned much more than his master could teach him, for his observation was keen, and his diligence unremitting. After a few months' experience, he profited by Toretti's occasional absence to mould a couple of angels in clay, and this so exquisitely that the sculptor, when he saw them, acknowledged that the pupil could henceforth teach his master.

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He was sixteen years of age when, still befriended by the generous Falieri, he proceeded to Venice. In that picturesque and famous city he continued his art-studies, and developed the higher capabilities of his mind by practice and observation. He knew that the mind, if its full powers are to be educed, must be subjected to careful and continuous sculpture. Titian would never have painted the 'Transfiguration,' which is one of the three great pictures of the world, nor Watt have invented the condensing steam-engine, which has revolutionized commerce, if he had shrunk from patient and persistent application. Canova gave his mornings to study in the Academy, or Art Galleries, he devoted his evenings to the acquisition of general knowledge; and recognising the sweetness of the bread of independence, he sold his services every afternoon to a sculptor, that he might dispense with the assistance of a patron.

His first studio was a small ground cell in an Augustinian Monastery—he occupied it for four years. At first he received but few commissions, and these of small importance; but he had too brave a soul to yield to discouragement. He refused to copy the productions of other sculptors, and resorted to nature as the primary source of all true inspiration. He investigated the principles of anatomy, and closely studied the movements of the living figure. He lived only for his art. The noisy revels of boon companions, the day wasted in idle pastimes, the night devoted to scandalous excesses, these had no charm for Canova. He made it his rule to accomplish something in the way of work every day, never retiring to rest until he had conceived or completed some new design. And aware that the mind which devotes itself too exclusively to a single subject must necessarily lose in breadth and fulness, he set apart a portion of his time for the study of poetry, antiquities, history, the classical and modern languages, thus acquiring facts and images and ideas which stimulated his invention, refined his taste, matured his judgment, and enriched his imagination.

It was by this steadfast and well-directed labour, this comprehensiveness of knowledge and singleness of purpose, that Canova became a great sculptor.

comes down, show him how the mechanical part is done.' So when the model fell, a blacksmith was called in, and a suitable iron framework set up, with numerous crosses of wood and wire. Nothing of the kind had Gibson ever seen before. One of his fellow-pupils then set the clay on the iron skeleton, and roughed out the model before him, so that the figure stood firm as a rock.

Gibson was next admitted to Canova's Academy, to model from the life; and after a certain amount of practice, was directed to model a figure, life-size, of his own invention. This led to his execution of 'The Sleeping Shepherd.' Strengthened by experience, and having acquired some confidence in himself, he began (in 1819) to model his group of 'Mars and Cupid,' seven feet high; and having fine living models before him, he worked on it with much ardour. One day, when it was considerably advanced, the sculptor heard a knocking at his studio, and in strode a tall, fine-looking young man, who said: 'The Duke of Devonshire—Canova sent me to see what you are doing.' At first the sculptor felt a little confused, but soon recovered himself, and an interesting conversation ensued. At length the Duke asked what would be the cost of the group in marble. Gibson replied that, having had no experience, he could not tell. 'Think,' said his Grace, 'and tell me.' After a little thought, Gibson said, 'Five hundred pounds, but perhaps I have said too much.' 'Oh no, not too much,' replied the Duke, and commissioned the sculptor to execute the group in marble at the price named. Gibson was delighted; but eventually he found that he had named an insufficient sum, the actual cost of the work, without including Gibson's own time, being £520.

In 1821 he began to model his beautiful group of Psyche and the Zephyrs, which Sir George Beaumont ordered him to execute in marble, at a cost of £700. He was much elated by this commission; indeed, at no period of his life, probably, was he much happier. 'Every morning,' he says, 'I rose with the sun, my soul gladdened by a new day of a happy and delightful pursuit; and as I walked to my breakfast at the Café Greco, and watched with new pleasure the tops of the churches and palaces gilt by the morning sun, I was inspired with a sense of daily renovated youth and fresh enthusiasm, and returned joyfully to the combat, to the invigorating strife with the difficulties of art. Nor did the worm of envy creep round my heart whenever I saw a beautiful idea skilfully executed by any of my young rivals, but, constantly spurred on by the talent around me, I returned to my studio with fresh resolution.'

That a patron does not necessarily mean a man of taste, we may learn from the following anecdote :

'In the winter of 1826 the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn came to Rome. Having heard that I was a native of Conway, he made up his mind that I should execute a work for him, and that it should be an eagle in marble. As he made this discouraging proposition, we stood before my group of Psyche borne by the Zephyrs, of which he expressed great admiration. But what could I think of his admiration when he added, "If you take away Psyche and put in her place a timepiece, it will make a capital design for a clock." When I found him thus beginning to change my compositions according to his own taste, I lost all hopes of him. He said, "Then you don't care about doing an eagle for me?" I replied, "No, Sir Watkin; that is out of my way." I then directed his attention to a model of Cupid drawing his bow, which I was then designing. He asked whether I would like to do that for him better than the eagle. I replied that I certainly should, and so it was settled.

In 1829, at the instance of Thorvaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, and Camuccini, the historical painter, he was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke's.

About this time he was invited to return to England, where a great gap in the world of Art had been made by the death of Flaxman and the retirement of Chantrey. But this high-minded man cared nothing for money or fame, and held that the atmosphere of Rome was the only healthy atmosphere for an artist who lived in and for his art. In England, he said, his life would be spent in making busts and statues of great men in coats and neckties, while in Rome he was employed solely upon poetical subjects, which demanded the exercise of the imagination, and the knowledge of the beautiful. There he was surrounded by the masterpieces of antiquity, which acted as a constant stimulus to his genius, to bring his work up as near as possible to their level. Among the statues of gods and heroes an artist could not wander, without becoming sensible of the impulse of high thoughts and lofty aspirations.

And how entirely, at this period of his career, he lived in the antique world, we know from the subjects of his compositions, such as 'Cupid disguised as a Shepherd,' 'Love tormenting the Soul' (he was passionately fond of the Cupid and Psyche myth, and reproduced it in a dozen different forms), and 'Proserpine stooping to gather flowers in the fields of Enna.' It does not seem to us a gain to art that an artist should dwell thus completely in the past, having no sympathy with his own age, and expending his genius on the resurrection of myths and legends which have lost their old significance, if not their beauty. But Gibson's mind was essentially classic, and it was only in dealing with classic subjects that he felt fully master of his powers. How vividly these classic scenes were re-created by his imagination! Writing to Sir Charles Eastlake, he describes a visit to the famous buried city of Campania. 'I need not tell you,' he says, 'my very excited feelings on walking for the first time along the streets of Pompeii. How many lovely girls, I thought to myself, have pressed with their gold-sandalled feet these very stones we tread on! Who can enter those beautifully painted rooms and not see the lady of the house seated in the midst of her family, her beautiful daughters around her—one playing on the lyre, her gold-snaked wrist gracefully moving to the sound, others arranging their gold fillets and peplum tipped with golden drops, another waving her leaf-formed fan.' This is very picturesque and poetical, no doubt, but picturesque and poetical scenes are to be found in modern life if the artist will only look for them, and may be made as impressive and significant as the classical scenes, if he will treat them with the necessary freedom.

In 1838 came on a visit to Rome Mr. Henry Sandbach, of Liverpool, and his lady—a granddaughter of William Roscoe, Gibson's early patron and best friend. They remained during the whole winter, on terms of the closest intimacy with the sculptor, who delighted in the poetical and artistic talents of this descendant of his patron. All his compositions on paper as well as in clay he submitted to her judgment. One of these became a special favourite. It was that of a hunter and his dog, and the idea was taken from an incident in the street. The sculptor's eye had been caught by a big boy holding a dog by the collar just as he was on the point of flying at an object. Mr. Sandbach ordered it to be executed, life-size, in marble;

and the sculptor was so successful with it, that the group is universally considered one of his masterpieces.

Gibson was particularly attracted by varieties of action and posture, and of these found inexhaustible examples in Roman life. ‘Besides the study of human form,’ he says, ‘the true and diligent artist must carefully watch the movements of nature. These are of the greatest importance. By such observation he becomes original, and acquires simple, graceful, and natural action. The streets of Rome,’ he adds, ‘are in this respect a real academy. The inhabitants of warm climates are more free in their movements than those of cold countries. It was among them, in all the circumstances of their life, from the most pathetic to the most trifling, that the sculptor of the Dying Gladiator, and of the boy taking the thorn out of his foot, formed these statues. It was there Praxiteles saw his young faun leaning against the trunk of a tree, and the Cupid bending his bow. It was among these that the Discobulus of Myron, and the same beautiful figure by Naucides, were seen in living motion, with many other actions which live equally in antique sculpture and in the everyday life of a southern people. I have frequently noticed women and girls in the streets stopping suddenly and turning round, looking backward over their shoulder at their heel, at the same time drawing their dress a little up. This action is always very graceful. One day I made a sketch in clay of it, and was pleased with the effect. Day after day I puzzled my brain for a subject to suit my sketch—all in vain. All of a sudden the idea of a wounded Amazon struck me. Modifying the attitude, I made my Amazon lifting up her tunic with her left hand, and stooping a little to look at a wound she has received on the outside of her thigh—her heel is raised whilst her toes still touch the ground, and with the fingers of the right hand she touches the wound. This statue, after more than common labour, was finished and sent to the Marquis of Westminster, who had ordered it.’

The following passage from the sculptor’s journal is as interesting as it is characteristic :

‘It is in the streets of Rome also that the unrestrained passions of the multitude, so full of expression, so adapted to art, may be studied. By such scenes the inventive [we would rather say the imitative] faculties of the artist may be enriched. One day, on my way to the studio, I witnessed in the

Via Lauroria a scene full of expression. There were three figures, two of them young men, seemingly filled with rage towards each other. The third was a young woman who clung to the man who appeared to belong to her. Her hand was upon his breast, which was panting with rage; whilst in this action her face was turned to the other with an expression of great excitement. All this time not a word was spoken, nor did I see a knife in their hands. No one was near except myself. The incident thus brought before me led me at once to treat a subject which had long been in my mind—namely, the quarrel between Eteocles and Polynices, on which occasion their mother, Jocasta, interceded. I began this mystic and grand subject in basso-relievo, and spent a long time over the model.

> '" *Polynices.* There
> Will I oppose thee front to front, there kill thee.
> *Eteocles.* My soul's on fire to meet thee.
> *Jocasta.* Wretched me!
> What will ye do, my sons?"

'I have represented Polynices looking at his brother with calm dignity, and pointing with his sword, as if saying, 'There will I oppose thee;' while Eteocles, full of rage and impetuosity, is checked by Jocasta, who stands between her sons, with one hand holding Polynices by the wrist, seeking to reconcile him to his brother, and with the other upon the breast of Eteocles, checking his fury.

> '" Black choler filled his breast, that boiled with ire,
> And from his eyeballs flashed the living fire."

'These lines I repeated often to myself while modelling the figure of Eteocles. Jocasta is richly attired with a diadem on her head, her veil falling back in graceful folds. Her whole character is queen-like, and in her tribulation dignified; her soul is harassed by the conduct of Eteocles. I must confess I have some pride in this basso-relievo. Years ago Marshal Marmont did me the honour to come to my studio, when he pronounced this to be the most successful of my works. I have never had an order to execute it. Subjects of grandeur and heroic energy seldom attract the public.'

Gibson bestowed much thought and labour on the conception of a subject. When seeking for ideas he was accustomed to go to the Villa Borghese, and meditate among its leafy shades. It was in one of these solitary musings that he conceived the idea of his 'Aurora,' the suggestion being derived from Milton's beautiful image—

> 'Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.'

He then put his idea into words: 'Behold the harbinger of day, Aurora, goddess of the morning, mother of the stars and of the winds, just risen from the ocean, with the bright star Lucifer glistering over her brow—one foot on the waves, the other softly touching the earth. Aurora youthful, gay, fresh as the blooming rose, light as the dew, swift as the rising sun her brother. She is clad in the most transparent vest, simple and rich; her delicate limbs are unrestrained and free among the numerous folds which collect themselves in playful variety here and there; now waving, now fluttering, now winding about as she glides on, on, through the refreshing breeze.

'Aurora has filled the two vases, which she carries in her soft hands, with dews from the sea, and as she moves onward with swift wings, at the same time casting a serene and dignified glance over the universe, she scatters the pearly drops over the earth, and all the flowers awake and expand in the morning sun.'

It is evident that Gibson was a poet at heart, though expressing himself in marble, instead of in metrical forms.

He loved his art with a passionate love, but it was, as we have already said, the Greek art, the art of the elder world. 'Sculpture,' he exclaims, 'is the delight of my soul: it is more elevating than any of the other departments of the arts, for its proper aim is the sublime and the purest beauty. To arrive at this lofty degree is the great difficulty—there is but one road to it, and this was travelled by the Greeks. Nature was their school—Nature in all her conditions and in all her movements. They established the standard of beauty from her. Every part of their statues is copied from the life, yet some say that their works are conventional. What a lesson it is to us to contemplate these immortal productions! They are the golden rules by which we should be guided.

'All those men of genius in modern times who have deviated from the principles of Greek art have left us works, not superior but greatly inferior to the ancients. We ought to profit by their errors. It is the desire of novelty that destroys pure taste. What is novel diverts us—truth and beauty instruct us. Socrates asserts that evils have a necessary existence, for it is necessary that there should be something contrary to good.'

In defence of his adhesion to classical models, Gibson argued as follows :—'The school of Phidias is before our eyes; if we cannot equal these noble examples, we can at least penetrate into their transcendent excellence. There is, after all the destruction of the Greek art, enough in Europe to enable the moderns to form a grand and pure style of sculpture. Yet there are great and fatal obstacles in our way, for nude statues are not wanted to adorn our public buildings, nor are they admitted into our temples. The public statues which are erected in our squares, and in the interior of our mansions, do not require the study of the Phidian school to produce them. The human figure under a frock-coat and trousers is not a fit subject for sculpture. I would rather avoid contemplating such objects.'

He tells the following anecdote: Lord Fitzwilliam desired to decorate his large hall at Wentworth with the bassi-relievi, the subjects of which were taken from the history of England, with knights on horseback in armour. He offered the commission to Gibson, who replied that he had a great admiration for horses, and had studied the animal—its forms, anatomy, and action—but that he objected to the knights. And he showed Earl Fitzwilliam a drawing which he had made of the Hours and Horses of the Sun. Earl Fitzwilliam, he says, had the good taste to order this beautiful subject to be executed, with Phaeton driving the chariot of the Sun as its companion.

But if the province of sculpture be thus limited, if it be confined exclusively to the classic subjects, or subjects which can be treated after the classic manner; if it cannot give expression to modern forms of thought and action, nor be applied to the illustration of modern history or modern ideas, it is evident that it cannot advance, as painting, the sister art, has done, nor will it secure a wide and permanent popularity. This is the probable reason why our later sculptors show no improvement on those of the earlier ages; why Flaxman and Canova and Gibson, with all their genius, are inferior to the men who modelled the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus of Milo. Their thoughts and fancies seem to be stereotyped in a single mould, and they perpetuate and repeat the worn-out ideas of antiquity with 'damnable iteration.' They have neither originality nor freshness.

The life of an artist is usually free from 'moving accidents by flood or field,' from those romantic and interesting events which supply material for picturesque writing. Such, at all events, was the case with that of John Gibson, of whose mature years we find little else to record than the commissions which he received and the works which he executed. Among these must be named his beautiful and thoughtful bas-relief in illustration of the distinction between Eros and Anteros, the Earthly and the Heavenly Love, a work which shows that he could penetrate to the esoteric meaning of the old myths. We have referred to his partiality to the story of Psyche. Writing in July, 1843, he says: 'For some years past I have felt a desire to illustrate it. . . . This fable,' he continues, 'has been illustrated by Raphael and other great men; but still I feel that I could also do something and keep clear of them. . . .

'I have just made a sketch of Psyche when she arrives at the palace of Proserpine with the casket of Venus to obtain the essence of beauty. She was instructed how to conduct herself in the presence of the goddess. "You will be graciously received and invited to sit upon a royal seat, and to partake of delicious viands; but you are to sit upon the ground and ask only for black bread." This shows ancient manners. Psyche here is a suppliant. I have represented her seated on the ground in great modesty and melancholy, with the little casket in one hand and an olive-branch in the other, and Proserpine is seated leaning forward and bidding her rise.'

In another design she precipitates herself, in her despair at the loss of Cupid, into the river. But the kind river washes her on to the shore, upon a gravelly bank. Old Pan sees her, and consoles her with fatherly sympathy. 'I have represented the old God,' he says, 'raising Psyche upon his brawny arms; she very languid and overpowered with despair. The face and figure of Pan make a good contrast with the delicate and lovely girl. What I admire so much in this story is that it presents so many varied pictures. I think I shall be pretty well acquainted with Psyche and all her troubles.'

We have spoken of Gibson as a poet at heart, and it may justly be said of his sculptures that they are really *poems in marble*. But even in words he often expressed a genuine poetic feeling. His description of a thunderstorm which he experienced when crossing the Tyrolese Alps in July, 1841, may be taken as an illustration of this, for it could not have been written except by a man with a poet's eye for the sublimity of natural phenomena.

'We proceeded from Bellinzona, always surrounded by mountains as we ascended higher and higher, and slept at St. Bernardino. It is to this place, surrounded by perpetual snows, that people come to drink the mineral waters. This would be an admirably cool place to stay at for some time. In the morning we—no; just let me tell you we had a storm in the night. . . . It was below us, and as we heard the elements raging beneath, we became aware of our very elevated position. How sublime is thunder among the mountains! The roaring of one mighty mountain to another, and that re-bellowing back again. The sudden crashes, like artillery, creaking and rattling, stunning the ear, while the lightning rent the troubled air of the night. We listened with awe to the storm, as the long hollow rumbling murmured more and more faintly away into the distant deep. The storm had subsided and the morning was fine, and the delicate blue ethereal sky seen through the rents in the rolling clouds was cheering. We travelled along in deep snow, sometimes completely enveloped in thick clouds, so that we saw nothing but what was close to us, and then emerging into the light of heaven in a new world at top. I thought of you, and longed for you to enjoy with me, to behold, to share in what I admired. The eternal-looking mountains all around, glittering majestically in the morning sun. I felt my soul buoyant, and irresistibly rising up with joy at so magnificent a sight.'

At Innsbrück he writes:

'Every morning we take our walks in the woods here. I feel as if I were new modelled. But there is a spirit within me will not let me alone. I count the days; I think of my studio; and then I am puzzled as to a subject of a single statue for you. Here in the woods I ponder and ponder. I see the little bee finds a flower here and there, sucks its sweets, and is rewarded; but I have not found anything to reward me. How difficult it is to find what is not yet born!

'Yesterday morning, during our walks in the hills, in the woods, I was struck by a sweet voice. It was a girl watching her flock. The air was plaintive, and had a peculiar effect, so pleasing; and as I walked along, ruminating, I thought how would a statue of a shepherdess do!—an Arcadian shepherdess, very beautiful, sitting down, and resting her hand upon her crook, and in the other hand a pipe. She looks melancholy, and in her drooping look there is a weariness of mind and body which gives the whole figure a graceful relaxation; and by her you see those little flowers called forget-me-not! Would it be difficult to imagine that this nymph is unhappy in her love?'

This idea Gibson developed in his clay-model of 'The Shepherdess Œnone deserted by Paris'—the touching Greek legend which Tennyson has married to immortal verse.

In 1845, Gibson completed a portrait-statue of Huskisson, the celebrated statesman. In the previous year, during a visit to England, he received the Queen's commands to execute a statue of herself. In an interview with the late Prince Consort on the subject, he suggested two difficulties which lay in the way. He was accustomed to measure the features of his sitters with compasses; and he hinted that, in the case of her Majesty, it would be well if the Prince performed this operation for him. The Prince assured him that the Queen would permit everything which he thought necessary. Next he brought up the subject of costume; and his classic prejudices were satisfied when the Prince informed him that the statue was to be classically draped. 'We wish it to be like a Greek statue; and the Queen wishes you to execute it in Rome.' In July, 1845, writing to a friend, he says, 'Before I left Rome, I had finished the full-sized model of her Majesty. I can assure you it cost me many days' reflection and careful study. I was ordered to make it the size of life, so that it required management to preserve in a small figure the look and air of one presiding over us—that air of dignity and firmness, yet softened by a touch of mildness and grace which her Majesty really has. To mark all this with simplicity and natural ease, without affectation, has been my aim. My statue has none of those usual symbols of a Queen—such as the crown, the royal robes, and the ball and sceptre. I have tried to give royalty in the look and action. The Sovereign is represented presiding over the affairs of the nation, holding in the left hand the laws, which she grasps tight with her little fingers; and in the right, the laurel-crown, which she is about to bestow. But the action has not taken place, but is about to commence; so that the figure is in repose, and the spectator anticipates the action. The classical costume enables me to give elegance and grace to the lines of my statue, and also lightness. The curves of the mantle are adorned with the emblems of the three kingdoms, and in her hand is a diadem, on which, in flat relief, dolphins are sporting upon the waves of the sea.'

It was in this statue that Gibson revived the ancient practice of colour. The diadem, sandals, and borders of drapery he tinted with blue, red, and yellow. This innovation—or revival—excited a fierce controversy, in which, for some time, almost the whole artistic world was involved; but it has never become popular, and Gibson has had but few imitators. For our own part, we cannot sufficiently condemn a practice which seems to us decidedly meretricious, and indeed alien to the very first principles of the art of sculpture. What we prize in marble is its pure whiteness; and when colour is introduced, the essential quality of the marble is impaired. We do not want the Apollo or the Venus to enter into competition with the wax figures of the showman.

In Gibson's journal will be found a full and graphic account of the outburst of the spirit of Roman freedom when Pio Nono granted the Roman citizens a constitution; of the revolution which followed; and the siege and capture of Rome, in 1849, by the French. But these are historical events, with which the humble biographer has no concern. In 1851, Gibson sustained a severe blow to his affections by the death of his younger brother Benjamin; and, in the following year, the death of his amiable and accomplished friend, Mrs. Sandbach, afflicted him deeply.

He practised his colour-heresy on the Venus which he executed for Mr. Preston of Liverpool, about 1855. The Goddess of Love and Beauty was represented with the golden apple in her left hand, which she had just received from the enchanted Paris. The flesh was tinted like warm ivory, scarcely red; the eyes, blue; the hair, blond; and the net containing it was golden. The blue fillets encircling the head were edged with gold, and gold-earrings depended from the exquisite ears. Her armlet was also of gold; and the apple, which had on it a Greek inscription, 'To the most beautiful.'

The drapery was of the pure white of the marble, with a border ornament of pink and blue. At her feet lay a tortoise, on the back of which was inscribed in Greek, 'Gibson made me at Rome.'

When Gibson had completed this celebrated statue, he seems to have contemplated it with the feelings of a Pygmalion who has brought to life a Galatea. 'I often sat down quietly and alone before my work,' he says, 'meditating upon it, and consulting my own simple feelings. I endeavoured to keep myself free from self-delusion as to the effect of the colouring. I said to myself, "There is a little nearer approach to life; it is therefore more impressive—yes, yes, indeed, she seems an ethereal being, with her blue eyes fixed upon me!" At moments I forgot that I was gazing at my own production; there I sat before her, long and often.' And, without doubt, whatever we may think of the polychromatic ornament, the statue is a lovely ideal of grace and purity; scarcely unworthy to rank with some of the master-works of those Greek sculptors whom its master reverenced and admired so deeply. It was one of the chief attractions of the Great Exhibition of 1862; and 'Gibson's coloured Venus' was the talk of all the London drawing-rooms for the season!

During his later years, Gibson had as his pupil the young American, Miss Harriet Hosmer, whose fame has since extended over two continents. The only surviving child of a Boston physician, she manifested an ardent love of art in her earliest youth, and resolved, at an age when most young people are incapable of making any settled resolution, to embrace the profession of a sculptor. Her father wisely yielded to her wish, and repaired with her to Rome, where he placed her in Gibson's studio. Her first visit as a pupil she thus describes: 'It was the beginning of the year of 1853, he (the master) was working upon the knee of his Wounded Amazon, finishing it in marble. He laid down his chisel, and received me most kindly; showed me all the statues in his studio, and then said, "Now I will show you the room where you are to work—a little room, but as big as you are yourself." He always poked fun at me about my size. He impressed me as being very kind, but his peculiar curt manner rather filled me with awe. I did not at first discover that he dearly loved a little nonsense, and I was extremely demure and solemn with him; but that solemnity did not last long, and I never talked more nonsense with anyone than with the grave, staid master. Apropos of the knee of the Amazon, I always told him I was more fond of that statue than of any other, from its being connected with my first impression of him. He said I always looked sentimental when I saw it.

'I never saw him so pleased with a bit of silliness as once when I wrote upon a bust in his studio, which Miss Lloyd was copying in clay :

*No Progress.*
J. G.

He discovered it after I left the room, and remained till Miss Lloyd came in, purposely to see the effect. I know he never forgot it.

'As to his mode of teaching me, he said he could best apply rules as he worked; and often he has made me sit by him by the hour together as he modelled. He was very funny sometimes in his criticisms. I remember asking him to come and see the sketch of Zenobia which I was then preparing. He looked at it for some time in silence; and I began to flatter myself that I should have some praise, but the only remark he deigned to make was, "Yes—there is such a thing as equilibrium!" "But," said I, "this is only to see how the drapery comes in." "Under all circumstances," says he, "there is such a thing as equilibrium. Yes—I will leave you to your troubles!"'

It was well for Gibson that this bright and genial young lady came to cheer him in his declining years. She waited upon him with the devoted affection of a daughter; and with her shrewdness and good sense interposed to save him from the difficulties into which he was frequently plunged by his childlike simplicity. He was able to take tolerable care of himself in his quiet home; but if he ventured abroad invariably got into trouble. Railway arrangements were always a mystery to him. He could never catch the right train, or alight at the right station, unless accompanied by some watchful friend. On one occasion, during his visit to England, he flattered himself that he had performed his journey without mishap; and on emerging from the railway terminus, requested a porter to show him the way to the Cathedral. 'But the scoundrel would have it that there was no cathedral in the place, and at last had the impudence to ask me if I knew where I was! Then I discovered that instead of being in Chichester, where I had a particular appointment with the Dean and Chapter, I was safe in Portsmouth, where there was no cathedral at all—no—none at all.' Well might Miss Hosmer say, in her lively epigrammatic fashion: 'He is a god in his studio, but God help him when he is out of it!'

After Gibson had passed his seventieth year, it was evident that his physical strength began to fail, though his intellectual power remained unaffected. He left Rome regularly when the hot season set in; visited England, Switzerland, or the Tyrol; and returned to winter in Rome with an apparent renewal of energy. The summer of 1864 he unwisely spent at Leghorn, where the heat greatly afflicted him. In 1865 he crossed the Alps to Lucerne; but the weather proving unfavourable, he and his friend, Mr. Perry Williams, turned back to Lago Maggiore. Thus for two successive summers he missed the invigorating atmosphere which his exhausted frame seemed to need. In October, however, he returned to Rome, and resumed his chisel, apparently in excellent health. But on the 9th of January, while at work in his studio, he was seized with paralysis. He had received, just before, the news of the death of his old and valued friend, Sir Charles Eastlake; and his deep sorrow was probably the cause of the fatal shock. A second and a third stroke deprived him of speech; but he was still conscious when a telegram from the Queen arrived, inquiring about his condition. He lifted his hand as far as he could, and the paper being put into it, held it firmly. It was the last thing of which he was sensible. 'Very early on the morning of his death,' says one who was present, 'Miss Lloyd and I were summoned hastily to his room. Good Miss Lloyd remained with him to the last, but I left a kiss on his forehead, and came away. Oh, how cold and dim the stars looked that morning as I walked slowly home! I saw the Master a moment after death. How grand, and calm, and beautiful the face was! . . One of my best friends was taken from me when the Master died.'

The great sculptor died on the 27th of January, 1866, and was buried in the English cemetery at Rome. He bequeathed almost his entire fortune to the Royal Academy, together with the precious contents of his studio.

A monument has been erected over his grave. It bears a medallion portrait of his fine head, and the following characteristic inscription from the pen of the first Lord Lytton:

To the Memory of
JOHN GIBSON, SCULPTOR, R.A.,
*Born at Conway*, 19*th June*, 1790; *Died at Rome, where he had resided* 48 *years*, 27*th Jan.*, 1866.
HIS NATIVE GENIUS STRENGTHENED BY CAREFUL STUDY,
HE INFUSED THE SPIRIT OF GRECIAN ART
INTO MASTERPIECES ALL HIS OWN.
HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN WAS IN UNISON
WITH HIS ATTRIBUTES AS AN ARTIST,
BEAUTIFUL IN ITS SIMPLICITY AND TRUTHFULNESS,
NOBLE IN ITS DIGNITY AND ELEVATION.

[The following summary of Gibson's qualities as an artist, from the pen of Lady Eastlake, to whose memoir* of the sculptor we have been largely indebted, we append by way of epilogue:

'The great charm of his art corresponded with that of his character, and that charm was its purity. In that respect no modern sculptor has approached him. Thorvaldsen's works are admired most by some as more directed to human sympathy. It may be admitted that the great Danish sculptor appealed more to the heart than the head; whereas Mr. Gibson's works, if less sympathetic, are more intellectual, and full of a refined beauty which Thorvaldsen (except in his Mercury) never equalled. At the same time the merit of great originality of invention does not belong to Mr. Gibson; his loveliest things are classic myths translated into marble. Nor, though he was a real poet in feeling, can he be said to have left a poem in marble like Thorvaldsen's Night, which is the most exquisite poem ever penned by the modelling tool. But Mr. Gibson's knowledge of the human figure was consummate, his taste exquisite and sure, his feeling for drapery, his power of modelling it, and his unwearied patience in obtaining the best disposition of the folds, were unapproachable . . . With all his knowledge of anatomy, and all his experience in modelling, he seldom made a sketch in clay eight inches high without the living model before him. This serves to show what patience and conscientious study he brought to his task . . . His style has the antique *charm*, that is, great strength and anatomical knowledge, with the most refined and delicate beauty, perfect drawing, and nobility of sentiment.]

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* 'Life of John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor.' Edited by Lady Eastlake. London, 1870-77, pp. 235-237.

# *BOOK II.*

## MEN OF SCIENCE.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON.
1792–1871.

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# SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, 1792—1871.

RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON was born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, on the 19th of February, 1792. When he was three years old, his father, a medical man, who had served for many years in India, was compelled by his delicate state of health to remove to the more genial climate of the south, and settled for awhile in Bath. But his disease made rapid progress, and in 1796 Roderick was left fatherless. Mrs. Murchison then returned to her native country, and took up her residence in Edinburgh, at 26, George Street. As soon as his years allowed, Roderick, together with his brother, was placed under the instruction of Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh. His mother, however, a young and attractive woman, took to herself a second husband, in one Colonel Murray. Accompanying him to Ireland in the year of the Great Rebellion, she broke up her household, and despatched Roderick, then a boy of seven, to the grammar school at Durham.

The future geologist was not in his boyhood a close student. He learned at Durham a little Latin and less Greek, a smattering of French and arithmetic, and the ordinary rudiments of what was then called ‘an English education.’ But he had no love of books. All his tastes inclined to out-of-door recreations, which were sometimes of a daringly irregular character. Drilling his schoolfellows in military exercises, he led them in dashing attacks upon the town boys. He was foremost in sliding and skating; he blew up wasps’ nests with gunpowder, and nearly blew up himself. On one occasion he made his way to the top of the highest tower of the Cathedral, and seated himself, with fearless audacity, on the projecting ornament of the tower-spout. On another occasion he penetrated into a conduit or drain, which descended a declivity of three hundred feet or more, to open on the bank of the river Wear, and actually burrowed underground, with bleeding hands and tattered raiment, until he emerged at the further end. Clearly a lad of this adventurous disposition was marked out for a soldier's life; and in 1805, when he was in his fourteenth year, he was sent to the Military College at Marlow.

It was well for Murchison that England, in those days, required little scientific knowledge of her officers, for he acquired but little. He contrived to pass as a cadet, and thereafter he gained a slender acquaintance with drawing and tactics. But as a drill-sergeant he was really clever, and in his exercises in military drawing he developed a singular faculty for grasping the main features of a district—what is called 'the lie of the country.' At the age of fifteen he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 36th regiment, though for some time after his appointment he did no regimental duty. 'For the first six months,' he says, 'I was supposed to be completing my studies! In reality I was amusing myself with all sorts of dissipation at Bath, where I passed my holidays, driving "tandems," and wearing clanking spurs.'

On leaving Marlow he was recalled to Edinburgh, and placed in the house of Mr. Alexander Manners, the librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, where he was associated with five or six youths, all older than himself. 'Having a recruiting party in the city under my orders,' he says, 'and with plenty of money to spend and balls to dance at, it may be well conceived that I did not gather together much knowledge. Still, I picked up a few crumbs, which were destined to produce some fruit in after-times. Unquestionably, this winter in Edinburgh materially influenced my future character. For example, I took lessons in French, Italian, German, and Mathematics. I also attended a debating club, and wrote (such as they were) two essays on political subjects, of which, of course, I was profoundly ignorant.

'While the young powdered military fop (pig-tails and powder were then in the ascendant) affected to despise all dominies and philosophers, I could not be one of the table presided over by the bland and courteous old Manners without picking up many useful hints for future guidance.'

In the winter of 1807-8, Murchison joined his regiment at Cork, where, in the following spring, was assembled a small army of about 8,000 men, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley. His second in command was General Mackenzie, an uncle of Roderick's, who hastened to appoint him his extra aide-de-camp. On the 12th of July the expedition sailed for the Peninsula, and a few days later disembarked at the mouth of the river Mondego. Reinforced by General Spencer's battalions from Cadiz, Sir Arthur pushed rapidly inland, and encountering the French at Vimiera, on the 21st of August, inflicted upon them a severe defeat. Soon afterwards, as every schoolboy knows, Wellesley was superseded by Sir Henry Burrard, and he, in his turn, by Sir Hew Dalrymple; and the result was the ill-famed 'Convention of Cintra,' which enabled the French to evacuate Portugal without loss. The three generals implicated more or less directly in this transaction were ordered home, and the command of the expeditionary force was taken over by Sir John Moore, who moved into Spain, but before a largely superior force was compelled to retreat to the coast, and fight a battle to save his army from capture. At Coruña he defeated the enemy, but died in the hour of victory. His gallant soldiers, however, were taken off by the British fleet, and conveyed to England.

Throughout this expedition, the 36th regiment had won special distinction by its bravery and steady discipline; and attached to such a regiment, Murchison could not but gain his experience of war under favourable auspices.

In the autumn of 1809 he joined his uncle Mackenzie in Sicily as his aide-de-camp. He had little to do, he says, except to make love, and ride in the cool of the evening with the General. To occupy his leisure, he studied Italian, and even took lessons in singing; but he grew weary of inaction, and was heartily glad when his uncle returned to England. From 1811 to 1814—three brilliant years in the history of the British army—the General and his aide-de-camp were on service in the north of Ireland, and consequently shut out from all opportunities of advancement or reputation. So far, Murchison had shown no desire of knowledge, no desire to cultivate the considerable talents with which Heaven had gifted him. Life hung heavy on his hands, for he failed to recognise its capabilities, and his chief mental exertions were given to 'the discipline of his stable and the doctoring of his horses.' His reading was confined to Shakespeare and such works of fiction as fell in his way; but most of his leisure was spent in hunting, or in accomplishing feats of horsemanship or pedestrianism. It was an idle and a useless life, though it does not seem to have been an absolutely vicious one; but the keenest seer into the future would never have ventured to predict that this indolent young officer, with his sauntering habits, and indifference to intellectual culture, would become an ardent and accomplished man of science.

On the 19th of February, 1813, he came of age, and entered into the possession of his patrimony. In the following year, after the fall of Napoleon, his battalion having been reduced, he was retired as a captain on half-pay. When war broke out afresh, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, he exchanged into the Enniskillen Dragoons, in the hope of seeing active service on the Continent; but by a singular chance the troop to which he was attached was not ordered abroad, and his last hope of military distinction was extinguished. He found some compensation, we may suppose, in the pleasures of love-making, for meeting under his mother's roof, in the Isle of Wight, a Miss Hugonin, the daughter of General Hugonin, he fell in love with her, and after a brief courtship, obtained her hand in marriage, on the 29th of August, 1805. He then retired from the army, having discounted those military glories which had inflamed his imagination in his cadet days, and entertaining a strong repugnance to the monotony and pettiness of barrack-life.

His biographer confesses that, up to this period, Murchison had given no promise of military—nor, we may add, of civil—distinction. He was merely 'one of the gentlemanly, intelligent, but by no means brilliant young officers' who have always been plentiful in the British army. Probably he would never have become anything better but for the great influence of his wife—a cultivated and thoughtful woman, who sought to open up for him some field of action wherein the abilities with which she rightly credited him might be called forth and developed. Years had to pass, however, before she succeeded in her aim. As for himself, having given up one fixed employment, he began to look about for another, and at first decided upon the vocation of a clergyman. Not, alas, from any serious conviction that he was fitted for the discharge of its solemn duties, but because, he says, 'as parsons then enjoyed a little hunting, shooting, and fishing without being railed at,' he thought he might slide into that kind of comfortable domestic life! Happily, this wild notion soon passed away, and Murchison bethought himself of a Continental tour as an agreeable method of occupying his leisure. He spent the winter in preparing for it, studying French and Italian with unwonted assiduity; and in the spring of 1816 crossed the Channel, and made a leisurely journey through France into Switzerland. The summer was spent at Vevay, whence excursions were made to many a place of historic interest, and many a scene of sublime or picturesque nature. The travellers remained at Genoa during the winter, studying Italian, and acquiring a passion for art and art-galleries, which broke out into a fever of enthusiasm on their arrival at home in the following spring.

At Rome he also made the acquaintance of that woman of genius, Mrs. Somerville, who, in her 'Personal Recollections,' says, 'that at that time he hardly knew one stone from another.' She continues: 'He had been an officer in the Dragoons, an excellent horseman, and a keen fox-hunter; Lady Murchison, an amiable and accomplished woman, with solid acquirements, which few ladies at that time possessed. . . It was then that a friendship began between them and us, which will only end with life.'

The winter of 1817-18 Murchison devoted to a close study of Roman antiquities, which led to his re-perusal of the great Latin poets, Horace, Virgil, and Juvenal; and in the summer he returned to England. His two years' residence abroad benefited him largely from an intellectual point of view; it filled his mind with thoughts and images which lifted him out of the world of commonplaces and conventionalities in which he had previously lingered. It taught him the superiority of artistic studies and pursuits to the idle amusements which had hitherto filled his leisure. For the first time he began to think that life has its duties and responsibilities, the conscientious discharge of which is incumbent upon every man. The impression as yet was not very strong; but *it had been made;* and needed only favourable opportunities to be strengthened and confirmed. Unfortunately, these, for some years, were not present; and, settling down in an old mansion at Barnard Castle, in the County of Durham, which belonged to his wife's family, Murchison soon relapsed into the active indolence of a fox-hunting squire. It was a necessity that his exuberant physical force should find an outlet; and that outlet was found in the sports of the field—to which he devoted himself with an energy worthy of a better cause.

What Murchison wanted, and so far had been unable to find, was an aim—a purpose—in life; a goal to be reached, an object to be attained. The dormant powers of the man, as yet, had not been awakened; and he trifled with time as if it had neither value nor significance. In choosing our vocation, we are all of us influenced, more or less directly, by external circumstances and reasons independent of ourselves; such as our home-training and the example of our friends. These unquestionably mould and fashion the character to a very important extent. Sometimes they call forth the natural instinct; sometimes, as in Murchison's case, they keep it down and crush it. Hence, the worth or worthlessness of our lives, the success or failure of our careers, may depend on the influences that surround and control us in our early years. Happy for us if they be of such a character as to foster our better impulses and subdue our inclinations for evil—if they are calculated to develop all that is true and honest, pure and generous in our nature.

His wife had from the first (we are told) detected in her husband the possession of qualities which fitted him for something higher and better than a fox-hunter's pursuits. It was needful that occupation should be provided for his overflowing animal spirits; but she believed, with all the confidence of true affection, that when the coarser part of his nature had been expended, the higher and purer part would come to the surface. At all events, if he were really gifted with any considerable intellectual force, she felt that he would not always be satisfied with fox-hunting, but would instinctively seek some sphere of action in which this *vivida vis* could be called forth and employed. Many years afterwards, Murchison recorded the circumstances under which he entered upon a new and worthier career.

'As time rolled on,' he says, 'I got *blasé* and tired of all fox-hunting life. In the summer following the hunting-season of

1822-23, when revisiting my old friend Morritt of Rokeby, I fell in with Sir Humphry Davy, and experienced much gratification in his lively illustrations of great physical truths. As we shot partridges together in the morning, I perceived that a man might pursue philosophy without abandoning field-sports; and Davy, seeing that I had already made observations on the Alps and Apennines, independently of my antiquarian rambles, encouraged me to come to London, and *set to* at science, by attending lectures on chemistry, etc. As my wife naturally backed up this advice, and Sir Humphry Davy said he would soon get me into the Royal Society, I was fairly and easily booked.

'Before I took the step of making myself a cockney, I sold my horses. The two best were put up at auction, in the ensuing autumn, after dinner, at the Old Club at Melton; and were brought into the room after a jolly dinner, Maxse acting as auctioneer. In fact, I threw them away, and Mann, who bought the "Commodore," named him "Potash," as a quiz on me for taking so much of that alkali after our potations.'

From all this sad waste of time and talent and opportunities, we turn with pleasure to the brighter and worthier record which began in 1824, when Murchison entered upon his new career.

Removing to London, he applied himself to the study of chemistry and its cognate subjects, attending Professor Brande's lectures at the Royal Institution. With almost startling abruptness he flung his old life behind him, discarded his old pursuits and old acquaintances, and entered an entirely different circle of society. Among his new friends were Professor Buckland, Charles Lyell—as yet unknown to fame—Dr. Wollaston, Sedgwick, Whewell, Herschel, Babbage, and other eminent men of science, in whose company his faculties were necessarily called into active requisition. At the same time he became the personal friend of not a few men of letters—Thomas Moore, Hallam the historian, Copley the great lawyer (afterwards Lord Lyndhurst), and the Earl of Dudley.

After spending the winter in well-directed study, he felt all a geologist's desire to go out into the open and examine for himself Nature's enduring records. His first experience of such work was under Professor Buckland, whom he accompanied in excursions to Shotover Hill, near Oxford. It was there that, for the first time in his life, he had a landscape 'geologically dissected' before him. From that pleasant elevation he was taught to recognise the distinctive features of the oolitic rocks as far as the rounded range of the chalk-hills; and this, says Geikie, not in a dull, text-book fashion, for Buckland in luminous language, brought the several elements of the landscape into connection with each other, and with a few fundamental principles which have determined the sculpturing of the earth's surface. 'His audience came to see merely a rich vale in the midst of fertile England; but before they quitted the ground, the landscape had been made to yield up to them clear notions of the origin of springs and the principles of drainage.'

He had now received the stimulus of which he had long stood in need. A field of active exertion was opened up to him, and with characteristic energy he made haste to cultivate it. His aim was to apply in the hills and the valleys the theories he had learned in the lecture-room; or, rather, from the rocks themselves to collect, by patient inquiry and investigation, the facts by which their past history might be elucidated. He made eager preparations for a thorough survey of the South Coast; and in the middle of August, 1825, started, accompanied by his wife, on this novel but pleasurable enterprise. 'Driving, boating, walking, or scrambling, the enthusiastic pair signalized their first geological tour by a formidable amount of bodily toil. Mrs. Murchison specially devoted herself to the collection of fossils, and to sketching the more striking geological features of the coast-line, while her husband would push on to make some long and laborious détour. In this way, while she remained quietly working at Lyme Regis, he struck westward for a fortnight into Devon and Cornwall, to make his first acquaintance with the rocks to which in after years Sedgwick and he were to give the name by which they are now recognised all over the world.'

On the 16th of December, 1825, he read before the Geological Society his first scientific paper, 'A Geological Sketch of the North-Western extremity of Sussex, and the adjoining parts of Hants and Surrey.' Soon afterwards he was elected one of the two honorary secretaries of the Geological Society; and in the spring of 1826, was made a member of the Royal Society. 'This,' he says, 'was perhaps about the happiest period of my life. I had shaken off the vanities of the fashionable world to a good extent; was less anxious to know titled folks and leading sportsmen; was free of all the cares and expenses of a stable full of horses; and had taken to a career in which excitement in the field mixed with it occupation, amusement, and possibly reputation.'

In the summer and autumn he was again in the field, for the purpose of determining the age, geologically, of the Brora coal-field in Sutherlandshire. Some geologists affirmed that the rocks of that district were merely a part of the ordinary coal-measures or carboniferous system; others held that they belonged to the same period as the lower oolitic strata of Yorkshire. Murchison undertook to decide the question; and after a preliminary investigation of the formation of the cliffs of the bold, rugged Yorkshire coast, proceeded to the debatable land. He speedily came to the conclusion that the Brora coal was no part of the true carboniferous system, but simply a local peculiarity in the oolitic series. Thence he extended his tour as far northward as the Orkney Islands, afterwards returning along the east coast by way of Peterhead, Bullers of Buchan, Arbroath, and St. Andrews. He went over nearly the same route in the following summer, accompanied by Professor Sedgwick, under whose able guidance he was enabled to conquer many difficulties which, in his first journey, had sorely embarrassed him.

The summers of 1828 and 1829 were spent in geological excursions on the Continent; for Murchison now threw as much physical energy into the practical study of geology as he had formerly done into his pursuit of amusement in the hunting field. In February, 1831, his strenuous and successful labours obtained a welcome recognition in his election by the Geological Society as their President, in succession to the brilliant Sedgwick. The honour seems to have encouraged him to renewed effort; and he addressed himself with all the robust vigour of his manly nature to a study of the problems connected with the Transition rocks.* As we are not writing a geological treatise, and most of our readers may know little, if anything, of the science, we shall not attempt a summary of his researches or their results. Suffice it to say that his inquiries were mainly directed to the Transition rocks of South Wales, and led to the foundation of his Silurian system, the great geological discovery which has immortalized his name. The outcome of years of labour appeared in the autumn of 1838, in a ponderous quarto volume of 800 pages, with an atlas of plates of fossils and sections, and an elaborately coloured geological map.

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* This series of rocks answers to the 'grauwacke' of foreign geologists, a term borrowed from the Harz miners.

The publication of 'The Silurian System,' for so the work was called, will always be regarded as an epoch in the annals of geological science. It gave, for the first time, a complete detailed view of the succession of the geological formations which preceded the Old Red Sandstone, with full lists, descriptions, and figures of the animals that swarmed in the seas wherein these early deposits were laid down. It opened up an entirely new series of chapters in that marvellous story of the elder world which geology reveals. 'Before the researches began, which found their fitting termination in this splendid work, men had very generally looked upon the "Transition" rocks as a region of almost hopeless confusion. Murchison had succeeded in making out the order of their upper and most fossiliferous portions; and now, in his pages and plates, the subdivisions of these ancient formations stood as definitely grouped and arranged as the orderly undisturbed Secondary deposits of central England. He had traced out, also, the sites of some of the submarine volcanoes of those early ages, and the great thickness to which the volcanic detritus had accumulated over the sea-bottom. To give completeness to his account of the Silurian region, he had likewise undertaken detailed examinations of the overlying rocks, including the coal-fields and the various formations up into the Oolitic series. The results of all this work were now included in his volume.' No more signal proof of the value of steady, diligent, and well-directed labour had for many a year been given than was afforded by the gradual completion of this *magnum opus*. 'If the young student of geology,' said a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, 'wishes to find an example of the effect of diligence and perseverance, as ensuring ultimate success, he cannot do better than to follow the history of the "Silurian System."' Yet the author of this elaborate work, a few years before, had lived a fox-hunter's life, and entirely ignored intellectual pursuits. We see how great a change is wrought in a man's character and conduct by the introduction of a fixed aim and object: it gives him, as it were, something to live for; concentrates and directs his energies; awakens all his higher capabilities; and calls into life and action powers of comprehension and achievement, of the very existence of which he had hitherto been ignorant. Listlessness disappears; the mind braces itself up to its task, and discovers in work an unsuspected pleasure. It is certain that no man has ever attained to affluence or reputation, or, what is higher and better, has ever been able to accomplish anything for the good of his fellows and himself, who has not been governed throughout by the magic influence of a definite aim. Luther was a man with an object before him; and the world knows what he made of it. It knows how successfully its Loyolas and its Wesleys and its Cavours have kept constant to a special purpose. As much may be said of all the world's greatest statesmen, reformers, discoverers. The man with an object holds in his hand the talisman of success.

In 1840, Murchison extended his geological researches into Russia. Passing northwards, by the great lakes, he and his companions reached Archangel, and made some explorations along the shores of the White Sea. Ascending the Dwina, they penetrated into the heart of the government of Vologda, and striking westward, by Nijni Novgorod and the valley of the Volga to Moscow, thence returned to St. Petersburg by way of the Valdai Hills. The mode of travelling was not unattended by a gentle excitement. Mounted on a light calèche, sometimes with five or six horses harnessed to it, he swept over the country, crossing sand and boulders and bogs at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. 'With four little ardent steeds in hand, all abreast at the wheel, and two before, conducted by a breechless boy, who is threatened with death if his horse backs or falls, your bearded Jehu rattles down a slope at a headlong pace, and whirling you over a broken wooden bridge with the noise of thunder, he charges the opposite bank in singing, "Go along, my little beauties—fly on, from mount to mount, from vale to vale; 'tis you that pull the silver gentleman" (their delicate mode of suggesting a good tip); "'tis you, my dears, shall have fine pastures," the whole accompanied by grand gyrations of a solid thong, which ever and anon falls like lead upon the ribs of the wheelers, followed by screeches which would stagger a band of Cherokees.'

Murchison's indefatigable efforts met with a fair measure of success. He was able to establish the order of the palæozoic formations over a considerable area of Northern Russia. From an inferior mass of ancient crystalline rocks he defined a most complete and interesting ascending series of Siberian, Old Red Sandstone, and Carboniferous deposits; not hardened, broken, and crumpled like the corresponding rocks in Britain, but flat, and only partially consolidated. So comparatively fresh, indeed, did these truly ancient deposits appear, that it was difficult to realize their soft blue clays and loose friable limestones were the geological equivalents of hard fractured slates and marbles in Western Europe. Their true geological horizon could be recognised only by detecting in them the characteristic fossils of the typical districts.

The Russian tour was repeated in 1841. Its most interesting personal incident was Murchison's interview with the Emperor Nicholas. 'We waited for our presentation,' he says, 'which took place in about half an hour, when the Emperor came up to Lord Clanricarde and asked for me, saying to me, "You have travelled a great deal in our country, and intend to do so again." On my thanking his Majesty for the kindness of his reception, he cut me short by saying: "C'est à vous que nous devons nos remerciments profonds de venir parmi nous pour nous éclaircir et de nous être si utile. Je vous prie d'accepter mon personnel," etc. He then asked if that was not my companion near me, and De Verneuil had his talk. . . .

'It was, however, in the advanced part of the evening that I really became intimate with the Czar. I had glided through all the apartments, and was seated in converse with Count Strozonoff, when the Emperor appeared, and we were all on foot. He saluted me, and leaning against a pilaster began a regular conversation, asking me my opinion on various parts of the country. After I had told him where I had been, he said, "Great traveller as I am, you have already seen large tracts of my country which I have never visited." He then got me to open out upon my own hobby, and put me quite at home; I ventured on my first endeavour at explanation, by stating how dearly I was interested in the structure of a country the whole northern region of which was made up of strata which I had spent so many years in classifying and arranging in other parts of Europe; how their vast scale in Russia had surprised me, and how they offered evidences which were wanting in the Western countries. We then talked of coal, and I ventured on a geological lecture in order to explain where coal would not be found, the uses of our science, etc. I ushered it in by saying that I was certain that his Majesty liked to know the truth, and my honest opinion, and he instantly said, "Surtout, parlez franchement." Having given him the Siberian reasons against any coal deposits worthy of the name in any of the very ancient rocks on which his metropolis was situated, and a general view of the A B C, to all of which he listened most attentively, I then comforted him about the great coal-field of the Donetz, in Southern Russia, to which I was destined to go. "Coal," I said, "was to be looked for in the south, and not in the north, which seemed a providential arrangement, as the forests were still plentiful in the latter, but annihilated in the former tracts." "Ah," said he, "but how we have wasted our forests! What disorder and irregularity has existed! It is high time to put a stop to such practices, or God knows what would have been the state of the empire, even under the reign of my son!" . . .

'After asking what was to be the length of our next tour, and what we hoped to find out and see, he desired me to express every wish to his officers, and all my wants should be supplied.

'He inquired about my former career, in what wars I had served, where and when, whether I was married, whether my wife ever came with me. On my saying that the day was when you were always at my side, and sketched and worked for me, he added, "C'est ainsi avec ma femme, mais hélas sa santé ne le permet plus, elle a eu quinze couche.s" Thus he chatted away, and talked of his children, and the happiness of his social circle.

'On my saying that I had served in infantry, cavalry, and staff in Portugal, Spain, and Sicily, his Majesty evidently took to me, for he said that his doctrine always had been that the army was the best school for every profession, and he was right glad to see that it made a good geologist.' [The Czar's inference was unquestionably wrong in the case of Murchison, whose military training had no connection with his geological studies. He might just as appropriately have declared that fox-hunting made a good geologist!] 'I then expressed how strong a desire I had to see the Russian army, adding that I had been out at six in the morning in the Champ de Mars, and had already seen his Majesty working some regiments of cavalry. "What!" said he; "talk of that morning drill; we were all dirty and not fit to be seen; to-morrow you shall see us better." And then calling General Benhendorff, "Donnez un bon cheval à M. Murchison pour le Grande Parade." He then added: "Mais c'est à Moscow qui vous deviez nous voir parmi nos enfants—c'est ainsi que l'Impératice et moi nous appelons nos Russes."'

Starting from Moscow, Murchison crossed Russia by Vladimir, Kasan, and Perm, into the Ural Mountains; and, after skirting the edge of the vast Siberian steppes, turned southwards, and explored the southern Urals as far as Orsk. Thence, taking once more a westerly course, he passed through Orenburg, recrossed the Volga at Sarepta, traversed the country of the Don Cossacks as far as the Sea of Azov, and striking northwards returned by Moscow to St. Petersburg. He spent five months in this extensive journey, in the course of which he was able to establish a new geological subdivision, known, from the province where its characteristic rocks are very largely developed, as the 'Permian.'

Such a journey was necessarily marked by many striking incidents, many novel experiences, and many glimpses of a new and strange life. These are set forth in his great work on 'Russia and the Ural Mountains.' We must confine ourselves to a brief description of his descent of one of the torrent-streams which water the western slope of the Ural. Murchison calls it the Serebrianska. The distance to be accomplished by it was seventy versts, or nearly fifty English miles. 'When I went to rest,' says Murchison, 'the bed of the river was almost quite dry, with not water enough to drown a rat—and yet we were to effect the miracle of floating down in a six-oared boat. When I awoke a furious stream was rushing down, and the natives were beginning to get canoes. The good commandant, hearing the imperial order that I was to descend by water, had let off an upper lake, and thus made a river on a fine, dry, sunny day.

'The waters having been let off for us, and the river-bed filled, we effected our embarkation amid three cheers. The river was muddy, and had rocks hidden, with very sharp curves of the stream. With a hundred groundings and stoppages, we got tired of our big boat of honour, and took to the canoes. These answered well for a while; but trusting to shoot through some stakes and nets (myself on my back at the head of the canoe), we (*i.e.* De Verneuil and myself) were capsized in a strong current. I saved my note-book, but my cloak, bag, pipe, etc., went floating down. A curious scene followed, after we had scrambled out to the shore. The other canoe shot by, and pulled up our floating apparatus. Fortunately this letting off the waters had brought down some natives to catch fish, and they had a fire, by which we dried ourselves, whilst their large wolf-dogs lay around us. When we re-embarked we shot several ducks, and here and there found limestones and shales, striking to the north-north-west. Some of the limestones were charged with Devonian fossils.

'After this, evening began to fall. Saddles, anticlinals and synclinals were in magnificent masses on the rocky banks; but our boat-bottom was now knocked to pieces by grounding at least a hundred times, and whisking round as in a waltz at each shock. It now filled so rapidly that we had just time to escape. We had then a fine evening scene. We landed on shingle, and got into the forest, not having seen a house or hut for fifty miles. The dense wildness of the scene, the jungle and intricacy of a Russian forest, can never be forgotten. We had to cross fallen trees and branches, and to force through underwood up to our necks.

'After our various night evolutions, sometimes by land and sometimes by water, we finally reached our 'derevna' (Ust Serebrianska), at two a.m., wet up to the middle, by walking through moist jungle and meadow. Our men were very amphibia, and required no food. They had been half the day in that stream, pulling, hauling, shoving, and shouting, and never eating or drinking. We had to awake the chief peasant's family, and were soon in a fine hot room, with children sleeping all about.

'I awoke with the bright sun, after three hours' rest, and pulling my shoes out of the oven, and my dried clothes from the various long poles, proceeded, after a warm tea, to embark on the Tschursovaya, into which the Serebrianska flows. The Tschursovaya being a much larger river, we had no difficulty in boating down it; and we had a most instructive and exciting day, as we found in the deep gorges of Devonian and Carboniferous limestone, here thrown up in vertical beds to form peaks, there coiled over even like ropes in a storm, or broken in every direction. . . .

'On the following day we worked our way down the river in the same great leaky boat as before, the boatmen singing their carols, and abusing the Ispravnicks and proprietors who force them to drink bad "vodki" or whisky by their monopoly. Other songs were gentle, plaintive love-ditties, so unlike what our coarse country fellows would sing. With no stimulants, getting but black bread, and working in wet clothes—for they were continually in the river shoving the boat on—they sang in rhymes, one of which, as translated, was:

> 'My love she lives on the banks of a rapid stream,
> And when she goes to the garden to pull a rose she thinks of me.'

Another of these ditties began: 'Mary, come back from the bower.' A third was a comic song, quizzing a soldier who got into a house when tipsy. A fourth was a jollification of peasants in a drinking-shop, to beat the maker of bad brandy, with a famous loud refrain, in which all the boatmen joined heartily.'

Murchison was back in England in the winter of 1841, when he was elected a second time to fill the President's chair of the Geological Society. The elaborate and comprehensive work in which he described his long journey, and stated its results, was published in the summer of 1845, under the title of 'The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains.' It offered for the first time an intelligible and distinct outline of the geology of more than half of the Continent, and reviewed the researches which had been in progress ever since Murchison's earliest observations of the Transition rocks on the picturesque banks of the Wye, by presenting on one broad canvas a panoramic view of the entire succession of the palæozoic rocks of Europe. Its author's claim to a place in the first rank of geologists was at once and unanimously acknowledged—and this acknowledgment was but the due reward of the most untiring industry and indefatigable energy; of a patience and a perseverance which, when we remember the listlessness and indolence of his earlier manhood, we cannot describe as other than extraordinary. The Crown stepped forward to ratify, as it were, this general recognition; and rewarded him with the honour of knighthood (February, 1846), an honour he had well deserved. It might have been thought that he had gained all that in such a career as his was possible; and he would hardly have been censured if he had resolved thenceforward to rest content with the laurels he had already won. But to so eager and impetuous a nature rest was impossible; and he continued his geological labours with all the fervour, if not with all the vigour, of early manhood. In 1848 he made a long excursion among the Alps, exploring valley after valley, and traversing ridge after ridge—not, like the painter, with an eye to the picturesque, but in the true scientific spirit which penetrates below the surface of things. The result of his persistent exertions appeared in his elaborate paper on 'The Geological Structure of the Alps, Apennines, and Carpathians,' in which his gift of lucid exposition is very conspicuous.

In the following year he received the Copley gold medal of the Royal Society, in acknowledgment of the eminent services he had rendered to geological science during many years of active observation in several parts of Europe—and especially for the establishment of that classification of the older palæozoic deposits, designated the Siberian System.

In the summer of 1850 we find him wandering in the volcanic regions of Auvergne; but his theories of volcanic action were always erroneous, and actual observation failed to correct them. Later in the year he accompanied Sedgwick to Scotland, and penetrated into the central Highlands—afterwards striking off to the West coast, and thence to Castle Douglas and the moorland hills of Dumfriesshire.

In 1852 he delivered a valuable address to the Royal Geographical Society, remarkable for the ingenious suggestion, which Livingstone verified three years later, that Africa had originally had a basin shape, formed by an outer range of harder and higher rock-masses, sinking into a vast and less elevated central area; and that this original structure will be found still in great part maintained, whether the rivers escape through vents towards the sea, or flow inwards to lose themselves in lakes or sands. In this year he received from the university of Oxford the degree of D.C.L.

He accepted, in 1855, the appointment of Director-General of the Museum of Practical Geology, and thus virtually became the head of the Government Department of science. In this new position he worked with characteristic zeal and intelligence; and there can be no doubt that he gave a strong impulse to scientific studies in England. The duties of his office were thenceforward his daily employment; but he still found time to take part, as of old, in the business of the Geographical and Geological Societies. In 1860 he undertook an extensive tour in the Scottish Highlands, with the view of definitely determining their general structure. This was the last great geological task of his life, and a worthy end to his long, busy, and useful career. And, as Mr. Geikie puts it, there was a fitness in the fact that, after wandering far and wide, and carrying his researches to the extreme confines of Europe, he should return to his native country, and gather his last laurel from the rocks on which he was born.

In 1863 he received the distinction of K.C.B., and three years later was made a Baronet. We shall not attempt to enumerate the honours he received from foreign countries.

In 1869 he had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife, to whose quiet but steadfast influence it was largely due that he had been lifted out of the idle and comparatively useless life of a fox-hunting squire, and led to breathe the pure and inspiring atmosphere of Science. His regret at her loss was profound, and he never wholly recovered from the prostration which the blow induced. She merited his grateful, loving remembrance, for as she was no ordinary woman, so was she no ordinary wife. She constantly encouraged her husband by her intelligent sympathy, and sustained him by her warm affection. But apart from her share in Murchison's labours and successes, she is entitled to the grateful recollection of every student of science. To the grace and dignity of a refined and cultivated lady she added a brightness of conversation and intelligence, and a range of knowledge, which gave her a peculiar charm, and enabled her to please people of the most varied tastes and acquirements. To her presence (says Mr. Geikie) the success of her husband's social gatherings was largely due; and there can be little doubt that these gatherings, by commingling students of science with statesmen and politicians, men of letters and men of rank, helped to give science and its cultivators a better hold on the sympathy and goodwill of the rest of society.

The last notable act in Murchison's life was the foundation of a Chair of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh. He provided £6,000, or more than half of the sum required for its endowment; and in remembrance of his munificence it is to be known in all time coming as the 'Murchison Professorship.'

On the 21st of November, 1871, while dressing, the veteran man of science was struck down by paralysis. It did not affect his faculties, but it left him unable to walk or stand; and wisely accepting the inevitable, he resigned his Presidentship of the Royal Geographical Society, which he had held with honour for fifteen years, and gave up all his scientific pursuits. He retained for a time so much of his vigour and vivacity that his friends still looked forward to a prolongation of his life. But in the autumn his malady made rapid progress; and when Professor Geikie, his biographer, saw him about the end of September, he was alarmed by the terrible change that a few weeks had made. The old man would fain have addressed his friend, but the tongue refused to utter the words which the brain conceived. He then had recourse to the pencil, which for a week or two he had used to communicate his wants to his attendants, but the fingers could no longer form any intelligible characters. The tears filled his wistful eyes, and he sank back in his chair.

There lay the veteran, and calmly faced his ultimate hour, approaching at last with such swift steps. With evident delight he listened to the Psalms and other portions of Scripture which were frequently read to him. His nephew asking him if he felt perfectly happy, he replied with a smile and an affirmative pressure of the hand. In the middle of October, in the course of his daily drive, he caught cold. An attack of bronchitis supervened, which he had no strength to resist; and on the 22nd he passed away, as softly as a child passes into its evening slumber.

# MICHAEL FARADAY, 1791—1867.

GREAT is the power of diligence, which, rightly understood, includes self-control, an unconquerable tenacity of purpose, and a serene patience. For every treasure-cave the 'Open Sesame' exists, if the seeker will but persevere; but it can be found only by himself, by his own continuous effort. Boy or man, he must put his own shoulder to the wheel, before he may solicit or expect assistance from celestial Jove. The ancient maxim that 'the gods help those who help themselves' applies, in its profound significance, to all men, at all times; and it is by our own 'self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-discipline, that we must hope to prevail over Circumstance, and wrest the trophies of success from the reluctant hands of Fortune.

Great is the power of diligence—of the steadfast, unwavering resolution that presses toward the accomplishment of a defined object, regardless of let or hindrance. Such is the lesson taught us by the career of one of our greatest scientific discoverers and philosophers, the late Professor Faraday. It has rightly been said that our daily life is full of resources which are the results of his labours; that at every turn we see some proof of the great grasp of his imaginative intellect; and by the remembrance of the achievements of his genius are encouraged to look for future revelations of Nature's truths with almost boundless hope. A man of the greatest simplicity of character, but a worker of the most vigorous and laborious type, Faraday became the acknowledged head of modern chemists. The scientific circles of France and Germany looked up to him with unreserved admiration. The last new

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street in Paris was named after him. The construction of the electric telegraph was the issue of his inquiries into the nature of electricity; and a discovery made by him in the laboratory of the Royal Institution led to the invention of those rich aniline dyes which have added so largely to our wealth in colour. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society; a member of the French Academy of Sciences; he received a pension from his own, and numerous marks of distinction from foreign Governments. When he died, princes, peers, philosophers, men of letters, hastened to show their respect to his memory. What was the secret of all these honours and achievements? Great is the power of diligence!

It is painful to look round upon the lives that are led by so many of our neighbours; to see how absorbed they are in the petty aims and ends of society; or in the business of money-making; or in the pursuit of the delusive visions of pleasure. It is sad to reflect how many minds are suffered to remain undeveloped; no effort made to call out their powers, and turn them to good account; no sense entertained of the responsibility that the mere fact of living entails upon each sentient, thinking being. Wasted lives—wasted minds! achieving no good for themselves, and none for their fellows. Their value in the great economy of the universe it seems impossible to conjecture. From birth to death they pursue an unprofitable career; and nothing remains to tell that they have been. Yet within the range of each of us how much there is that may be attempted and accomplished—what good words said, what good deeds done!—what aspirations may be cherished, what noble purposes effected!—if only we are diligent in our place and time, and live not for ourselves alone, but for the welfare of all who come within the sphere of our influence. It was thus that Faraday lived; and his life is therefore worth studying; for if we cannot hope to do what Faraday did, we may learn at least to follow in his steps.

The record of Faraday's first connection with the Royal Institution—afterwards the scene of so many of his triumphs—to which he was introduced by Sir Humphry Davy—has always had for the present writer a living interest as marking the first stage of his illustrious career:

'Sir Humphry Davy has the honour to inform the Managers that he has found a person who is desirous to occupy the situation in the Institution lately filled by William Payne. His name is Michael Faraday. He is a youth of twenty-two years of age. As far as Sir H. Davy has been able to observe, or ascertain, he appears well fitted for the situation; his habits seem good, his disposition active and cheerful, and his manner intelligent. He is willing to engage himself on the same terms as those given to Mr. Payne at the time of quitting the Institution.' Accepting this recommendation, the Managers resolved (on March 1st, 1813) 'that Michael Faraday be engaged to fill the situation lately occupied by Mr. Payne on the same terms.'

Who *was* this Michael Faraday, and what brought him into connection with Sir Humphry Davy and the Royal Institution?

James Faraday, a Yorkshire blacksmith, having married a farmer's daughter, one Margaret Hastwell, removed to London, and made a home for himself and his family in Gilbert Street, Newington, where was born, on September 22, 1791, his third child, a son, named Michael. When the latter was about five years old, his parents went to reside in rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's Well Mews, Charles Street, Manchester Square. They were in such poor circumstances that at one time (in 1801) they were receiving public relief, the allowance for Michael, who was nine years old, being one loaf a week. The father afterwards fell into bad health, and after three or four years of affliction died on October 30, 1810. It may here be noted, for convenience' sake, that Michael's mother lived for twenty-eight years longer, and was thus spared to see much of her son's success, and to hear of his fame. She was very proud of him; so much so that Faraday, it is said, asked his wife to talk less of him and his honours to his mother, as 'she was quite proud enough of him, and it would not be good for her.' Usually she called him 'my Michael.' She would do nothing without his advice, and was quite contented and happy in being supported by him in her last years. She had had no advantages of education, and could not enter at all into her son's pursuits. But she was particularly 'neat and nice' in her household arrangements, and exerted all her energies to ensure the comfort and happiness of her husband and children.

Michael Faraday's education, as might be supposed, was of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic at a common day-school. At the age of ten, he went as errand-boy in a bookseller's shop in Blandford Street. Here it was his duty, at the outset, to carry round the newspapers that, in those days of a dear Press, were hired from his master. Often on a Sunday morning he rose very early and took them round, and then, an hour or two later, had to call for them again. Frequently, when he was told the paper was not done with, that he must call again, he would beg earnestly that it might be given him; for the next place might be a mile distant, and then he would have to return over the same ground, losing much time, and feeling very unhappy if he could not get home to make himself neat, and accompany his parents (who were Sandemanians) to their place of worship.

Faraday used to say in after life that he remembered being considered a great questioner, but could not recollect the nature of the questions. One example, however, has been preserved: 'Having called at a house, possibly to leave a newspaper, whilst waiting for the door to be opened, he put his head through the iron bars that made a separation from the adjoining house; and, whilst in this position, he questioned himself as to which side he was on. The door behind him being opened, he suddenly drew back, and, hitting himself so as to make his nose bleed, he forgot all about his question.'

To the last Faraday retained a vivid recollection of his hard experiences as a news-boy; and one of his nieces says that he rarely saw a street-arab of this class without making him the object of some kindly remark. Another niece recalls how that on one occasion he said, 'I always feel a tenderness for those boys, because I once carried newspapers myself.' It was not to be expected that a man of his simple and unpretending character would feel any shame attaching to the poverty of his early years.

In 1805 Faraday was apprenticed to the trade of bookbinder and stationer, his master dispensing with a premium in consideration of his 'faithful services.' Five years later his father wrote of him as 'liking his place well. He had a hard time for some while at first going; but, as the old saying goes, he has rather got the head above water, as there is two other boys under him.'

Faraday himself tells us: 'Whilst an apprentice I loved to read the scientific books which were under my hands, and, amongst them, Marcet's 'Conversations in Chemistry,' and the electrical treatises in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind.'

Here we are reminded of the plain and simple tools with which other great workers have taught themselves how to do their work; of the doctor's phials and gallipots which Humphry Davy converted into chemical vessels; of the pan of water and two cheap thermometers with which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; of the plough-handle on which Rittenhouse calculated eclipses; of the burnt stick with which Walker drew his first designs on the barn door; of the thread and handful of small beads with which Ferguson studied the movements of the heavenly bodies; of the anatomist's syringe with which James Watt made the first model of his condensing engine. The earnest workman never quarrels with his tools!

Faraday told a friend that Watts' 'On the Mind' first led him to think; that is, I suppose, to think methodically, and with a desire to direct his thoughts to some definite results; while his attention was turned to scientific inquiry by an article on 'Electricity' in an old encyclopædia which had been given him to bind.

'My master,' he says, 'allowed me to go occasionally of an evening to hear the lectures delivered by Mr. Tatum on Natural Philosophy at his house, 53, Dorset Street, Fleet Street. I obtained a knowledge of these lectures by bills in the streets and shop-windows near his house. The hour was eight o'clock in the evening. The charge was one shilling per lecture, and my brother Robert (who was three years older, and followed his father's business) made me a present of the money for several. I attended twelve or thirteen lectures between February 19, 1810, and September 26, 1814. It was at these lectures I first became acquainted with Magrath, Newton, Nicol, and others.'

In order to illustrate these lectures, he learned Perspective of Mr. Masquerier, who lent him Taylor's 'Perspective,' a big quarto volume, which he studied carefully, copying all the drawings. In his earliest note-book he wrote down the names of the books and subjects which engaged his attention, and these are interesting as illustrative of his scientific bias. 'The Philosophical Miscellany,' as he calls it, is 'a collection of notices, occurrences, events, etc., relating to the arts and sciences, collected from the public papers, reviews, magazines, and other miscellaneous works, intended to promote both amusement and instruction, and also to corroborate or invalidate those theories which are continually starting into the world of science. Collected by M. Faraday, 1809-18.'

Among the books and subjects mentioned in this volume are: 'Description of a Pyropneumatic Apparatus,' and 'Experiments on the Ocular Spectra of Light and Colours,' by Dr. Darwin, from *Ackerman's Repository;* 'Lightning,' and 'Electric Fish and Electricity,' from *Gentleman's Magazine;* 'Meteorolites,' from the *Evangelical Magazine;* 'Water Spouts,' from the *Zoological Magazine;* 'Formations of Snow,' from *Sturm's Reflections;* 'To loosen Glass Stoppers,' from the *Lady's Magazine;* 'To convert Two Liquids into a Solid,' 'Oxygen Gas,' 'Hydrogen Gas,' 'Nitric and Carbonic Acid Gas,' 'Oxymuriate of Potash,' from *Conversations in Chemistry.* 'Galvanism: Mr. Davy has announced to the Royal Society a great discovery in chemistry, the fixed alkalies have been decomposed by the galvanic battery,' from *Chemical Observer;* 'Galvanism and a Description of a Galvanometer,' from the *Literary Panorama.*

A Mr. Dunn, a member of the Royal Institution, was a frequent customer at the shop of Faraday's master; and discovering the young apprentice's scientific tastes, he gave him tickets for Sir Humphry Davy's four last lectures, namely, February 20, March 14, April 8 and 10, 1812. Of these he made copious notes, which he afterwards copied out and expanded, illustrating them with simple but effective drawings. Meanwhile, to a young friend, with whom he corresponded, he was giving interesting accounts of his scientific experiments, how he had made a galvanic battery of seven pieces of plates, each of the size of a halfpenny, which was powerful enough to decompose sulphate of magnesia; how he had tested the quality of the water in the cistern; how he had investigated the properties of chlorine and muriatic acid. His eager desire to escape from trade and enter upon scientific pursuits induced him, towards the close of the year, to send a copy of his lecture-notes to Sir Humphry Davy, who, immediately detecting their writer's zeal and ability, promised him, as we have seen, the appointment of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, with a salary of 25s. per week, and two rooms at the top of the house. It was no doubt a piece of singular good fortune for Faraday to be brought into such intimate communication with Sir Humphry Davy; not only because he was then a man of large influence and popularity, whose favour could not be otherwise than useful to an aspirant, but because he could not fail to profit by his example and instruction. He worked hard at the Royal Institution, and earned his master's approval by his industry and intelligence; but, neglecting no opportunity of self-education, he joined the City Philosophical Society, and also established a small mutual improvement association, the members of which met together once a week for reading purposes, and to revise, correct, and improve each other's pronunciation and construction of language.

In the autumn of 1813 Sir Humphry Davy took the young student abroad with him as his amanuensis, and for eighteen months they travelled in France, Italy, the Tyrol, and Switzerland, not returning to England until April, 1815. This extended tour was of great advantage to Faraday; it enlarged his mind, developed his faculties of observation, gave him a wide experience of men and manners, introduced him to the methods of scientific inquiry abroad, and enabled him to gain an adequate knowledge of foreign languages. 'Travel, in the younger sort,' says Bacon, 'is a part of education;' and so Faraday found it. Bacon advises the young traveller at the same time 'to keep a diary.' This Faraday did, and his diary shows that he went everywhere with an observant eye, and that what he saw he knew how to describe clearly and with accuracy. At Geneva he stops to examine a glow-worm, which he had found on the floor, crushed unawares by the foot. 'I separated the luminous part of this insect, and left it on paper. It shone with undiminished lustre the whole evening, and appeared not at all to have suffered in its power of emitting light by the mixture and confusion of its parts, so that it appears to depend more upon the chemical nature of the substances than upon the vital powers of the animal; but, at the same time, it appears, from the variations in splendour accompanied by motions in the living animal, that it may be much influenced or modified by, or in some manner submitted to, the powers of the worm. . . Bands traverse the body, and make ten divisions, excluding the neck and head, and the divisions on the back and belly are exactly parallel. It is from the four last of these divisions that the light is emitted in the full-grown worm—most brilliantly from the belly; but it often pierces through the thick armour of the back. . . The matter which appears to fill the hinder part of the body, in the shining season, is yellowish-white, soft, and glutinous. It is insoluble, apparently, in water or in alcohol. It does not immediately lose its power of shining in them, but it is sooner extinct in alcohol than in water. Heat forces out a brighter glow, and then it becomes extinct, but if not carried too far the addition of moisture after a time revives its power.'

But his attention is not wholly given to natural history and scientific subjects. At Venice, during the carnival, he describes some of its aspects with liveliness:

'Went in a domino to the mask ball this morning, and was much amused. . . . The theatre in which it was held was a very fine one, large and in excellent condition, and extremely well lighted. A vast number of chandeliers was suspended from all parts of the roof, and filled with wax candles, and every box was also lighted up. The stage and the pit were thrown together by a flight of steps. The pit was given for waltzing, and the stage for cotillon and country-dances, and two good bands of music were employed in the theatre. Other rooms in the wing were thrown open, some for dancing and some for refreshments. The three lower tiers of boxes were shut, but the rest were open to the maskers and the people in the house. A guard of soldiers was placed in the house to preserve order, and a gentleman in black with a cocked-hat sat in the centre box and overlooked the whole. He appeared to enjoy the scene very slightly, and was, I suppose, there as fulfilling a duty in looking over the whims of the place.

'In the afternoon there was much masking in the Corso, and the sugar-plums, which were only seen in the sellers' baskets on the first morning, were now flying in the air. These *confetti*, as they are called, are merely plaster or old mortar broken into small pieces and dipped in a mixture of whiting; but the men take care to sell them dear, though the price generally depends upon the eagerness of the purchaser at any moment to have them. With them the battles are carried on between mask and mask, or between carriage and carriage. None but masks are allowed to throw them, though this rule is transgressed from many windows.'

Davy and his young companion ascended Mount Vesuvius, and Faraday's description of the ascent is very interesting, while it is also forcibly and clearly written. On reaching the edge of the crater, he says that the scene surpassed everything. 'Before me was the crater, like a deep gulf, appearing bottomless, from the smoke that rose below. On the right hand this smoke ascended in enormous wreaths, rolling above us into all forms. On the left hand the crater was clear, except when the fire burst out from the side with violence, its product rising, and increasing the volume of volatile matter already raised in the air. The ground was in continual motion, and the explosions were continual, but at times more powerful shocks and noises occurred; there might be seen, rising high in the air, numbers of red-hot stones and pieces of lava, which at times came so near as to threaten us with a blow. The appearance of the lava was at once sufficient to satisfy one of its pasty form. It rose in the air in lumps of various size, from half a pound to twenty-five pounds or more. The form was irregular, but generally long, like splashes of thick mud; a piece would oftentimes split into two or more pieces in the air. They were red-hot, and, when they fell down, continued glowing for five, ten, or fifteen minutes. They generally fell within the crater, though sometimes a piece would go far beyond its edge. It appeared as if splashed up by the agitation of a lake of lava beneath; but the smoke hid all below from sight. The smoke generally rose in a regular manner, and, though the noises, explosions, and trembling varied much, yet the cloud seemed to rise with the same strength and impetuosity. I was there, however, during one explosion of very great force, when the ground shook as with a strong earthquake, and the shower of lava and of stones ascended to a very great height, and at this moment the smoke increased much in quantity. The guide now said this place was not safe, from its exposed situation to the melted lava and to the smoke, and because it oftentimes happens that a portion of the edge of the crater is shaken down into the gulf below.'

A fortnight after his return to England Faraday was re-engaged as Davy's assistant at the Royal Institution. He accepted the appointment with gratitude, as 'a glorious opportunity of improving in the knowledge of chemistry and the sciences with Sir Humphry Davy.' His was not one of those minds which a little learning inflates with a sense of self-importance. 'I have learned just enough,' he exclaims, 'to perceive my ignorance . . . The little knowledge I have gained makes me wish to know more.' Faraday had a high opinion of his master's ability, and sat at his feet as at the feet of a Gamaliel. While assisting him in his discovery of iodine he had seen his superiority to the French philosophers, and we know, from the care with which he preserved every note-book and manuscript of Davy's at the Royal Institution, and the warmth of the praise he bestowed on Davy's scientific work, he regarded him with sentiments of respect and admiration. It is unpleasant to record that, as Faraday advanced in reputation, Davy did not reciprocate the friendly feelings of his pupil, was jealous of his growing fame, and hostile to his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. But success and prosperity had weakened Davy's moral fibre, and he was deficient in that self-control which is a primary element of true greatness. Faraday's quiet perception detected the salient defects of his master's character, and he has been known to say that the greatest of all his great advantages was that he had a model to teach him what he should avoid.

The extent to which Faraday carried his self-education may be inferred from the subjects of the lectures which, in 1816, he delivered before the City Philosophical Society. In the first he dealt with the general properties of matter; in the second, the Attraction of Cohesion; in the third, with Chemical Affinity; in the fourth, with Radiant Matter; in the fifth, sixth, and seventh, with Oxygen, Chlorine, Iodine, Fluorine, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen. In these early efforts he gave full promise of those high qualities as a lecturer which afterwards drew around him enraptured audiences, composed of members of every class. His definitions and explanations were clear and precise; his illustrations apt and pertinent; while his language was as accurate and luminous as his argument was cogent and well-reasoned. No one was ever more successful in popularizing science; in rendering intelligible the most abstruse subjects, or in elevating the most trivial by his felicitous mode of treatment. It is needless to add that his experiments were performed with the completest neatness and success.

In those days the Royal Institution published the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and Faraday's first contribution to it appeared in 1816. It was an analysis of some caustic lime from Tuscany, which Davy had received from the Duchess of Montrose. In 1818 he published an account of 'Sounding Flames,' which confirmed an explanation previously given by Professor De la Rive. 'It is an epoch,' says Tyndall, 'in the life of a young man when he finds himself correcting a person of eminence, and in Faraday's case, where its effect was to develop a modest self-trust, such an event could not fail to act profitably.'

Passing over various stages in his scientific progress which would have little interest for the general reader, we come to the event which determined the happiness of his domestic life, his marriage, on the 12th of June, 1821. He was then in his thirtieth year; his wife was just twenty-one. More than a quarter of a century afterwards he made the following significant entry in his book of diplomas: '25th January, 1847. Amongst these records and events, I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honour and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were *married* on June 12, 1821.' Two years later he wrote of his marriage as 'an event which more than any other contributed to my earthly happiness and healthful state of mind. The union has continued for twenty-eight years, and has nowise changed, except in the depth and strength of its character.' His wife was in every respect worthy of the love he bore her; the chivalrous and exalted love of a fine nature. We gather from a letter written by one of his nieces, who lived with Mr. and Mrs. Faraday for nine or ten years, a delightful glimpse of the habits of this well-matched couple. It is almost idyllic in its simplicity:

'A visit to the laboratory used to be a treat when the busy time of the day was over.

'We often found him hard at work on experiments connected with his researches, his apron full of holes. If very busy he would merely give a nod, and aunt would sit down quietly with me in the distance, till presently he would make a note on his slate, and turn round to us for a talk; or perhaps he would agree to come upstairs to finish the evening with a game at bagatelle, stipulating for half an hour's quiet work first to finish his experiment. He was fond of all ingenious games, and he always excelled in them. For a time he took up the Chinese puzzle, and, after making all the figures in the book, he set to work and produced a new set of figures of his own, neatly drawn, and perfectly accurate in their proportions, which those in the book were not. Another time, when he had been unwell, he amused himself with *Papyroplastics*, and with his dexterous fingers made a chest of drawers, and pigeon-house, etc. [out of paper].

'When dull and dispirited, as sometimes he was to an extreme degree, my aunt used to carry him off to Brighton, or somewhere, for a few days, and they generally came back refreshed and invigorated. Once they had very wet weather in some out-of-the-way place, and there was a want of amusement, so he ruled a sheet of paper and made a neat draught-board, on which they played games with pink and white lozenges for draughts. But my aunt used to give up almost all the games in time, as he soon became the better player, and, as she said, there was no fun in being always beaten. At bagatelle, however, she kept the supremacy, and it was long a favourite game, requiring a little moving about.

'Often of an evening they would go to the Zoological Gardens, and find interest in all the animals, especially the new animals, though he was always much diverted by the tricks of the monkeys. We have seen him laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks as he watched them. He never missed seeing the wonderful sights of the day—acrobats and tumblers, giants and dwarfs; even Punch and Judy was an unfailing source of delight, whether he looked at the performance or at the admiring gaping crowd.

'He was very sensitive to smells; he thoroughly enjoyed a cabbage rose, and his friends knew that one was sure to be a welcome gift. Pure eau-de-Cologne he liked very much; it was one of the few luxuries of the kind that he indulged in; musk was his abhorrence, and the use of that scent by his acquaintances annoyed him even more than the smell of tobacco, which was sufficiently disagreeable to him. The fumes from a candle or oil-lamp going out would make him very angry. On returning home one evening, he found his rooms full of the odious smell from an expiring lamp; he rushed to the window, flung it up hastily, and brought down a whole row of hyacinth bulbs, and flowers, and glasses.'

To the non-scientific reader it is difficult to convey a clear idea of the character and value of Faraday's scientific work; and yet no memoir of him, however brief, would be complete or useful which made no allusion to the chief labour of his life. Nor would it bring out the lesson of that life, the success which is to be won by continuous application, and by unremitting devotion to a single aim and purpose. Few men have ever given a more brilliant example of energy and perseverance, of the patient pursuit of knowledge, of steadfast progress towards a definite object, and in a clearly-marked path. Scientific inquiry was the business of Faraday's life, and upon this business he brought all his intellectual force and vigour to bear. The subject which earliest engaged his attention was that of 'Magnetic Rotations;' and on Christmas morning, 1821, he summoned his wife to witness, for the first time, the revolution of a magnetic needle round an electric current. Next he investigated the liquefaction of gases, and established the important fact that gases are but the vapours of liquids possessing a very low boiling-point. In 1825 and 1826 he published papers in the 'Philosophical Transactions' on 'new compounds of carbon and hydrogen,' and on 'sulpho-naphthalic acid;' and in the former of these announced the discovery of Benzol, which our modern chemists have used as the foundation of our splendid aniline dyes. That beautiful optical toy, the Chromatrope, originated in his paper, published in 1831, 'On a Peculiar Class of Optical Deceptions.' Faraday's experiments were never worthless; they always resulted in *something*, because they were always directed towards some particular end.

But his career as an original thinker and independent experimentalist really dates from 1831, when he was 'at the climax of his intellectual strength, stored with knowledge and full of original power.' The whole force of his mind was then turned towards electrical science; a department of inquiry in which his labours produced the most astonishing results. A series of ingenious and beautiful experiments led to the discovery of Magneto-Electricity, in other words, to the evolution of electricity from magnetism. He found that the electric currents exercised a peculiar action upon the magnetic needle. A Mr.

Barlow, of Woolwich, had shown that when in rotation an iron shell or disc produced this deflection, but could not explain why, until Faraday demonstrated that it was due to induced currents. With a hollow brass ball Faraday produced the same effect as Mr. Barlow with his iron shell. Iron was wholly unnecessary: the sole condition of success was that the rotating body should be of a character to admit of the formation of currents in its substance; in other words, it must be a conductor of electricity. The higher the conducting power, the more copious were the currents. From this little brass ball Faraday passed, by induction, to the terrestrial ball, the earth.

'He plays like a magician with the earth's magnetism. He sees the invisible lines along which its magnetic action is exerted, and sweeping his wand across these lines evokes the new power. Placing a simple loop of wire round a magnetic needle, he binds its upper portion to the west: the north pole of the needle immediately swerves to the east; he binds his loop to the east, and the north pole moves to the west. Suspending a common bar magnet in a vertical position, he causes it to spin round its own axis. Its pole being connected with one end of a galvanometer wire, and its equator with the other end, electricity rushes round the galvanometer from the rotating magnet. He remarks upon the "singular independence" of the magnetism and the body of the magnet which carries it. The steel behaves as if it were isolated from its own magnetism.

'And then his thoughts suddenly widen, and he asks himself whether the rotating earth does not generate induced currents as it turns round its axis from west to east. In his experiment with the twisting magnet the galvanometer wire remained at rest; one portion of the circuit was in motion *relatively* to *another portion*. But in the case of the twirling planet, the galvanometer wire would necessarily be carried along with the the earth; there would be no relative motion. What must be the consequence? Take the case of a telegraph wire with its two terminal plates dipped into the earth, and suppose the wire to lie in the magnetic meridian. The ground underneath the wire is influenced like the wire itself by the earth's rotation; if a current from south to north be generated in the wire, a similar current from south to north would be generated in the earth under the wire; these currents would run against the same terminal plate, and thus neutralize each other.

'This inference appears inevitable, but his profound vision perceived its possible invalidity. He saw that it was at least possible that the difference of conducting power between the earth and the iron might give one an advantage over the other, and that thus a residual or differential current might be obtained. He combined wires of different materials, and caused them to act in opposition to each other, but found the combination ineffectual. The more copious flow of the better conductor was exactly counterbalanced by the resistance of the worse. Still, though experiment was thus emphatic, he would clear his mind of all discomfort by operating on the earth itself. He went to the round lake near Kensington Palace, and stretched 480 feet of copper wire, north and south, over the lake, causing plates soldered to the wire at its ends to dip into the water. The copper wire was severed at the middle, and the severed ends connected with a galvanometer. No effect whatever was observed. But though quiescent water gave no effect, moving water might. He therefore worked at London Bridge for three days, during the ebb and flow of the tide, but without any satisfactory result. Still he says, "Theoretically it seems a necessary consequence, that where water is flowing, there electric currents should be found. If a line be imagined passing from Dover to Calais through the sea, and returning through the land, beneath the water, to Dover, it traces out a circuit of conducting matter, one part of which, where the water moves up or down the Channel, is cutting the magnetic curves of the earth, whilst the other is relatively at rest . . . There is every reason to believe that currents do run in the general direction of the current described, either one way or the other, according as the passage of the waters is up or down the Channel." This was written before the submarine cable was thought of, and Faraday once informed Tyndall, that actual observation upon that cable had been found to be in accordance with his theoretic deduction.'

The reader may here interrupt us with the question, What was the benefit of all this? Of what use was the discovery of Magneto-Electricity? Well, the advantage was twofold; Faraday gained and the world gained. Faraday gained; for to a mind like his there is always a priceless pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge, and in its accumulation it finds all the reward it needs or desires. And as the horizon before it gradually enlarges, it becomes sensible of a keen and subtle joy. Each new fact, each fresh thought, image, or illustration, adds to this delight. Every obstacle conquered, every difficulty grappled with and overcome, strengthens and confirms it. What more, then, can the seeker after knowledge demand, than that it shall thus enlighten and elevate his intellect, expand his sympathies, and open up to him glimpses of the infinite world? But Faraday's discoveries had a practical application which has been of immense service to humanity. It is Faraday's electricity which has been introduced into medical practice; it is Faraday's electricity that speeds with the swiftness of thought along the telegraphic wires; it is Faraday's electricity which lights the pharos-tower on many a windy headland and wave-worn rock.

Faraday himself, on one occasion, answered this *cui bono* question effectively, and put to silence, if not to shame, the utilitarians. Speaking of Chlorine, he said, 'Before leaving this subject, I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact, "What is its use?" Dr. Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalists is, "Endeavour to make it useful." When Scheele discovered this substance, it appeared to have no use; it was in its infancy and useless state; but having grown up to maturity, witness its powers, and see what endeavours to make it useful have done.'

Faraday communicated an account of his discovery in a letter to his friend, M. Hachette, of Paris, who brought it before the Academy of Science. It was translated and published; whereupon the eminent Italian philosophers took up the subject, and having made numerous experiments, promulgated their results before Faraday's complete memoirs had been given to the public. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that Faraday felt irritated at this forestalling. He reprinted the paper by the two Italian physicists in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' with some keen annotations from his own pen. He also wrote a letter (December 1, 1832) to Gay Lussac, who was then one of the editors of the 'Annales de Chimie,' in which he analyzed their results, exposed their errors, and defended himself from what he regarded as imputations on his character. We are told that no exception can be taken to the style of this letter, inasmuch as Faraday could not write otherwise than as a gentleman; but it shows that beneath the velvet glove he wore a gauntlet of iron. Much has been said, and said truly, about Faraday's gentleness and tenderness; but he was also a strong man, and in strong men there is generally a reserve of vehemence. Underneath Faraday's sweetness and gentleness was 'the heat of a volcano,' only he repressed it. He was a man of fiery and excitable nature; but his rigid self-discipline converted the fire into 'a central glow and motive-power of life,' instead of wasting it in useless passion. Says the wise Hebrew king: 'He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty; and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.' Of Faraday we are told that he was *not* slow to anger, but 'he completely ruled his own spirit, and thus, though he took no cities, he captivated all hearts.'

It is Faraday the man, rather than Faraday the discoverer, whom we desire to put before our readers; and therefore we shall pause to introduce another illustration of his character. The papers which he had contributed to the *Quarterly Journal of Science* and some others, he collected, in 1832, in a small octavo volume, which he labelled 'Papers, Notes, Notices, etc., etc., published in octavo, up to 1832; M. Faraday;' and to which he supplied the following preface:

'Papers of mine, published in octavo, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* and elsewhere, since the time that Sir Humphry Davy encouraged me to write the analysis of caustic lime.

'Some, I think (at this date), are good; others moderate; and some bad. But I have put all into the volume, because of the utility they have been of to me—*and none more than the bad*—in pointing out to me in future, or rather after, times, the faults it became me to watch and to avoid.

'As I never looked over one of my papers a year after it was written without believing both in philosophy and manner it could have been much better done, I still hope the collection may be of use to me.'

This is the spirit of the true student, and it is the spirit which Faraday always displayed. He was never satisfied with what he had done; at least, never so satisfied but that he felt he might have done it better. He knew that there can be no finality in the work of genius. I have no doubt that Milton, had he lived, would have applied the 'labor limæ' to 'Paradise Lost;' and we know that Shakespeare largely improved on his first sketch of 'Hamlet.'

The work of the next six or seven years is summed up by Professor Tyndall under the following heads: 'Identity of Electricities; First Researches on Electro-Chemistry; Laws of Electro-Chemical Decomposition; Origin of Power in the Voltaic Pile; Researches on Functional Electricity; Induction; Conduction; Specific Inductive Capacity; Theory of Contiguous Particles.' Labours so profound and so extensive had not been accomplished without much suffering. He broke down on several occasions; and it was entirely due to his wife's loving care that he bore the strain so long. Occasional relief he sought in the fantastic world of the stage; and he frequently hurried down to Brighton or elsewhere, always choosing a situation which commanded a wide horizon, or, if possible, a view of blue waters. Very often, for some days after his removal to the country, he would be unable to do more than sit at a window and look out upon sea and sky.

In 1860 his condition, however, became so serious as to need a prolonged rest, and accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. George Barnard, the artist, Faraday and his wife set out for Switzerland. This period of trial brought out the finest qualities of his character; his vehemence and strength lay hidden, and all his sweetness and gentleness prevailed. While abroad he kept a journal, which is marked by all his old closeness and vigour of description. It was written with the utmost neatness, and the different mountain-flowers which he gathered in his rambles were fixed in it, as only his delicate fingers could fix them. In August, 1841, he was at Interlachen. 'The Jungfrau,' he writes, 'has been occasionally remarkably fine, in the morning particularly, covered with tiers of clouds, whilst the scene between them was beautifully distinct; and in the evening showing a beautiful series of tints from the base to the summit, according to the proportion of light on the different parts. At one time the summit was beautifully bathed in golden light, whilst the middle part was quite blue, and the snow of its peculiar blue-green colour in the rifts. Some of the glaciers are very distinct to us, and with the telescope I can see the rifts and corrugations of the different parts, and the edges from which avalanches have fallen; the Neisen is also very often most beautiful in our views over the Lake of Thun.'

Next he describes the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen:

'The water descends from an immense height, and is very beautiful; but there is not much of it. If it falls clear of the rock, which depends on the wind, then it becomes rain long before it reaches the bottom, and varies very much in its appearance according to the light and position. In some positions the middle part disappears altogether; in others it looks well and full, resembling a slowly-descending gauze veil, narrow and long and perpendicular, or else waving with the wind, but always moving downwards, issuing slowly from above, and entering the ground on the rock on which it may fall. By watching a fold of the aqueous drapery one might judge of the time of descent, and it took forty-three beats of my watch, or nearly twenty seconds, to descend from the top to the bottom.'

The mountain-horn does not escape his notice:

'A little farther on was a boy with a mountain-horn, by means of which he woke up the mountain echoes in an extraordinary manner. It was about six or seven feet long, and was made of wood in two pieces, which had been hollowed out separately, and then bound together by strips of the willow into one firm instrument. By dexterous blowing, the lad could bring out the harmonic notes of two or even three octaves, and so made his rough instrument discourse excellent music. It was rich, full, and very pleasant, filling those immense spaces with sound. A wall of rock a good way off returned a fine echo, the time being such that five or six notes were given back to us after the horn was silent; and as different parts of the precipice returned the sound at different times, very beautiful combinations of the notes took place, the distant faint echo of the echo lingering beautifully on the ear at last. He then gave us a bang with an iron cannon, but that was not so good. It should not be heard after the horn.'

He visited the Grindelwald Upper Glacier:

'The colour of this ice is most beautiful, giving in the different fissures every tint of blue, from the palest through Prussian blue to black. The man took me into a low, flat cavern. Its floor was clear ice, beneath which was another similar cavern. Its roof also was clear blue ice—its extent was thirty or forty yards, but its height not more than five feet in the highest place; and whilst standing on the floor we could see through it the waters running in the cavern below. In melting from the contact of air the under surface generally takes a groined and concave form. Thus many parts of this floor formed, as it were, a combination of rude plano-concave lenses, through which the rivers of water below presented every shape and size of cascade, rapid, etc. It is this kind of cavern that gives origin to the glacier thunder, for as the thawing continually proceeds—in summer, at least—the ice at last becomes too weak to support such great roofs, and then they fall in tons and hundreds of tons at once.'

Our last extract treats of the beautiful Brienz Lake, and shows that Faraday had a fine feeling for sublimity in Nature. We suppose that in every first-rate man of science the imaginative faculty is necessarily very strong:

'George and I crossed the lake in a boat to the Gicosbach—he to dream, and I to saunter. The day was fine, but the wind against the boat; and these boats are so cumbrous, and at the same time expose so much surface to the air, that we were above two hours doing the two miles, with two men, and occasionally our own assistance at the oars. We broke the oar-band; we were blown back and sideways. We were driven against the vertical rock in a place where the lake is nearly 1,000 feet deep; and I might tell a true tale which would sound very serious, yet after all there was nothing of any consequence but delay: but such is the fallacy of description. We reached the fall, and found it in its grandeur; for, as much rain fell last night, there was perhaps half as much more water than yesterday. This most beautiful fall consists of a fine river which passes by successive steps down a very deep precipice into the lake. In some of these steps there is a clear leap of water of 100 feet or more, in others most beautiful combinations of leap, cataract, and rapid, the finest rocks occurring at the sides and bed of the torrent. In one part a bridge passes over it. In another a cavern and a path occur under it. To-day every fall was foaming from the abundance of water, and the current of wind brought down by it was in some parts almost too strong to stand against. The sun shone brightly, and the rainbows seen from various points were very beautiful. One at the bottom of a fine but furious fall was very pleasant: there it remained motionless whilst the gusts and clouds of spray swept furiously across its place and were dashed against the rock. It looked like a spirit strong in faith and steadfast in the midst of the storm of passions sweeping across it, and though it might fade and revive, still it held on to the rock as in hope and giving hope, and the very drops which in the whirlwind of their fury seemed as if they would carry all away were made to revive it and give it greater beauty.

'How often are the things we fear and esteem as troubles made to become blessings to those who are led to receive them with humility and patience!'

On his return to England, Faraday entered upon the laborious and delicate experiments which led to his discovery of the magnetization of light. He announced his discovery in November, 1845. He had long held an opinion, he said, almost amounting to conviction—in common, he believed, with many other lovers of natural knowledge—that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest had one common origin; in other words, were so directly related and mutually dependent, that they were convertible, as it were, into one another, and possessed equivalents of power in their action. He believed that this applied to the powers of light, and his experiments fully demonstrated the truth of his conviction.

His next great step in discovery was indicated in a memoir on the 'Magnetic Condition of all Matter,' communicated to the Royal Society on December 18, 1845. Before the pole of an electro-magnet he suspended a fragment of his celebrated heavy glass; and observed that when the magnet was powerfully excited the glass fairly retreated from the pole. This was a plain case of magnetic *repulsion.* Then he suspended a bar of the glass between two poles; the bar retreated when the poles were excited, and set its length *equatorially*, or at right angles to the line joining them. When an ordinary magnetic body was similarly suspended it was always set *axially*, that is, from pole to pole.

Having established this fact of repulsion, Faraday immediately expanded and multiplied it. He subjected bodies of the most various qualities to the action of his magnet: mineral salts, acids, alkalies, ethers, alcohols, aqueous solutions, glass, phosphorus, resins, oils, essences, vegetable and mineral tissues, and found them all amenable to magnetic influence. No known solid or liquid proved insensible to the magnetic power when developed in sufficient strength. All the tissues of the human body, and even the blood, though it contains iron, were shown to be *diamagnetic* (that is, repelled by the poles of a magnet). So that if a man were suspended between the poles of a magnet, his extremities would retreat from the poles until his length became equatorial.

'Atmospheric Magnetism' was the subject which engaged his attention in 1850. In two papers which he submitted to the Royal Society, he discussed the effects of heat and cold on the magnetism of the air, and the influence of thermal changes on the magnetic needle. By the convergence and divergence of the lines of terrestrial magnetic force, he showed how the distribution of magnetism in the earth's atmosphere was affected. These results he used in explanation of the annual and of the diurnal variation; he also took into consideration irregular variation, including the action of magnetic stones. He discussed, at length, the observations taken at St. Petersburg, Greenwich, Hobarton, St. Helena, Toronto, and the Cape of Good Hope; feeling assured that the facts revealed by his experiments would furnish the key to the variations observed at all these places.*

Following Professor Tyndall, and partly adopting his language, we offer the following summary of Faraday's scientific labours, without attempting a detailed exposition of them, which in these pages would be out of place.

'When from an Alpine height,' says Tyndall, 'the eye of the climber ranges over the mountains, he finds that for the most part they resolve themselves into distinct groups, each consisting of a dominant mass surrounded by peaks of lesser elevation. The power which lifted the mightier eminences, in nearly all cases lifted others to an almost equal height. And so it is with the discoveries of Faraday. As a general rule, the dominant result does not stand alone, but forms the culminating point of a vast and varied mass of inquiry.' It is in this way that other important results group themselves around his great discovery of Magneto-electric Induction; such as his investigations on the Extra Current; on the Polar and other Conditions of Diamagnetic Bodies; on Lines of Magnetic Force, their definite character and distribution; on the employment of the Induced Magneto-electric Current as a measure and test of Magnetic Action; and on the revulsive phenomena of the magnetic field.

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* Tyndall, 'Faraday as a Discoverer,' p. 144.

The chemical phenomena of the Magneto-electric Current are included in the next group of Faraday's researches and discoveries. Here the dominant result is the great law of definite Electro-chemical Decomposition, connected with various investigations into Electro-chemical Conduction and Electrolysis, both with the Machine and with the Voltaic Pile. Under this head must also be included his analysis of the Contact Theory, his inquiries as to the Source of Voltaic Electricity, and his final development of the Chemical Theory of the Pile.

His third great discovery is the Magnetization of Light, which Professor Tyndall likens to the Wiesshorn among mountains—'high, beautiful, and alone.'

Among the fourth group of researches stands dominant the discovery of Diamagnetization (or the Magnetic condition of all Matter), round which we may rank his inquiries on the Magnetism of Flame and Gases; on Magno-crystallic Action; and on Atmospheric Magnetism in its relations to the annual and diurnal variations of the needle, the full significance of which has yet to be ascertained.

'These,' says Tyndall, 'are Faraday's most massive discoveries, and upon them his fame must mainly rest. But even without them, sufficient would remain to secure for him a high and lasting scientific reputation. We should still have his researches on the Liquefaction of Gases; on Frictional Electricity; on the Electricity of the Gymnotus; on the source of power in the Hydro-electric machine; . . . on Electro-magnetic Rotations; on Regulation; all his more purely Chemical Researches, including his discovery of Benzol. Besides these he published a multitude of minor papers, most of which, in some way or other, illustrate his genius. I have made no allusion to his power and sweetness as a lecturer. Taking him for all in all, I think,' says Tyndall, and no more competent authority could be found, 'I think it will be conceded that Michael Faraday was the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen; and I will add the opinion, that the progress of future research will tend, not to dim or to diminish, but to enhance and glorify the labours of this mighty investigator.'

The researches which brought about these brilliant results—results of such high importance in practical no less than in theoretical science—were conducted by Faraday in the most single-minded spirit, and with a noble disregard of worldly considerations. As an analytical chemist he might have accumulated a fortune; but for the sake of knowledge, he put away his opportunities. The choice was Wealth or Science; and he never hesitated. In 1830 his income, apart from his connection with the Royal Institution, amounted to £1,000; it was more in 1831; and in 1832, if he had chosen, it might have risen to £5,000. But he abandoned these favourable prospects in order to devote himself to his experiments; and the result was that his income sank in 1832 to £155 9s.; to £92 in 1837; to £22 or £25 in the years from 1839 to 1845. He died—a benefactor to humanity, and a poor man.

Faraday was loaded with scientific honours of every country, and the civilized world unanimously regarded him as 'the prince of the philosophical investigators of the present age.' In 1835, Sir Robert Peel, recognising his claims to further recognition, wished to bestow on him a pension, but quitted office before he could realize his wish. His successor in the premiership, Lord Melbourne, expressed a desire to see Faraday on the subject; and, accordingly, the philosopher waited on the Minister, on October 26th. A conversation took place, of which we have no authentic record; but Lord Melbourne afterwards admitted that he expressed himself 'certainly in an imperfect, and perhaps in too blunt and inconsiderate a manner.' Lord Melbourne was not an apostle of sweetness and light; and it seems probable that he pronounced the whole system of giving pensions to literary and scientific persons to be 'a piece of humbug.'

That same evening Faraday addressed the plain-spoken Premier as follows:

'My Lord,—The conversation with which your lordship honoured me this afternoon, including, as it did, your lordship's opinion of the general character of the pensions given of late to scientific persons, induces me respectfully to decline the favour which I believe your lordship intends for me; for I feel that I could not, with satisfaction to myself, accept at your lordship's hands that which, though it has the form of approbation, is of the character which your lordship so pithily applied to it.'

The refusal of the pension became known, and reached even the ears of the King, who did not fail to remind the Minister of it as often as he had the opportunity. Perhaps to put a stop to these remarks, and no doubt for other reasons, Lady Mary Fox, who was acquainted both with Melbourne and Faraday, endeavoured to arrange a settlement between them; but she found it very difficult to move Faraday from the position he had assumed. She at length succeeded in inducing him to say what he would require from Lord Melbourne in the way of satisfaction. 'I should require from his lordship,' he said, 'what I have no right or reason to expect that he would grant—a written apology for the words he permitted himself to use to me.'

The apology came; a frank and generous one, doing honour both to its writer and recipient. 'I can assure you,' said Lord Melbourne, referring to their unhappy interview, 'that my observations were intended only to guard myself against the imputation of having any political object in view, and not in any respect to apply to the conduct of those who had or hereafter might avail themselves of a similar offer. I intended to convey that, although I did not entirely approve of the motives which appeared to me to have dictated some recent grants, yet that your scientific character was so eminent and unquestionable as entirely to do away with any objection which I might otherwise have felt, and to render it impossible that a distinction so bestowed could be ascribed to any other motive than a desire to reward acknowledged desert and to advance the interest of philosophy.

'I cannot help entertaining a hope that this explanation may be sufficient to remove any unpleasantness or unfavourable impression which may have been left upon your mind, and that I shall have the satisfaction of receiving your consent to my advising his Majesty to grant you a pension equal in amount to that which has been conferred upon Professor Airy and other persons of distinction in science and literature.'

On the same day Faraday replied, to the effect that his lordship's letter had caused him both pain and pleasure; pain that he should have been the cause of his lordship's writing such an one, and pleasure because it assured him that he was not unworthy of his lordship's regard. He added, that as his lordship felt that, by conferring on him the proposed mark of approbation, he would be at once discharging his duty as First

Minister of the Crown, and performing an act consonant with his own kind feelings, he should gladly receive it.

Something must now be said of Faraday's religious opinions. He belonged, as his parents had belonged, to a sect called the Sandemanians, who were followers of one Robert Sandeman, and while holding the general tenets of the Christian creed, had adopted some peculiar views of their own respecting the nature of saving faith. Their organization is also peculiar: they maintain the need of a plurality of teaching-elders in every church, without requiring them to undergo a special training or to give up secular employments; they deem it unlawful to engage in prayer with anyone who is not a brother or sister in Christ; they observe the Lord's Supper weekly; they maintain 'love-feasts,' or dinners, between morning and afternoon services, at which it is the duty of every member to be present; and they rigidly abstain from things strangled and from blood. Faraday was elected a preaching elder in a Sandemanian Church in London about 1840, and thenceforward regularly delivered sermons to the little flock on alternate Sundays for a period of three years and a half. Dr. Burn Jones tells us that it is very difficult to draw a comparison between his preaching and his teaching: first, because they were very unequally known; secondly, because he made an entire separation between religion and science. Generally, however, it might be said that though no one could lecture like Faraday, many might preach better.

'The reason why his sermons sounded inferior to his lectures is very evident. There was no eloquence. There was not one word said for effect. The overflowing energy and clearness of the lecture-room were replaced by an earnestness of manner best summed up in the word devoutness. His object seemed to be to make the most use of the words of Scripture, and to make as little of his own words as he could. Hence a stranger was first struck by the number and rapidity of his references to texts in the Old or New Testaments, and secondly by the devoutness of his manner.'

His sermons, though delivered extemporarily, were always prepared with great care. On the two sides of a card he made the notes he intended to use, very brief, and written with characteristic neatness.

A friend says: 'I once heard him read the Scriptures at the chapel where he was an elder. He read a long portion of one of the Gospels slowly, reverently, and with such an intelligent and sympathizing appreciation of the meaning that I thought I had never heard before so excellent a reader.'

His life was in entire harmony with his belief; and he walked always as one who felt that he walked in the sight of God. His faith never wavered; his hope was never dimmed. Taking the Divine Word as his guide, he had procured for his guidance an elevated standard of duty, and up to this standard he lived daily. There was much in the brilliant success of his career—in the honours that poured in upon him from every country—in his acknowledged position as the head of the scientific world—to have filled him with pride and self-consciousness; but his deep piety was a constant source of humility and moderation, and his character ripened into higher excellence in the sunshine of prosperity.

One of his most notable features was his love of truth. 'Truth-teller,' says Tennyson, 'was our English Alfred named;' and 'Truth-teller' was an appellation that justly belonged to Faraday. He could not abide the slightest shadow of prevarication. Truth he loved before all things, and truth he sought before all things. It has been said that a man's truthfulness is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit; assuredly it was so with Faraday, to whom might have been applied the words of Milton:

> 'Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
> To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
> Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.'

What Coleridge says of Leonard Horner, that 'he was so truthful in all he said and did, that he was trusted by every one of his companions,' was literally applicable to our great English philosopher.

Other qualities of his which may be recommended to the imitation of our younger readers were his tenaciousness of purpose, his indefatigable energy, his generosity of thought and feeling, his independence, and his disinterestedness; in short, his was a very fine and noble character, and the man is not less deserving of our admiration than the philosopher.

'He was equally rich,' says Tyndall, 'in mind and heart. The fairest traits of a character sketched by Paul found in him a perfect illustration. For he was "blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, apt to teach, not given to filthy lucre." He had not a trace of worldly ambition; he declared his duty to his Sovereign by going to the levee once a year, but beyond this he never sought contact with the great. The life of his spirit and of his intellect were so full that the things which most men strive after were absolutely indifferent to him. "Give me health and a day," says the brave Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous." In an eminent degree Faraday could say the same. What to him was the splendour of a palace, compared with a thunderstorm upon Brighton Downs? What among all the appliances of royalty to compare with the setting sun? I refer to a thunderstorm and a sunset because these things excited a kind of ecstasy in his mind; and to a mind open to such ecstasy, the pomps and pleasures of the world are usually of small account. Nature, not education, rendered Faraday strong and refined. A favourite experiment of his own was representative of himself. He loved to show that water in crystallizing excluded all foreign ingredients, however intimately they might be mixed with it. Out of acids, alkalies, saline solutions, the crystal came sweet and pure. By some such natural process in the formation of this man, beauty and nobleness coalesced, to the exclusion of everything vulgar and low. He did not learn his gentleness in the world, for he withdrew himself from its culture; and still this land of England contained no truer gentleman than he. Not half his greatness was incorporated in his science, for science could not reveal the bravery and delicacy of his heart.'

We shall now deal briefly with a few facts concerning Faraday's later career.

In 1858, at the recommendation of the late Prince Consort, the Queen offered him a house on Hampton Court Green, and in this pleasant residence he spent his declining years. He continued with much earnestness his scientific lectures, though he had nearly completed the Psalmist's span of life; and was busily interested in the application of the magneto-electric light to lighthouse purposes. His lectures at the Royal Institution exhibited all their characteristic excellence; but his last course of favourite lectures was given at Christmas, 1860. He announced their cessation to the managers of the Institution in very touching terms. He had entered that Institution, he said, in March, 1819, nearly forty-nine years before, and except for the short period of his Continental travel, he had been attached to it ever since. During that time he had been most happy in the fostering care which it had bestowed upon him. 'My life,' he continued, 'has been a happy one, and all I desired. During its progress I have tried to make a fitting return for it to the Royal Institution, and through it to science. But the progress of years (now amounting to threescore and ten) having brought forth first the period of development, and then that of maturity, have ultimately produced for me that of gentle decay. This has taken place in such a manner as to make the waning of life a blessing; for whilst increasing physical weakness occurs, a full share of health free from pain is granted with it; and whilst memory and certain other faculties of the mind diminish, my good spirits and cheerfulness do not diminish with them.'

His last experimental research was made on the 12th of March, 1862. Like his first, it was an illustration of the relation of electricity and magnetism to light. On the 20th of June he delivered his last Friday lecture; the last of a brilliant series continued over eight-and-thirty years. As a scientific lecturer he has had no superior. Such was the naturalness of his manner that the idea of any art in his lecture was realized by none. Rapidly, and yet clearly, he put before his readers the object he had in view. 'Those who had but little knowledge could see his starting-point, and they thought they saw where he was going. Those who knew most followed him beyond the bounds of their own knowledge, forgetting about the lecturer, who seemed to forget himself in his words and his experiments, and who appeared to be trying only to enable them to judge what his late discoveries were worth; and when he brought the discoveries of others before his hearers, one object, and one alone, seemed to determine all he said and did, and that was, "without commendation and without censure," to do the utmost that could be done for the discoverer.'

In the same year he was examined by the Public School Commissioners respecting the introduction into the public schools of England of the study of the natural sciences. In the course of his examination he said: 'That the natural knowledge which had been given to the world in such abundance during the last fifty years, I may say, should remain untouched, and that no sufficient attempt should be made to convey it to the young mind, growing up and obtaining its first views of these things, is to me a matter so strange that I find it difficult to understand; though I think I see the opposition breaking away, it is yet a very hard one to overcome. That it ought to be overcome, I have not the least doubt in the world.'

And again, he said: 'I do think that the study of natural science is so glorious a school for the mind, that with the laws impressed on all created things by the Creator, and the wonderful unity and stability of matter and the forces of matter, there cannot be a better school for the education of the mind.'

This year the University of Cambridge conferred on him the honour of LL.D.

The feeling of weakness grew upon him very much as the last sands began to drop from Time's fated glass. His memory failed considerably, and he was troubled with attacks of mental depression. But he retained unimpaired his cheerfulness, and still took a lively interest in the scientific work of the day. That he could write with some vivacity is seen in the characteristic reply which he made to an invitation from the 'Davenport Brothers,' the inventors of the Cabinet-trick, and of other so-called spiritualistic manifestations. 'I am obliged,' he wrote, 'by your courteous invitation, but really I have been so disappointed by the manifestations to which my notice has at different times been called, that I am not encouraged to give any more attention to them, and therefore I leave those to which you refer in the hands of the professors of legerdemain. If spirit communications not utterly worthless, of any worthy character, should happen to start into activity, I will leave the spirits to find out for themselves how they can win my attention. I am tired of them.' To another gentleman he wrote on the same subject, pithily and cogently: 'Whenever the spirits can counteract gravity or originate motion, or supply an action due to natural physical force, or counteract any such action; whenever they can punish or prick me, or affect any sense of feeling or any other sense, or in any other way act on me without my waiting on them; or working in the light can show me a hand, either writing or not, or in any way make themselves visibly manifest to me—whenever these things are done or anything which a conjuror cannot do better; or, rising to higher proofs, whenever the spirits describe their own nature, and, like honest spirits, say what they can do, or pretending, as their supporters do, that they can act on ordinary matter whenever they initiate action, and so make themselves manifest; whenever by such-like signs they come to me, and ask my attention to them, I will give it. But until some of these things be done, I have no more time to spare for them or their believers, or for correspondence about them.'

These remarks are well worth bearing in mind whenever any revival takes place of pretended spiritualistic phenomena.

In the summer of 1866 he received from the Society of Arts their gold Albert medal for his discoveries in chemistry, electricity, and other branches of physical science, which, in their application to the industries of the world, had largely promoted arts, manufactures, and commerce.

During the autumn and winter his loss of mental and physical power became increasingly visible. All the actions of the body were carried on with difficulty, and he was scarcely able to move. But he felt very deeply the affectionate care of those who watched and waited upon him. His sweet unselfish disposition had undergone no change.

The end came on the 25th of August, 1867. Sitting in his chair —in his study—he passed away painlessly and peacefully in the afternoon. During the previous fortnight his debility had paralyzed his intellectual faculties; he had scarcely spoken or taken notice of anything; still no one expected the change until an hour or two before it happened.

A moralist might dwell with some profit on the fact that this great experimental philosopher, this brilliant scientific discoverer, who had added new realms and regions to the sway of Science, became as a child in the evening of his life—with a child's gentleness, a child's affection, and a child's weakness.*

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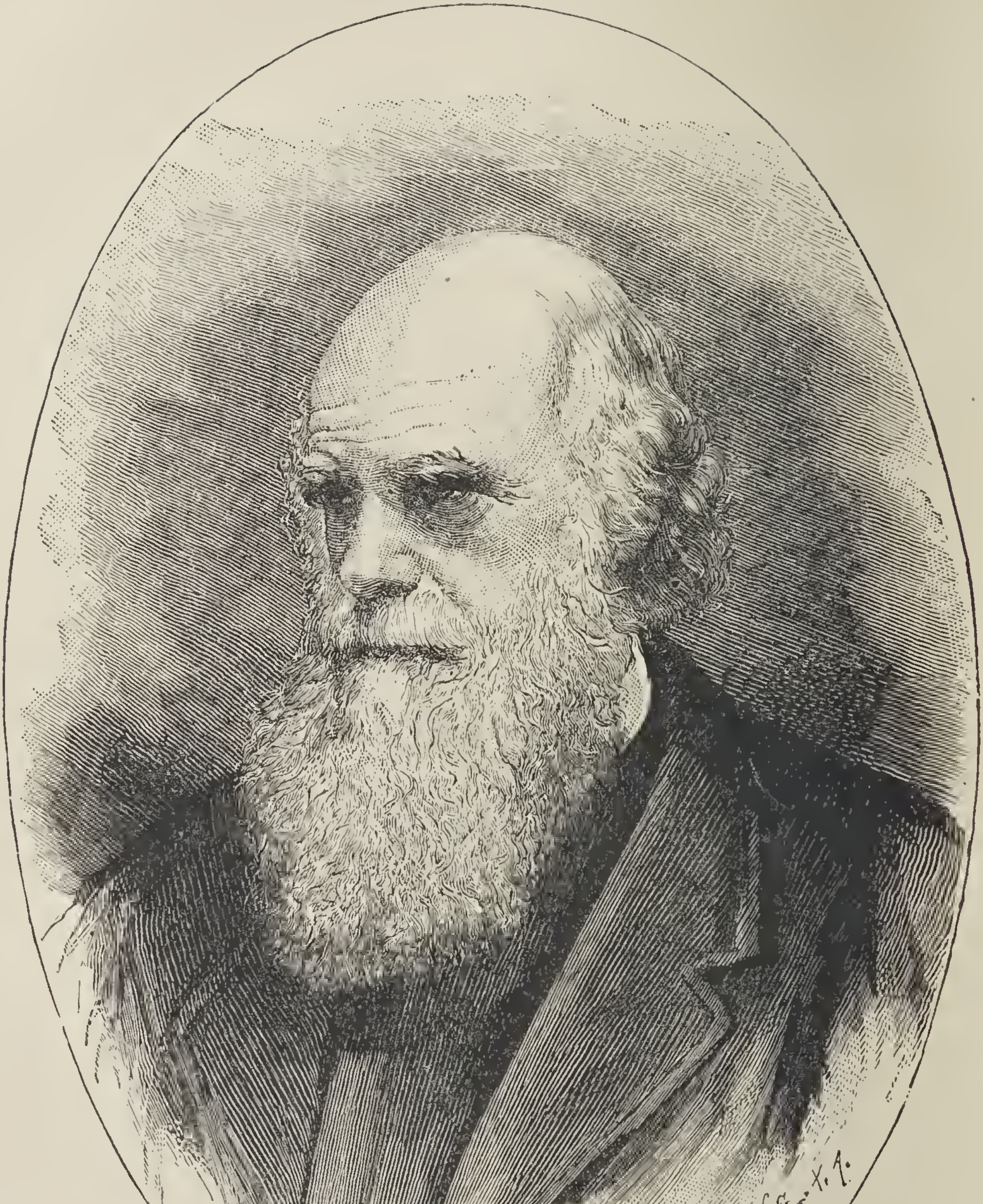
* Our sketch is founded on Dr. Bence Jones's 'Life and Letters of Faraday;' Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences;' and Professor Tyndall's 'Faraday as a Discoverer.'

A portrait of Faraday, painted in 1842 by Thomas Phillips, R.A., may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery.



CHARLES DARWIN.
1809–1882

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# CHARLES DARWIN, 1809—1882.

THE name which before and above all other names stands conspicuous in the science annals of our age, everybody will admit to be that of Charles Darwin. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has called the present century Darwin's century, and from a scientific point of view this is no exaggeration. His fame is due not only to his bold and comprehensive theories which have revolutionized biology, but to the laborious and philosophical spirit in which he conducted his scientific researches; never fitting his facts to his hypotheses, but building up his hypotheses slowly on the foundation of his facts. The important movement initiated by his book 'On the Origin of Species,' published nearly thirty years ago, has so occupied the public mind, has excited so extensive and deep an interest, that 'Darwinism' has become quite a popular topic, as well as the favourite field of controversy, and the battlefield of scientist and theologian. The great argument advanced by Charles Darwin was not entirely novel. The idea of 'descent with modification' had been suggested—in opposition to the old belief that every species of animal or plant owed its existence and present form to a distinct and special creative act—by Buffon (about 1780), Geoffroy St. Hilaire (1795), by Erasmus Darwin and Goethe almost contemporaneously, and, more precisely, by Lamarck (1801-1831), who has some right to be distinguished as the Apostle of Evolution. Darwin's idea was that of 'natural selection,' which he combined with that of 'descent with modification.' Briefly stated, his theory is as follows: Amid the struggle for existence which has been always going on among living beings, variations of physical conformation and structure, if in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring. As a corollary, it is maintained that all the various forms of plant and animal life, past or present, have been evolved by a series of gradual changes in natural descent. The stronger wins the race, or, in one pithy phrase, the Darwinian doctrine means 'the survival of the fittest.'

In his 'Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex,' Darwin carried his theory of evolution to the farthest issue, maintaining (as expounded by Mr. Grant Allen) that 'the early ancestors of man must have been, more or less, monkey-like animals, belonging to the great anthropoid group, and related to the progenitors of the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla. They must have been once covered with hair, both sexes possessing beards. Their ears were probably pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a movable tail. The foot had a great toe somewhat thumb-like in its action, with which they could grasp the branches of trees. They were probably arboreal in their habits, fruit-eaters by choice, and inhabitants of some warm forest-clad land. The males had great canine teeth, with which they fought one another for the possession of the females. At a much earlier period, the internal anatomical peculiarities approached those of the lowest mammals, and the eye was provided with a third eyelid. Peering still farther back into the dim abyss of the ages, Darwin vaguely describes the ancestors of humanity as aquatic animals, allied to the mudfish, for our lungs are known to consist of modified swim-bladders, which must once have served our remote progenitors in the office of a float. The gill-clefts on the neck of the human embryo still point to the spot where the branchiæ once, no doubt, existed. Our primordial birthplace appears to have been a shore washed twice a day by the recurrent tides. The heart then took the shape merely of a simple pulsating vessel; and a long undivided spinal cord usurped the place of the vertebral column. These extremely primitive ancestors of man, thus dimly beheld across the gulf of ages, must have been at least as simply and humbly organized as that very lowest and earliest of existing vertebrates, the worm-like lancelet.'

The most enthusiastic evolutionists contend that all forms of life may be traced back to a fundamental substance which they call protoplasm ; but it is quite possible to accept the principle of evolution, and to part company with these speculative minds before so low a depth is reached. As for Darwin himself, it must be owned that he writes always with infinite modesty, calmness, and sobriety. He never presses his theories with ostentation or exaggeration, but is much more anxious to array before the reader the facts and illustrations which, with a colossal patience, he was never weary of accumulating. The wonderful minuteness of his observations and the extraordinary diligence of his research enabled him to clothe any subject he touched with fresh and novel interest ; and the young reader will find not only instruction but entertainment in this honest-minded and keen-eyed inquirer's 'Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants,' 'Insectivorous Plants,' 'Cross and Self Fertilization,' and in the other works which unfold the results of his lifelong labours.

Necessarily, Mr. Darwin met with numerous opponents. Of these Mr. St. George Mivart was, perhaps, the most formidable, because he adopted the general theory of Evolution while disputing its application to Man, and denying that its cause was to be found in 'natural selection.' Mr. St. George Mivart, in his 'Genesis of Species,' argues that similarity of structure is not always a proof of common origin, and contends with much power, and, I venture to think, with a good deal of success, that man and the ape do not belong to the same ascending or descending series. In his 'Lessons from Nature,' he insists on the fundamental distinctions between man and all other animals ; and with elaborate reasoning points out how and in what degree the human intellect differs from the highest physical operations of beasts.

The novelty of the results wrought out by scientific research and the hazardous speculations in which some men of science indulged, unfortunately induced a conviction among professors of religion that Science was hostile to Christianity, inducing a prolonged and bitter controversy of the most useless character. Gradually it became apparent that the issue on which the two contending parties had joined battle was altogether a false one, inasmuch as it assumed an antagonism which did not really exist. For instance, evolutionists were confounded with atheists, and it was said that to believe in the descent of man from an ape or an ascidian was to contradict the teaching of revelation. But, obviously, the existence of ape or ascidian presupposed a Creative Power. A celebrated author and divine observed that it was 'just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws.' And Darwin himself said, 'I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstition. Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not by his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future.'

The present writer is one of those who refuse to admit that there is or can be any real discrepancy when the conclusions at which religious teachers arrive on the one side, and men of science on the other, have been definitely fixed. At the same time he freely confesses that so long as the world lasts apparent contradictions must necessarily occur. This is something more than the assertion of the obvious truism that both theologians and men of science are liable to err. The unavoidable and natural result of every fresh discovery of science is a temporary collision between the two forces, because every such discovery challenges a position which previously had been generally accepted. It may not be a position which has any direct support from revelation; but because it has been regarded as final, and because revelation has been interpreted under its influences, any attempt to disturb it provokes jealousy, as though it were—what, perhaps, it is not intended to be—an attack upon religion itself. Theologians, in truth, are always tempted to link indissolubly together revelation and their interpretation of revelation, or religion and prejudice; and then to conclude that arguments which conflict with the latter are necessarily attacks upon the former. It would be unwise, after all, to complain of this jealousy. Unfortunate, indeed, would it be for the truth if men held it so lightly as to be slow in defence when it is, or seems to be, impugned and controverted ; and I refer to it only as affording a natural explanation of the supposed antagonism between Religion and Science.

Nor must it be supposed that only the theologians are at fault. It is not an uncommon thing for scientific enthusiasts to mistake inchoate theories for ascertained conclusions, and thus, without due grounds, to dispute the conclusions of religion. Or, on the other hand, it is not unusual for them to regard the opinions of religious men as identical with the doctrines of revelation, and having, as they think, disproved the one, they too hastily and contemptuously reject the other. I am well aware, indeed, that there are many and brilliant exceptions, and that some of the most illustrious of living men of science see no conflict between the claims of religion and the claims of science, and are not ashamed to own themselves believers in evolution. Still, the rule is, I fear, the other way. With dabblers in science especially, who are naturally more numerous and less cautious than their masters, it is a foregone conclusion that there must be a conflict ; and not seldom the best part of their title to be considered scientific men is based upon a pretentious denial of the truths of Christianity. Let the young student prove all things, but hold fast to that which is good. Religion and Science both emanate from the Divine Source of all knowledge ; and it is quite certain that so far as each is of God, each must agree with the other. Sooner or later, the apparent discord will be resolved into harmony. 'The secret voice of God to man,' says James Hinton, 'will have in it a revealing of the meaning of the great and earnest toil, especially in science, of the two last centuries.' We know what we know, but not the full significance of what we know. But as nothing in God's world is wasted, so much effort—and such true and patient and laborious effort as Charles Darwin's —will find its crown and consummation at last.

The great-grandfather of Charles Darwin was a Robert Darwin, a gentleman of Nottinghamshire, who seems to have enjoyed some reputation as 'a person of curiosity,' with 'a taste for literature and science.' He was a member of the

Spalding Club, and dabbled a little in antiquarian lore and in geology, as it was then understood. He had five sons, of whom Robert the eldest, and Erasmus the youngest, were authors and botanists. Erasmus attained to some degree of fame as the author of a strange poetical extravaganza or rhymed rhapsody, entitled 'The Botanic Garden,' in which a good deal of cleverness was obscured by its bombastic language. The reader will remember the exquisite ridicule of his style and manner in Canning's 'Loves of the Triangles.' Darwin, however, was a man of very considerable ability, a close observer of nature, and an independent and original thinker; and some of his scientific speculations, such as the origin of species, the fertilization of plants, and the struggle for existence, were afterwards scientifically formulated by his illustrious grandson. In the following lines (from his 'Temple of Nature'), we trace the rudiments of Darwinism:

'Organic life beneath the shoreless waves
Was born, and nursed in Ocean's pearly caves;
First forms minute, unseen by spheric glass,
Move on the mud, or pierce the watery mass;
Then, as successive generations bloom,
New powers acquire, and larger limbs assume;
Wherever countless groups of vegetation spring,
And breathing realms of fin and feet and wing.'

By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Mr. Charles Howard, Dr. Erasmus Darwin had a son, named Robert Waring Darwin, who entered the medical profession, became a physician at Shrewsbury, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had all the family partiality for natural history studies. He married Susannah Wedgwood, daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, and a man of genius in his way—and their son was Charles Robert Darwin, who has made the family name immortal.

Charles Robert Darwin was born at The Mount, Shrewsbury, on the 12th of February, 1809. His mother was even then in declining health, and when he was between eight and nine she died. Young as he was, he appears to have derived some benefit from her teaching; for one of his schoolfellows remembers him plucking a plant, and recalling one of her elementary lessons in botany; but in later life his recollection of her was very indistinct. Besides Charles, the family consisted of an elder son, Erasmus, who died in 1881, and four daughters, of whom these pages can take no notice. Charles was sent to a private school in Shrewsbury in the spring of 1817. In the Midsummer of 1818 he was removed to the Shrewsbury Grammar School, then under the rule of Dr. Butler. Darwin, in after-life, looked back upon much of the time he had spent there as wasted; and although the school was distinguished for its 'classics,' used to say that the only bit of real education he got there was Euclid, done as an extra subject.

Charles gained scant distinction at Shrewsbury Grammar School. He had no inclination for the dead languages, and he took little part in the school games, preferring long solitary rambles, and silent reveries, and the collection of shells, seals, coins, minerals, and other articles. He was removed to Edinburgh University in 1825, where he first turned his attention to the studies which became afterwards the pleasure and occupation of his well-spent life. There he joined the Plinian Society, and made his essay as a scientific writer in a paper on the Ova of the Flustra* (March 27th, 1827), in which, he said, he had discovered organs of motion—the first result of his remarkable faculty of minute investigation. But he did not do much good at Edinburgh, and he evinced neither a talent nor an inclination for the medical profession, which his father had wished him to take up. Accordingly he was sent to Cambridge, where, early in 1828, he was entered at Christ's College. He had the good fortune here to become acquainted with Professor Henslow, the well-known botanist, who took a special interest in his intellectual development, and encouraged his bias towards natural science. In later life Darwin gratefully recorded his extensive obligations towards him:

'Once every week he kept open-house in the country, and all who cared for natural history attended these parties. When only a few were present, I have listened to the great men of those days, conversing on all sorts of subjects, with the most varied and brilliant powers. This was no small advantage to some of the younger men, as it stimulated their mental activity and ambition. Two or three times in each session he took excursions with his botanical class; either a long way to the habitat of some rare plant, or in a barge down the river to the fens, or in coaches to some more distant place, as to Gamtingay, to see the wild lily of the valley and to catch on the heath the rare natter-jack. These excursions have left a delightful impression on my mind. He was, on such occasions, in as good spirits as a boy, and laughed as heartily as a boy at the misadventures of those who chased the splendid swallow-tail butterflies across the broken and treacherous fens. He used to pause every now and then, and lecture on some plant or other object; and something he could tell us on every insect, shell, or fossil collected; for he had attended to every branch of natural history. . . . As time passed on at Cambridge, I became very intimate with Professor Henslow, and his kindness was unbounded; he continually asked me to his house, and allowed me to accompany him in his walks. He talked on all subjects, including his deep sense of religion. I owe more than I can express to this excellent man. . . . During the years when I associated so much with him, I never once saw his temper even ruffled. He never took an ill-natured view of anyone's character, though very far from blind to the foibles of others. It always struck me that his mind could not be even touched by any paltry feeling of vanity, envy, or jealousy. With all this equality of temper and remarkable benevolence, there was no insipidity of character. A man must have been blind not to have perceived that, beneath this placid exterior, there was a vigorous and determined will. When principle came into play, no power on earth could have turned him one hair's breadth. . . . In intellect, as far as I could judge, accurate powers of observation, sound sense, and cautious judgment seemed predominant. Nothing seemed to give him so much enjoyment as drawing conclusions from minute observations. Reflecting over his character with gratitude and reverence, his moral attributes rise, as they should do in the highest character, in pre-eminence over his intellect.'

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* That is, the floating eggs of the common sea-mat.

In describing Henslow's character, Darwin shadowed out his own. He had the same modesty, the same sincerity, the same elevation of mind, the same kindliness of heart. Intellectually, he was vastly his superior; but here, too, there was a certain harmony between master and pupil: both had the same strong love of truth, both the same clear and rich judgment, both the same faculty of patient and enlightened observation. Darwin was, in fact, a greater Henslow, with a wider range of view, a profounder insight, and a more various knowledge, but in essential respects bearing a wonderfully close resemblance.

Darwin took his B.A. degree in 1831, and his M.A. degree in 1837. In the latter year his work in life was unexpectedly placed before him; and he began his illustrious career as a scientific discoverer. The Government had determined on despatching H.M.S. *Beagle* on a surveying expedition,* under the command of Captain Fitzroy, who immediately looked about for a young naturalist to accompany him as his guest. Professor Henslow recommended Darwin, and Darwin accepted the offer, on condition that he might be at liberty to leave the *Beagle* and retire from the expedition, and that he should pay a fair share of the expenses of the captain's table.

The voyage, which proved very memorable in the annals of science, lasted nearly five years, and afforded Darwin abundant opportunities for prosecuting zoological, botanical, and geological researches. The countries visited happened to be just those which were best adapted for developing his latent powers and suggesting to his mind those subtle problems of life and its origin, creation and its mysteries, which he afterwards attempted to solve with so much skill and patience. 'The Cape de Verdes, and the other Atlantic islands, with their scanty population of plants and animals, composed for the most part of waifs and strays drifted to their barren rocks by ocean currents, or blown out helplessly to sea by heavy winds; Brazil, with its marvellous contrasting wealth of tropical luxuriance and self-strangling fertility—a new province of interminable delights to the soul of the enthusiastic young collector; the South American pampas, with their colossal remains of extinct animals, huge geological precursors of the stunted modern sloths and armadilloes that still inhabit the self-same plains; Tierra del Fuego, with its almost Arctic climate, and its glimpses into the secrets of the most degraded savage types; the vast range of the Andes and the Cordilleras, with their volcanic energy and their closely crowded horizontal belts of climatic life; the South Sea Islands, those paradises of the Pacific, Hesperian fables true, alike for the lover of the picturesque and the biological student; Australia, that surviving fragment of an extinct world, with an antiquated fauna, whose archaic character still closely recalls the European life of ten million years back in the secondary epoch—all these, and many others equally novel and equally instructive, passed in long alternating panorama before Darwin's eyes, and left their images deeply photographed for ever after on the lasting tablets of his retentive memory. That was the real great university in which he studied nature and read for his degree. Our evolutionist was now being educated.'

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* To survey the coasts of Chili, Peru, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego, and carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world.

The interesting story of his experiences Mr. Darwin told in his 'Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries visited by H.M.S. *Beagle*,' now better known by the more descriptive and compact title of 'A Naturalist's Voyage round the World.' It was published in 1839; and the scientific world at once perceived that a new star of surpassing brilliancy had risen above the horizon. The reader of the 'Journal' could not but be impressed by the author's scrupulous fairness, his minute accuracy of statement, his careful research, his power of generalization, and his clearness of expression. We cannot follow him through the long record of his adventures and discoveries, but we must give the young reader some idea of the varied interest of the book in order to justify our praises of it. The account of the Galapagos Archipelago, that curious cluster of islands off the west coast of South America, is characterized by its freshness. 'It was most striking,' he says, 'to be surrounded by new birds, new reptiles, new shells, new insects, new plants, and yet by innumerable trifling details of structure, and even by the tones of voice and plumage of the birds, to have the temperate plains of Patagonia, or the hot, dry deserts of Northern Chili, vividly brought before my eyes. Why, on these small points of land, which within a late geological period must have been covered by the ocean, which are formed of basaltic lava, and therefore differ in geological character from the American continent, and which are placed under a peculiar climate—why were their aboriginal inhabitants, associated, I may add, in different proportions both in kind and number from those on the continent, and therefore acting on each other in a different manner—why were they created on American types of organization? It is probable that the islands of the Cape de Verd group resemble, in all their physical conditions, far more closely the Galapagos Islands than those latter physically resemble the coast of America, yet the aboriginal inhabitants of the two groups are totally unlike;

those of the Cape de Verd Islands bearing the impress of Africa, as the inhabitants of the Galapagos Archipelago are stamped with that of America.'

Darwin was much struck by the extraordinary tameness of the birds. He pushed a hawk from the branch of a tree with the muzzle of his gun. On a pitcher which he was holding in his hand a mocking-thrush perched, and proceeded with great composure to sip out of it. He saw a boy, in want of his dinner, kill, with a switch, a number of doves and finches which had come to a well to drink. Commenting on the exceeding tameness of birds in other parts of the world little frequented by man, he observes that there is no way of accounting for their fear of man except as an inherited habit. 'Comparatively few young birds, in any one year, have been injured by man in England, yet almost all, even nestlings, are afraid of him; many individuals, on the other hand, both at Galapagos and at the Falklands, have been pursued and injured by man, but yet have not learned a salutary dread of him. We may infer from these facts what havoc the introduction of any new beast of prey must cause in a country, before the instincts of the indigenous inhabitants have become adapted to the stranger's craft or power.'

In connection with his visit to Tahiti, Darwin does ample justice to the good work done by Christian Missions, which some would-be witty writers have, in recent books of travel, done their best to impugn and depreciate. 'There are many,' he says, 'who attack, even more acrimoniously than Kotzebue, the missionaries, their system, and the effects produced by it. Such reasoners never compare the present state with that of the island only twenty years ago, nor even with that of Europe at this day; but they compare it with the high standard of Gospel perfection. They expect the missionaries to effect that which the Apostles themselves failed to do. Inasmuch as the condition of the people falls short of this high standard, blame is attached to the missionary, instead of credit for that which he has effected. They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifices, and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide a consequence of that system; bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these have been abolished; and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far.'

Our naturalist also visited New Zealand and Australia, and afterwards the Keeling Islands, where he studied the coral-formation, and constructed the first satisfactory system in explanation of the atolls or lagoon islands, which stud the surface of the Pacific. Various explanations had previously been attempted, but all had failed to fit in with the facts. Mr. Darwin showed that the oceanic islands round which the coral animals build their reefs gradually subside; and as they subside, the reefs are carried up higher and higher until they rise above the level of the water, when, the island having disappeared, they enclose with a white and glittering ring a shining patch of bright-emerald sea. Some of these atolls are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles in circumference; and Mr. Darwin remarks that 'the immensity of the ocean, the fury of the breakers, contrasted with the lowness of the land, and the bright green water within the lagoon, can hardly be imagined without having been seen.'

The vast materials which Darwin had collected and brought home underwent an extensive process of classification and description, with very precious results to science, under Darwin's editorship. Sir Richard Owen undertook the fossil Mammals; Mr. Waterhouse, the living Mammals; Mr. Gould discussed the Birds; the Rev. I. Jenyns, the Fish; and Mr. Bell, the Reptiles and Amphibians. The Insects which he had collected were described by Mr. Waterhouse and others; the Plants by Mr. Hooker; Professor Henslow cataloguized the Plants from the Keeling Islands; and Mr. Berkeley commented on the Cryptogamic Plants.

The geological researches of our great observer had still to be put in a concrete form before the scientific world; and in 1842 he published his fascinating book on the 'Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,' which was followed, in 1844, by his 'Geological Observations on the Volcanic Islands visited during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle;* and in 1846 by 'Geological Observations on South America.' The theory of atoll-formation to which I have referred was elaborated in the first of these volumes with a completeness and a minuteness which fairly conquered the preconceived opinions of men of science. As Dr. Geikie says: 'Its simplicity and grandeur strikes every reader with astonishment. It is pleasant, after the lapse of many years, to recall the delight with which one first read the "Coral Reefs;" how one watched the parts being marshalled into their places, nothing being ignored or passed lightly over; and how, step by step, one was led up to the grand conclusion of wide oceanic subsidences. No more admirable example of scientific method was ever given to the world; and even if he had written nothing else, this treatise alone would have placed Darwin in the very front of investigators of Nature.'

As a slight recognition of his surpassing services, Darwin was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was also appointed Secretary to the Geological Society; but the duties of the post occupied too much of his time, and he retired from it in 1841, that he might thenceforward devote himself entirely to science. It was before this Society that he read a short paper on the 'Formation of Mould.' Forty-four years later he gave to the world the result of his prolonged investigations into this subject. It is characteristic of the patience as well as the honesty of the man who would deduce no conclusions except from a wide sweep of consistent facts, that he pursued for so long a period his inquiries and experiments. In December, 1842, a quantity of broken chalk was distributed over part of a field at Down, in order to test the action of earthworms; and after an interval of twenty-nine years in November, 1871, a trench was dug to ascertain the results. How few naturalists have ever waited so long and so patiently to discover the outcome of a solitary experiment! Who does not see that it was to this faculty of patient work and conscientious inquiry that Darwin owed his success?

The reference to Down reminds us that Darwin, early in 1839, was married to his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, and that in 1842 he settled at Down House, near Orpington, in Kent, where he spent the remainder of his happy and honoured life among his conservatories and gardens, his fowls and pigeons, with his children growing up beside him in an atmosphere of love and light, and his mind constantly occupied in scientific analysis and research. The sole shadow upon it was that which originated in his almost continuous ill-health, for it sometimes proved an interruption to his work. Otherwise, his days were methodically arranged so as to permit of sufficient study and recreation. He rose very early, and was frequently in his library at eight, after having breakfasted and taken his first morning walk. Later in the day he went for a second walk, often in his own grounds, but sometimes wandering among the green fields and leafy lanes to a considerable distance. He was wont to vary the walks by quiet rides on a favourite black cob; but the cob falling and dying by the roadside, he gave up his habit of riding. Part of the evening was given up to his books; part to the company of his family and friends, and of the eminent guests whom his world-wide fame attracted to the quiet Kentish village. Sometimes Mrs. Darwin or a friend read aloud for the amusement of the little circle, light literature being generally chosen as a relief to the great naturalist's severe and serious studies.

The great French botanist, De Candolle, furnishes a delightful sketch of Darwin at home:

'It was on a beautiful autumn morning,' he says, 'in 1880, that I arrived at the Orpington station, where my illustrious friend had a brake waiting for me. The drive to Down takes an hour. It presents nothing remarkable, unless it be the residence,* surrounded by beautiful trees, of Sir John Lubbock. I will not here speak of the kind reception that was given me at Down, or of the pleasure which I felt in chatting familiarly with Mr. and Mrs. Darwin and their son Francis. I will only remark that Darwin at seventy was more animated and seemed happier than when I had seen him forty-one years before. His eye was bright, and his expression cheerful; his conversation varied, free, and pleasing; his English easy for a foreigner to understand. Around the house there were no signs of his researches. Darwin used simple means. I looked for the greenhouse, in which those beautiful researches on vegetable hybrids had been made: it contained nothing but a vine. One thing struck me, although it was nothing uncommon in England, where animals are petted. A heifer and a colt were feeding close to us, with a familiarity which told of kind masters, and I heard the joyful barking of dogs. "Here," said I, "the history of the variations of animals has been written; and, no doubt, the observations are still carried on, for Darwin is never idle." I did not expect that the earthworms—those meanest of animals, over whose habitations I was walking, were to be the subject of a new memoir, in which Darwin was to show once more what great effects may spring from small causes often repeated. He had been busy with them thirty years, had I but known it. On our return to the house, Darwin showed me his study—a large room, lighted on both sides, with one table for writing and another for experimental apparatus. An experiment on the movements of stems and roots was then in progress. I should have liked to see the register of experiments, but the hours slipped away like minutes.'

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* High Elms.

The events of Darwin's life were the successive publications of his great works, each of which marked a stage in the development of natural science, and advanced us nearer to a knowledge of the principles of creation. No great revolution, moral, political, or scientific, is achieved by a single mind. It is the one mind that shapes and gathers up the results, combines the scattered ideas of various thinkers into a harmonious whole. But others have been at work before him, laying down the foundation on which is raised the complex structure of his system, or educating the world to receive it by the seed which has dropped hap-hazard from their uncertain hands. It was so with Darwinism. The great naturalist had had his predecessors, whose theories, speculations, or conjectures had in some wise prepared the way before him. We have already spoken of Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck; but Dr. Wells, Herbert Spencer, and Patrick Matthew, among others, had formed some vague conception of the law of natural selection. And Mr. Alfred Wallace, the eminent historian of the Malay Archipelago, had actually arrived at the same conclusion as Darwin almost at the same time. But it was the distinguishing work of Darwin that he recognised the universal, where Wells and Spencer had seen only the particular; that he built up a vast and irresistible inductive system, where Matthew and Wallace had but thrown out a pregnant hint of wonderful *à priori* interest and suggestiveness. It is one thing to conceive the idea of a campaign; it is quite another thing to carry it to a victorious issue. Talent may define and draw out a ground-plan; but it is genius alone that can raise to the skies the lofty column or the august temple.

In 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then exploring the Malay Archipelago, sent to Mr. Darwin a memoir to be submitted to the Linnæan Society, from which it appeared that he had arrived at almost exactly the same conclusions as Mr. Darwin himself on the Origin of Species. Sir Charles Lyell and Dr. Hooker, who were both acquainted with Mr. Darwin's work, thought it advisable, in justice to himself, that along with Mr. Wallace's paper should be published some extracts from his own manuscript. On the 1st of July, 1858, both contributions were read before the Linnæan Society; and on the 24th of November in the following year was published 'The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.' It is impossible to exaggerate the sensation it produced. The originality and boldness of its doctrines startled commonplace minds, which ever suppose that whatever is new cannot be true; while theologians, too hastily concluding that nothing can be orthodox which is not directly mentioned in Genesis, raised a hue-and-cry against its 'atheistical speculations.' The two great Quarterly Reviews brought their artillery to bear on the unfortunate philosopher; a thousand pulpits launched at him the thunderbolts of religious conviction; the wits assailed him with the blunt arrows of unintelligent ridicule; Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) formulated the unworthy sneer that *he* was 'on the side of the angels.' But the principal leaders of scientific thought became his avowed champions, or at all events gave him a modified support. Gradually the irresistible force of his facts and his arguments compelled attention and secured assent. Orthodoxy recovered from its needless alarm, when it was seen that nothing in the theory of Evolution necessarily did away with the motive action in the first place of an Infinite and Almighty Creator; and men of the profoundest religious faith openly proclaimed their adherence to the new teaching. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.* Darwinism stood erect in defiance of the storm that had raged around it, because it was built upon a foundation of truth; because its grand generalizations were not the figments of a fertile imagination, but the logical deductions from carefully ascertained facts.

It is unnecessary for us here to attempt an exposition of a book which is so widely known; nor, indeed, would it be possible for us in our limited space to present anything like a fair and intelligible summary of its arguments. These are so closely interlinked that they must be taken as a whole, or their absolute conclusiveness cannot properly be appreciated. Let not the young student suppose that the 'Origin of Species,' because it wears a scientific character, is dull and heavy reading. The charm of its narrative is so great that the reader is carried along from page to page with scarcely an effort; and the style is so easy, and the explanations are so clear, that even the unscientific will find little difficulty in understanding it. We shall limit ourselves, therefore, to a single specimen of the interesting illustrative facts which its author has brought together; and we shall take the remarkable adaptation of one of the orchidaceous plants to the purpose of fertilization.

'This orchid (the Cryanthos) has part of its labellum or lower lip hollowed out into a great bucket, into which drops of almost pure water continually fall from two secreting horns which stand above it; and when the bucket is half-full, the water overflows by a spout on one side. The basal part of the labellum stands over the bucket, and is itself hollowed out into a sort of chamber with two lateral entrances; within this chamber there are curious fleshy ridges. The most ingenious man, if he had not witnessed what takes place, would never have imagined what purpose all those parts serve. But Dr. Crüger saw crowds of large humble-bees visiting the gigantic flowers of this orchid, not in order to suck nectar, but to gnaw off the ridges within the chamber above the bucket, and their wings being thus wetted they could not fly away, but were compelled to crawl out through the passage formed by the spout or overflow. Dr. Crüger saw a "continual procession" of bees thus crawling out of their involuntary bath. The passage is narrow, and is roofed over by the column, so that a bee, in forcing its way out, first rubs its back against the viscid stigma, and then against the viscid glands of the pollen-masses. The pollen-masses are thus glued to the back of the bee which first happens to crawl out through the passage of a lately expanded flower, and are thus carried away. Dr. Crüger sent me a flower in spirits of wine, with a bee which he had killed before it had quite crawled out, with a pollen-mass still fastened to its back. When the bee, thus provided, flies to another flower, or to the same flower a second time, and is pushed by its comrades into the bucket and then crawls out by the passage, the pollen-mass necessarily comes first into contact with the viscid stigma, and adheres to it, and the flower is fertilized. Now at last we see the full use of every part of the flower: of the water-secreting horns, of the bucket half full of water, which prevents the bees from flying away, and forces them to crawl out through the spout, and rub against the properly placed viscid pollen-masses and the viscid stigma.'

Darwin's great principle is that of 'natural selection' or 'survival of the fittest.'* That is, the world being over-populated, a constant struggle is going on between the different species and the different members of the same species for existence; and in this struggle the weakest, or the least fit, necessarily suffer, and are gradually swept away. Animals and plants increase faster than their means of subsistence, and are, therefore, perpetually battling for their food-supply, whether this be flesh, or grain, or vegetables, as in the first case; or carbonic acid, water, or sunshine, as in the second. It is true that the lion eats the antelope, and there is then a struggle between different species; but a fiercer struggle is that between lion and lion, or between two members of the same species. A thousand seedlings occupy the space where, ultimately, only a few can live; between these seedlings a desperate warfare is carried on, in which the strongest and best adapted are victorious. Owing to this state of things, variations—however slight in themselves, and in whatsoever cause originating, if in any degree advantageous to the individual or species presenting them—will tend to the preservation of the particular organism, and, being generally inherited by its offspring, will similarly tend to increase and multiply in the world at large.

For example: In the desert, with its monotonous sandy colouring, a black insect or a white, still more certainly a red or blue insect, would be immediately detected and promptly devoured by its natural enemies—the birds and lizards. But greyish or yellowish insects would probably fail to be discovered at first sight, and would escape so long as any more conspicuous individuals of their own kind existed, for the birds and lizards to consume at their leisure. Hence it would not be long before the desert would be stripped of all but the greyish and yellowish insects; and even among these, the birds would naturally pounce upon those which differed most in colour from the sand around them. Those which chanced to vary most in the direction of a sandy or spotty colour would be the likeliest to survive and to become the parents of future congregations. Thus, in the course of ages, all desert-inhabiting species have become sand-coloured, because the more conspicuous were constantly destroyed by their vigilant foes, while the least conspicuous escaped and were enabled to fulfil the duty of reproduction.

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* 'Survival of the fittest' is Mr. Herbert Spencer's phrase.

In concluding his great work, Mr. Darwin says:

'It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance which is almost implied by Reproduction; Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use to disuse: a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the highest animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been, and are being evolved.'

In further illustration of the system he had propounded, Mr. Darwin published, in 1862, his very interesting and attractive book on Orchids: 'On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilized by Insects.'* Then, in 1865, came the

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* This is, to us, one of the most fascinating of Mr. Darwin's books, opening a magic portal into the enchanted region of science. The reader who turns to its charming pages will be astonished by the immense number of ingenious devices by which Natural Selection has provided for the safe transference of the fecundating pollen from stamens to stigmas within the

'Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants;' and, in 1868, a wonderful collection of facts, gathered from all parts of the world, and marshalled in order with wonderful patience and ability, the 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.'

In 1871 the storms of controversy were again aroused by Mr. Darwin's second *magnum opus*, 'The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex;' but they subsided much more quickly than those which had been provoked by the 'Origin of Species.' Friends and opponents alike could shake hands over his next essay, 'The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,' which has a special interest and attraction, not only on account of its philosophical theories, but also on account of its valuable accumulation of facts. As regards the former, it may be remembered that Sir Charles Bell, in his Bridgewater treatise, maintains that man was endued with sundry small facial muscles for no other purpose than to express his emotions. Darwin, on the contrary, lays down three principles for consideration: first, the principle of serviceable associated habits; second, the principle of antithesis; and third, the principle of actions due to the constitution of the nervous system, independently from the force of the will, and independently to a certain extent of habit. He proceeds to show that the first of these principles leads to the performance of actions expressive of emotions, because certain everyday actions are of direct or indirect service under certain states of mind, in order to relieve or gratify certain sensations, desires, etc.; and whenever the same state of mind is induced, there is a strong and involuntary tendency to the performance of movements of a directly opposite nature, though these are of no use; and such movements are in some

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limits of a single group of plants. Sometimes the fertilizing material adheres automatically between the eyes of the exploring bee, and by the drying of its stalk is bent round so as to come in contact with the surface of the stigma. In other cases, the pollen club is elastically projected by a sensitive fibre, and actually flung by its sensitive antennæ at the unconscious head of the fertilizing insect. Again, the flower-lip secretes a moisture which wets the bees' wings, and compels them to creep out of the chalice by a passage close to the anthers and stigma. Or the honey lies at the bottom of so long a tube that only the fertilizing moth, with a proboscis ten or twelve inches long, can penetrate into the deep recess where the treasured sweets are secreted.

cases highly expressive. And the third principle occurs because, when the sensorium is powerfully excited, nerve-force is generated in excess, and is transmitted in certain definite directions depending on the connection of the nerve-cells, and partly on habit. It is needless to say that these principles are substantiated and elucidated by illustrations of a positive character.

It is difficult to place before the young reader any finer example of a well-spent life—a life devoted to the service of truth and the extension of human knowledge—than that of Charles Darwin. Though endowed with ample pecuniary means, and at liberty to enjoy a refined and even luxurious leisure, he devoted himself, with indefatigable energy and inexhaustible patience, to the accumulation of facts and the elucidation of great principles. His industry never laxed. In 1875 he published his 'Insectivorous Plants;' in 1876, the 'Effects of Cross and Self Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom;' and in 1877, the 'Different Forms of Flowers and Plants of the Same Species.' It has been well said that those three books—which exhibit his characteristic attention to detail and his usual lucidity of statement, revolutionized the science of botany.

What he did in this direction has been estimated by a singularly competent authority, Mr. Thiselton Dyer, who says:

'Notwithstanding the extent and variety of his botanical work, Mr. Darwin always disclaimed any right to be regarded as a profound botanist. He turned his attention to plants, doubtless because they were convenient objects for studying organic phenomena in their least complicated forms; and this point of view, which, if one may use the expression without disrespect, had something of the amateur about it, was in itself of the greatest importance. For, from not being, till he took up any point, familiar with the literature bearing on it, his mind was absolutely free from any prepossession. He was never afraid of his facts, or of forming any hypothesis, however startling, which seemed to explain them. However much might be attributed to inheritance as a factor in organic phenomena, tradition went for nothing in studying them. In anyone else such an attitude would have produced much work that was crude and rash. But Mr. Darwin, if one may venture on language which will strike no one who had conversed with him as overstrained, seemed by gentle persuasion to have penetrated that reserve of nature which baffles smaller men. In other words, his long experience had given him a kind of instinctive insight into the method of attack of any biological problem, however unfamiliar to him, while he rigidly controlled the fertility of his mind in hypothetical explanations by the no less fertility of ingeniously devised experiment. Whatever he touched, he was sure to draw from it something that it had never before yielded, and he was wholly free from that familiarity which comes to the profound student in every branch of science, and blinds the mental eye to the significance of things which are overlooked because always in view.'

In 1880 Mr. Darwin published his 'Power of Movement in Plants,' in which he was assisted by his son, Mr. Francis Darwin; while he received some help from his sons William and Horace in his last and perhaps most generally popular work, 'The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits,' published in 1881. This book on earthworms is of interesting quality, even for the non-scientific reader; the greater portion of its details being new and fresh. It teaches us that worms cannot hear, but to some extent are sensible of light and heat; that their olfactory organs are very feeble, but that they show a decided preference for certain kinds of food over others. Thus they prefer the leaves of the wild cherry and carrots to those of cabbages and turnips; they are fond of horse-radish leaves, but fonder still of those of onions. No one will doubt that they are endowed with some slight measure of intelligence who has seen the ingenuity they exercise in drawing various objects into their burrows, which are not mere excavations, but may rather be described as tunnels lined with cement. The extent to which their labours affect the surface of the globe is perfectly amazing; and the agriculturist is, perhaps, little aware of the fact that they are among his best and most indefatigable helpers. In many parts of England their labours are on so large a scale that on a single acre two tons of earth will pass through their bodies. The experiments at Down, to which we have already referred, show that the mould was thrown up at the rate of 22 inches in a hundred years. In December, 1842, part of a field near Down House was covered with broken chalk, and in November, 1871, when a trench was dug, a line of white nodules could be traced, 7 inches below the surface. Another field, known as 'The Stony Field,' was converted into pasture in 1841, and Mr. Darwin wondered whether he should live to see the larger flints covered; but, in 1871, a horse could gallop over the solid turf from end to end, and not strike a single stone with his hoof.

'Archæologists are not aware,' says Darwin, 'how much they owe to worms for the preservation of many ancient objects. Coins, gold ornaments, stone implements, etc., if dropped on the surface of the ground, will infallibly be buried by the castings of worms in a few years, and will thus be safely preserved until the land at some future time is turned up. For instance, many years ago a grass field was ploughed on the northern side of the Severn, not far from Shrewsbury; and a surprising number of iron arrow-heads were found at the bottom of the furrows, which, as Mr. Blakeway, a local antiquary, believed, were relics of the battle of Shrewsbury, in the year 1403, and no doubt had been originally left strewed on the battle-field.'

Among the memorials of a distant past examined for Mr. Darwin were the relics of the ancient city of Uriconium, the work being carried out by a zealous local antiquary, Dr. Johnson, of Shrewsbury. Trenches were dug in four fields, and it was ascertained that the depth of vegetable mould over the ruins varied from nine inches to forty.

'In many places where streets ran beneath the surface, or where old buildings stood, the mould was only eight inches in thickness; and Dr. Johnson was surprised that in ploughing the land the ruins had never been struck by the plough, as far as he had heard. He thinks that when the land was first cultivated the old walls were, perhaps intentionally, pulled down, and that hollow places were filled up. This may have been the case; but if, after the desertion of the city, the land was left for many centuries uncultivated, worms would have brought up enough fine earth to have covered the ruins completely; that is, if they had subsided from having been undermined. The foundations of some of the walls, for instance those of the portion still standing about twenty feet above the ground, and those of the market-place, lie at the extraordinary depth of fourteen feet; but it is highly improbable that the foundations were generally so deep. The mortar employed in the buildings must have been excellent, for it is still in parts extremely hard. Wherever walls of any height have been exposed to view, they are, as Dr. Johnson believes, still perpendicular. The walls with such deep foundations cannot have been undermined by worms, and therefore cannot have subsided, as appears to have occurred at Abinger and Silchester. Hence it is very difficult to account for their being now completely covered with earth; but how much of this covering consists of vegetable mould and how much of rubble, I do not know. The market-place, with the foundations at a depth of fourteen feet, was covered up, as Dr. Johnson believes, by between six and twenty-four inches of earth. The tops of the broken-down walls of a caldarium or bath, nine feet in depth, were likewise covered up with nearly two feet of earth. The summit of an arch, leading into an ash-pit seven feet in depth, was covered up with not more than eight inches of earth. Wherever a building which has not subsided is covered with earth, we must suppose, either that the upper layers of stone have been at some time carried away by man, or that earth has since been washed down during heavy rain, or blown down during storms, from the adjoining land; and this would be especially apt to occur where the land has long been cultivated.

The facts gathered by experiment and observations during so many years Darwin thus sums up in his closing passage:

'When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass every few years, through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable implements; but long before it existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and it still continues to be thus ploughed, by earthworms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures.'

This book on 'Earthworms' closed the series of Mr. Darwin's great works; but in the course of the next few months he contributed some short papers to *Nature*, and a rather remarkable one to *Mind*, on the 'Psychogenesis of a Child.' It was his good fortune to remain in harness to the last: he felt nothing of the weakened energies and decayed mental powers which are so often the grief and burden of our declining years. From weakness of the heart, however, he had experienced occasional trouble; and he had been under medical advice for awhile, when, at midnight on Tuesday, April 18th, he was attacked with severe internal pains, and the next afternoon, at four o'clock, closed in peace his long, laborious, and useful career. He was seventy-three years old.

[*Authorities:* 'Charles Darwin,' by Edward Woodall; 'Charles Darwin,' Memorial notices reprinted from *Nature;* 'Charles Darwin,' by Grant Allen ('English Worthies' series); Memoir in the *Times*, April, 1882; *Westminster Review*, 1882; J. H. Huxley, 'Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature;' St. George Mivart, 'On the Genesis of Species,' 1871; Herbert Spencer, 'Principles of Biology,' 1864-70; Sir Charles Lyell, 'Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man,' 4th edition, 1873; Quatrefages, 'C. Darwin et ses Précurseurs,' 1870; A. Wallace, 'Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection,' 1870; Dr. Lionel Beale, 'Protoplasm,' 2nd edition, 1870; Professor Tyndall, 'Address to the British Association at Belfast,' 1874; John Fiske, 'The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge,' 1886—a religious view of Evolution and Darwinism.]

## Chronological List of Darwin's Works.

'Journal of Researches into Natural History and Geology' (voyage of the *Beagle*), 1839.

'Structure and Formation of Coral Reefs,' 1842.

'Geological Observations on the Volcanic Islands,' 1844.

'Naturalist's Voyage round the World,' 1845.

'Geological Observations on South America,' 1846.

'Monograph on the Sub-class Cirripedia,' 1851-54.

'Origin of Species,' 1859, 1866, 1872.

'On the Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilized by Insects,' 1862.

'On the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants,' 1865.

'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,' 1868.

'Descent of Man,' 1871.

‘Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,’ 1872.

‘Insectivorous Plants,’ 1875.

‘Effects of Cross and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom,’ 1876.

‘Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species,’ 1877.

‘Power of Movement in Plants,’ 1880.

‘Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Earthworms,’ 1881.

# *BOOK III.*

## MEN OF LETTERS.

# SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771—1832.

THE lives of few men of letters carry with them more striking lessons than the life of Sir Walter Scott—a lesson of encouragement, as showing what can be accomplished by the familiar but manly virtues of resolution, energy, and diligence; and a lesson of warning, as showing the necessarily fatal results of a purely worldly ambition and an inferior purpose. Scott was endowed with rare gifts of intellect and imagination; yet he could conceive of no better object for them than to found and endow a new branch of the clan of Scott. Towards this end he laboured with all his strength—and in many respects he was an exceptionally strong man—with a ceaseless industry and an almost heroic perseverance; and at one time, it seemed with a complete success. Alas, never was the irony of fate more conspicuous! In the flush of his prosperity, he was stricken down by pecuniary disaster. To retrieve the irretrievable, he laboured with a persistence which induced paralysis, and closed his career prematurely. The failure which had overtaken his hopes extended even beyond his death. When, after an interval of fifteen years, his estate was at length freed from debt, all his own children and the eldest of his grandchildren were dead; and now, it is only a collateral representative, on the female side, who holds sway in the halls of Abbotsford. In the history of humanity it would be difficult to find a chapter of more tragic interest. The ancient story of Crœsus fades into insignificance beside it. Here was a man of great natural powers suffering himself to be spell-bound by a toy—a bubble; and devoting himself to elaborate the toy on a splendid scale, and to blow the bubble in the most gorgeous of colours—and, behold, the toy crumbles to pieces in his hands, and the bubble disappears before his eyes! *Vanitas vanitatum!* There is nothing that endures in this human life but honour and truth and high thoughts. Scott was not wanting in either, but he suffered himself to be dominated by a dream: he was not wholly true to his better self; and instead of seeking the welfare of his fellow-men, amused his hours with an empty attempt to revive the picturesque side of mediævalism at Abbotsford. It has been well said, however, that he was greater than the ends which he proposed to himself; and hence the tragic fate which swept them from his grasp invests his story with a kind of classic grandeur like that which we recognise in the Æschylean drama. Sweet are the uses of adversity; and it was in his dark days—days of wreck and ruin and mental agony and physical suffering—that he developed his loftier, purer, nobler nature, and showed the reserve of force that was in him, the heroic temper, and the patient strength of will. There was nothing in Scott, as Mr. Hutton says, in his time of prosperity, that adequately relieved its 'glare.' He was always generous, large-hearted, and high-minded; but there was also much that was commonplace in his character and ordinary in his aims. His ideals were not such as might have been expected in a man of his fine genius. It was in the years of reverse, 'when one gift after another was taken away, and the old man struggled on to the last—without bitterness, without defiance, without murmuring'—that the world saw how great he was. 'Till calamity came, Scott appeared to be a nearly complete natural man, and no more. Then first was perceived in him something above nature, something which could endure though every end in life for which he had fought so boldly should be defeated—something which could endure and more than endure, which could shoot a soft transparence of its own through his years of darkness and decay.'

The story of the life of such a man cannot, as we have said, fail to convey lessons both of encouragement and warning; its moral significance cannot, I think, be easily overrated.

A word or two must be said, by way of prelude, upon the genius of Scott. Take the whole series of his novels, and I am confident you will agree that, in power, picturesqueness, and variety, as well as in healthy sentiment and wholesome morality, they are unsurpassed. How vast is their range—

what an immense area they cover! We have the purely Scotch novels, the English novels, those partly Scotch and partly English, and those in which the scene is laid abroad. Here you have the romantic, the sentimental, the humouristic; those which have an historical basis, and those which are legendary or traditional in their origin; those which are devoted to the illustration of a particular age; and those which depend wholly on the reality of their characters and the interest of their situations. To what a gallery they introduce us—to Cromwell and Mary of Scotland, and Louis XI. of France; to Rose Bradwardine, the Jewess Rebecca, Jeannie Deans, and Meg Dods; to Captain Dalgetty and Dandie Dinmont, Dominie Sampson, and Baillie Nicol Jarvie! As a tale-teller, a *raconteur* (to use the French word), Scott has no equal. No doubt his insight into the inner action of human impulses and motives is by no means clear or strong—the subtler elements of human nature elude his analysis; he cannot trace psychological phenomena like George Eliot, or strip the disguises off vice and folly with the sharp touch of a Thackeray; but for swing of narrative, interest of situation, development of the broader aspects of character, and strong and full mastery of the emotions, he has no rival near his throne. Scott's rich gallery of female portraits is one of the proofs of the mingled strength and sweetness of his genius. How various they are—how sharply defined—how vivid in colouring! And yet, observe, there is not among them a single abandoned or sensual woman of the type now unfortunately so common in English fiction. He can move our tears without insisting on the misfortunes of demireps and the virtuous relapses of would-be adulteresses. His humour, too, is always so genial and wholesome; it depends entirely upon legitimate 'effects,' and does not drag us into the kennels or the gutter in order to make us laugh at the sorry figures we present. Another noticeable characteristic is the evenness and uniformity of Scott's work. I do not say or pretend that one novel is not better than another; but I *do* say that the difference (in all the productions of his sound, sane, and prosperous period) is so slight as not to affect the general estimate. In what respect is 'Woodstock,' published in 1826, inferior to 'Waverley,' published in 1814? Or, is 'Guy Mannering,' published in 1815, below 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' published in 1822?

Scott was not called upon to represent mental struggles—the task was one alien to his genius—but it must be admitted that the element of original thought is deficient in his work. His world of reflection is healthy and generous; but it wants the charm of exactitude, of delicacy, and of insight. 'He is altogether inferior to Miss Austen,' says Mr. Palgrave, 'in describing the finer elements of the womanly nature; we rarely know how the heroine feels; the author paints love powerfully in its effects and its dominating influence; he does not lead us to "the inmost enchanted fountain" of the heart.' For creating types of actual human life, Scott is, perhaps, surpassed by Crabbe; he does not analyze character, or delineate it in its depths, but exhibits the man rather by speech and action; he is 'extensive' rather than 'intensive,' has more of Chaucer in him than of Goethe: yet, if we look at the variety and richness of his gallery; at his command over pathos and terror, the laughter and the tears; at the many large interests besides those of romance which he realizes to us; at the way in which he paints the whole life of men, not their humours or passions alone; at his unfailing wholesomeness and freshness, like the sea and air and great elementary forces of Nature—it may be pronounced a just estimate, which, without trying to measure the space which separates these stars, places Scott second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shakespeare. 'All is great in the Waverley novels,' said Goethe, in 1831—'material, effect, characters, execution.' Astronomers tell us that there are no fixed points in the heavens, and that earth and sun momentarily shift their bearings. An analogous displacement may be preparing for the loftiest glories of the human intellect; Homer may become dim, and Shakespeare too distant. Perhaps the same fate is destined for Scott. But it would be idle to speculate on this, or try to predict the time when men will no longer be impressed by the vividness of 'Waverley' or the pathos of 'Lammermoor.'

The great strength of Scott as a writer lay in his treatment of the picturesque conditions of the past. Successful as he is in his presentment of flesh and blood characters—real men and women—he is most successful when he can clothe them in obsolete attire, and give them a background of chivalry or of border-legend and tradition. He loses a good deal of his power when he takes up an everyday story of modern life, as, for instance, 'St. Ronan's Well.' It is when he gets hold of a theme like 'Ivanhoe' or 'Quentin Durward,' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' that he draws upon the full resources of his genius. This love of what we may call the antiquarian element is especially strong in his poems, and accounts at once for their excellences and defects. They are like stories from Froissart, told in spirited fluent verse—verse often very beautiful, and with a fine sense of spontaneity, but never touching the full harmonies of lyrical music. 'His careless glance and reckless rhyme' are, indeed, permanent artistic defects, which it is not easy to excuse. But against the objection, true enough in itself, that he makes no effort to solve the problems of human life, or to grapple with the mystery of existence, that he seems unconscious of the profound secrets of the heart of man, and limits his survey to externals, it may be said that as there are many poets, so are there many tasks for poets to do; and Scott did that for which he felt himself to be by nature fitted. He did not attempt a 'Childe Harold,' or an 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' because he was neither a Byron nor a Wordsworth. But in their way and of their time, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and 'Marmion,' and 'The Lady of the Lake' are admirable and complete poems, for which the world has every reason to be grateful. They are marked by sustained vigour and breathless interest. The story is told with energy, each scene depicted with graphic force, and the characters are put before us in their habit as they lived. In English literature they have a place of their own, and it is a place which only the poetic genius of Scott could have filled.

'The surliest critic must allow,' says Carlyle, 'that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion dwelt in him; no shadow of cant.' It is the same with his writings; they are always frank, breezy, wholesome, unaffected, and sincere. These are very pleasant characteristics; and the happy consequence is, that though there are many moods in which one does not care for Thackeray or Dickens or George Eliot, one is almost always at home with Scott. There is something so manly and cheerful about him; he is such a straightforward, genial companion; no pessimist, but taking a sensible and courageous view of the world, the flesh, and the devil. You may tell what a man is by his relations to this king of story-tellers. If he have no relish in his soul for the works of the author of 'Waverley,' you may rest assured that he is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. His heart is bad, or his digestion. He is moody, splenetic, self-conscious—a man to be avoided as incapable of a true enjoyment of life. But if he loves his Scott, why, take him to your heart of hearts, for you may be sure that he has a sound conscience, a good moral digestion, and a clear perception of what is right or wrong, just or unjust, true or false, in human dealings.

Sir Walter Scott, son of an Edinburgh solicitor or Writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. He was the lineal descendant, six generations removed, of a certain Walter Scott, made famous in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' who, in his time, was known all along the Scottish Border as 'Auld Wat of Harden.' He had a son named William, who, in a cattle-lifting raid, was captured by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, whereupon he was offered the alternative of a short shrift and suspension on Sir Gideon's private gallows, or marriage with Muckle-mouthed Meg, the ugliest of Sir Gideon's ugly daughters. For three days the prisoner hesitated, but finally decided in favour of longer life and the lady with the ample mouth—a feature, by-the-bye, which she transmitted to her descendants. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century lived another Walter Scott, known popularly by the surname of 'Beardie,' because, after the fall of the Stuarts, he would never cut his beard. His loyalty to the deposed dynasty cost him the larger portion of his lands, and it was with difficulty he saved his life. This Walter Scott was the great-grandfather of the novelist, who has niched him into the introduction to the last canto of 'Marmion':

'And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old;
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banished race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.'

Sir Walter Scott's father (the 'Alexander Fairford' of 'Redgauntlet') is described by the novelist's own irresistible pen as 'a man of uncommon handsome face and figure, with an expression of sweetness of temper; his manners rather formal, but full of kindness, especially when exercising the duties of hospitality. His religion, in which he was devoutly sincere, was Calvinism of the strictest kind, and his favourite study related to Church history. . . As his education had not been upon an enlarged plan, it could not be expected that he should be an enlightened scholar; but he had not passed through a busy life without observation, and his remarks upon times and manners often exhibited strong traits of practical though untaught philosophy.' Scott's mother, the eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, the physician, was a woman of considerable acquirements, with a distinctly literary bias. 'She had a mind peculiarly well stored,' says her son, 'with much acquired information and natural talent, and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw, without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who perfectly recollected the battle of Dunbar and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh.' Sir Walter records many touching instances of his mother's strong affection, which he returned with a manly warmth. His executors, in opening his desk the evening after his burial, found arranged 'in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. There were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand, which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her; his father's snuff-box and étui-case, and more things of the like sort.'

At the age of a year and a half, Walter Scott suffered from a teething fever, which ended in a lifelong lameness; and he was then, by the physician's advice, removed to his grandfather's residence at Sandy Knowe, 'to give him the chance of natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty.' Referring to this period of his life, he afterwards wrote: 'My health was a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside an old shepherd, among the crags or rocks, round which he fed his sheep. Here I delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and the sort of fellowship I thus formed with the sheep and lambs impressed my mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which lasted throughout life. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air, and, in a word, I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child.'

His next place of residence was Bath, where he remained for about a year, undergoing the usual medical treatment, and gaining some knowledge of reading at an old dame's day-school. On one occasion he was taken to the theatre, and the effect produced on his imagination by the fairy world of the stage was very powerful. The play was Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' and in later life he wrote: 'The witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this moment. I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene that I screamed out, "Ain't they brothers?" A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had till then been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a natural event.'

Returning to Scotland, the boy spent the three following years between Edinburgh, Sandy Knowe, and Prestonpans. He now began to give indications of his rare mental capacity, which impressed itself strongly upon the mind of Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the 'Flowers of the Forest,' while on a visit to his family in Edinburgh. A letter, which she wrote to a friend next day, furnishes a good account of him: 'I last night supped at Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on: it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands—"There's the mast gone," says he; "crash it goes! They will all perish!" After his agitation he turns to me. "That is too melancholy," says he. "I had better read you something more amusing." I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was: "How strange it is that Adam, just now come into the world, should know everything; that must be the poet's fancy," says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. "What lady?" says she. "Why, Mrs. Cockburn, for I think she is a virtuoso like myself." "Dear Walter!" says Aunt Jenny; "what is a virtuoso?" "Don't you know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything." Now you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he has been a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick.'

One day, when the boy was sitting at the gate of the house with his attendant, an aged, woe-begone mendicant applied for alms. On his retiring, the attendant endeavoured to improve the occasion by remarking to Walter that he should be thankful to God for having placed him above so much want and misery. The child looked up, half-wistfully, half-incredulously, and said, 'Homer was a beggar.' 'How do you know that?' inquired the attendant. 'Why,' answered the little virtuoso, 'don't you remember that

> '"Seven Grecian cities strove for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread"?'

At the age of nine, Scott was sent to the Edinburgh High School, where he did not make his way to any conspicuous position, though he obtained a tolerable knowledge of the Latin and French languages. He afterwards regretted that, in his school-boy years, he had not devoted more time and thought to his regular studies. 'I glanced like a meteor,' he said, 'from one end of the class to the other, and commonly disgusted my kind master as much by negligence and frivolity as I occasionally pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent. Among my companions my good-nature and flow of ready imagination rendered me very popular. Boys are uncommonly just in their feelings, and at least equally generous. My lameness, and the efforts which I made to supply that disadvantage by making up in address what I wanted in activity, engaged the latter principle in my favour; and in the winter play-hours, when hard exercise was impossible, my tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Luckie Brown's fireside, and happy was he that could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator.' Fortunately, he derived very considerable benefit from his home studies, and rapidly accumulated a large and varied stock of that general information in which the majority of boys exhibit a deplorable deficiency.

To quote again from his autobiographic sketch:

'My mother joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. She was sincerely devout, but her religion was, as became her sex, of a cast less austere than my father's. Still, the discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath was severely strict, and, I think, injudiciously so.

'My week-day tasks were more agreeable. My lameness and my solitary habits had made me a tolerable reader, and my hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of Homer, which, excepting a few traditionary ballads and the songs in Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," was the first poetry which I perused. My mother had good natural taste and great feeling. She used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments; and if she could not divert me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived, at least, to divide my attention between them. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even unto this day. . . .

'My father did not trust our education solely to our High School lessons. We had a tutor at home—a young man of an excellent disposition and a laborious student. He was bred to the Kirk, but unfortunately took such a very strong turn to fanaticism that he afterwards resigned an excellent living in a seaport town merely because he could not persuade the mariners of the guilt of setting sail of a Sabbath, in which, by-the-bye, he was less likely to be successful, as sailors, from an opinion that it is a fortunate omen, always choose to weigh anchor on that day. The calibre of this young man's understanding may be judged of by this anecdote; but in other respects he was a faithful and accurate instructor, and from him chiefly I learned writing and arithmetic. I repeated to him my French lessons, and studied with him my themes in the classics, but not classically. I also acquired, by disputing with him (for this he readily permitted), some knowledge of school divinity and Church history, and a great acquaintance in particular with the old books describing the early history of the Church of Scotland, the wars and sufferings of the Covenanters, and so forth. I, with a head on fire for chivalry, was a Cavalier; my friend was a Roundhead—I was a Tory, and he was a Whig. I hated Presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyll; so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable.'

Though at twelve years of age Scott had made no more than ordinary progress in the subjects of the school curriculum, it is evident that he had acquired a considerable knowledge of English literature. In the intervals of school-hours he turned with unquenchable zest to books of history, poetry, voyages and travels, chivalry, fairy-tales, and romantic fiction. Great was his joy one evening when in his mother's dressing-room he alighted upon some odd volumes of Shakespeare; and he never forgot the rapture with which he sat up 'in his shirt' reading them by the light of a fire in the apartment, until the bustle of the family as they rose from supper warned him that it was time to creep back to his bed, where he was supposed to have been comfortably installed since nine o'clock. He also read with avidity the poems of Ossian and Spenser, the latter being a particular favourite. At his age he was necessarily unable to trace the subtle allegories—the allegories within allegories, complex as the Ptolemean system with 'cycles and epicycles scribbled o'er'—of 'The Faery Queen;' but his lively imagination seized upon the knights and dames, and the dragons and giants, Una and Belphœbe, Britomart and the Duessa, Sir Gawain and Merlin, and converted them into real flesh and blood personages, whose adventures he followed with the liveliest interest. Thus early had he begun to accumulate the miscellaneous material of which, as poet and novelist, he was hereafter to make such good use.

Of the extent to which his favourite books absorbed him, we may gain some idea from what he tells us concerning Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry,' which exercised a moulding and shaping influence on his tastes, and was the unconscious progenitor of the 'Lay' and 'Marmion.' 'I remember well,' he writes, 'the spot where I read those volumes for the first time. It was beneath a large platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden. The summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm.'

It was while staying with an aunt at Kelso that he made acquaintance with Bishop Percy. At the same time was awakened in his breast that passionate love of nature which never afterwards knew change or decay. The beautiful and romantic neighbourhood of Kelso was well calculated to develop it. 'The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song; the ruins of an ancient abbey; the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle; the modern mansion of Floors, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste, are in themselves,' says Scott, 'objects of the first class; yet so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom.'

While at Kelso he contracted an intimacy with the brothers John and James Ballantyne, afterwards the printers of almost all his publications. James Ballantyne relates that Scott was even then a student of the manners and customs of the past; and he adds that he was certainly the best story-teller he ever heard. When in school he would often whisper, 'Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story.' In holiday hours the boys used to walk together on the banks of the Tweed, Scott telling stories all the way. We dwell upon these details, because it is always interesting to trace the influences by which the progress of genius is determined; and it is seldom, perhaps, that those influences can so easily be detected as in Scott's case. He owed a good deal to his parentage, but more to the conditions under which his boyhood was passed; and it is easy to see how naturally these prepared and fitted him for the great work of his after life.

In November, 1783, he began to attend classes at the University of Edinburgh, and go into training for his father's profession. I fear he was not a very laborious student. He impressed himself, however, upon his companions by his obvious intellectual superiority; by his wonderfully tenacious memory; by his vast stores of antiquarian and romantic lore; his love of adventure and athletic enterprise; and his partiality to 'town' and 'gown' encounters. At the age of sixteen he had an attack of hæmorrhage, which withdrew him from his studies and his amusements. Absolute silence and repose were indispensable to his recovery; and he beguiled his leisure by arranging pebbles, seeds, and shells so as to represent the movements of armies:—

> 'Again I fought each combat o'er,
> Pebbles and shells in order laid,
> The mimic results of war displayed;
> And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
> And still the scattered Southron fled before'——

and by arranging the mirrors in his room so that they should reflect the marches and manœuvres of the troops at drill in the Meadows. His reading was in harmony with his mind's strong bias—legend and tradition and old romances, military achievement and Border minstrelsy. He learned Italian, and was thus able to enjoy Ariosto. Afterwards he acquired a knowledge of Spanish, and read Cervantes, whose *novellas*, he said, first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction. Thus we see that this period of compulsory retirement contributed to the education of the future author of 'Marmion' and 'Waverley.' It was as much a part of his apprenticeship as any of the experiences undergone by Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister' during his *Wanderjahre.*

He returned to college, but never resumed his studies with any regularity. He was not made for a scholar in the strict sense of the term; his tastes and habits were too desultory. He refused to learn Greek—a refusal which he afterwards regretted; and he wrote an essay to prove the superiority of Ariosto to Homer. 'I also forswore,' he says, 'the Latin classes for no reason I know of, unless because they were akin to the Greek; but an occasional perusal of monkish chronicles kept up a kind of familiarity with the language even in its rudest state. About this period I commenced the study of Mathematics with all the ardour of novelty. My tutor was an aged person, who had in his time been distinguished as a teacher of this science. Age, however, and some domestic inconveniences, had diminished his pupils, and lessened his authority amongst the few who remained. I think that had I been more fortunately placed for instruction, or had I had the spur of emulation, I might have made some progress in this science, of which, under the circumstances I have mentioned, I only acquired a very superficial smattering. In other studies I was rather more fortunate. I made some progress in Ethics, and was selected to read an essay before Principal Robertson. I was further instructed in Moral Philosophy at the class of Mr. Dugald Stewart, whose striking and impressive eloquence riveted the attention even of the most volatile student. To sum up my academical studies, I attended the class of History, and, as far as I remember, in others, excepting those of the civil and municipal law; so that if my learning be flimsy and inaccurate, the reader must have some compassion even for an idle workman who had so narrow a foundation to build upon. If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science.'

In other ways the process of self-education was going on continually; but I must once more allow the great novelist to speak for himself. 'Excursions on foot or horseback,' he says, 'formed by far my most favourite amusement. I have all my life delighted in travelling, though I have never enjoyed that pleasure upon a large scale. It was a propensity which I sometimes indulged so unduly as to vex and alarm my parents. Wind, water, wilderness itself, had an inexpressible charm for me, and I had a dreamy way of going much farther than I intended, so that unconsciously my return was protracted, and my parents had sometimes serious cause of uneasiness. My father used to protest to me on such occasions that he thought I was born to be a strolling pedlar; and though the prediction was intended to mortify my conceit, I am not sure that I altogether disliked it. I was now familiar with Shakespeare, and thought of Autolycus's song:

'"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

'My principal object in these excursions,' continues Scott, 'was the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or what afforded me at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events. The delight with which I regarded the former, of course, had general approbation; but I often found it difficult to procure sympathy with the interest I felt in the latter. Yet to me the wandering over the field of Bannockburn was the source of more exquisite pleasure than gazing upon the celebrated landscape from the battlements of Stirling Castle. I do not by any means infer that I was dead to the feeling of picturesque scenery; on the contrary, few delighted more in its general effect. But I was unable with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one grew upon the other; to estimate the effect which various features of the view had in producing its leading and general effect. I have never, indeed, been capable of doing this with precision or unity, though my later studies have led me to amend and arrange my original ideas upon the subject. Even the humble ambition which I long cherished of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand, was totally ineffectual. After a long study and many efforts, I was unable to apply the elements of perspective or of shade to the scene before me, and was obliged to relinquish in despair an art which I was most anxious to practise. But show me an old castle or a field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers with the enthusiasm of my description. With music it was even worse than with painting. My mother was anxious we should at least learn psalmody; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair. It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting and distinguishing melodies; and although now few things delight or affect me more than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by my feeling of the words being associated with the tune. I have, therefore, been usually unsuccessful in composing words to a tune, although my friend Dr. Clarke, and other musical composers, have sometimes been able to make a happy union between their music and my poetry.'

An amusing anecdote is told of one of Scott's pedestrian excursions. He and his companion, penniless, had returned to Edinburgh, living during the last day of their travel on draughts of milk generously given by sympathetic peasant-women, and the hips and haws of the hedges. He remarked to his father that during this rough experience he had longed for George Primrose's power of playing on the flute in order to earn a meal by the way; whereupon the elder Scott grimly replied: 'I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut.'

These far and away rambles were not always quite so harmless as one could have wished; and one cannot help regretting that their high-spirited, manly-hearted, and adventurous hero yielded at times to the fascination of the 'national drink.' In his raids into Liddesdale—the literary results of which, priceless in their way, are garnered up in 'Guy Mannering'—he was accompanied by a Mr. Shortreed, whom the world gratefully thanks for the records he has had the good sense to preserve. Here is one of them:

'Eh me, sic an endless fund of humour and drollery as we had then wi' him. Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in those jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk—(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was but rare)—but drunk or sober he was aye the gentleman. He looked excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude humour.'

Another story is Englished by Lockhart from the same source:

'On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name), among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity who happened to be in the house was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of Burns's "Saturday Night:" and some progress had already been made in the service, when the good man of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was soporific," scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "By ——! here's the keg at last!" and in stumbled, as he spake the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing, a day before, of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The "pious" exercise of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot or Armstrong had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay, and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party.'

One further quotation must suffice :

'They dined at Millburnholm [the farm of Willie Elliot reputed to be the original of Dandie Dinmont] ; and, after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punch-bowl, until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were "half-gluwrin," mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliot's at Cleughhead . . . Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one "auld Thomas o' Tuggilehope," another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lilt of Dick o' the Cow.* Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad-hunters had "just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae, and some London porter." Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for breakfast on their arrival at Tuggilehope ; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all specimens of "riding music," and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milkpail, which he called "Wisdom," because it "made" only a few spoonfuls of spirits—though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to "Wisdom," they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe.'

On the 15th of May, 1786, Scott, who, in spite of his wild excursions, had gained a sound knowledge of law, entered into an indenture with his father for five years. As a writer's apprentice, or articled clerk, he received a small fee for every page he transcribed ; and his industry in this way was so great that he realized a welcome addition to his pocket-money, and was enabled to gratify his thirst for a particular book, old coin, or older ballad.

About this time he had his first and only interview with Robert Burns. He describes him as srong and robust in person, with rustic but not clownish manners—an expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments, but nothing to indicate his poetical temperament and genius except his eyes, which, when he spoke with feeling or interest, literally *glowed.*

While retaining and gratifying his archæological and poetical tastes, Scott was by no means an idle apprentice. He was too honest and too sensible for this; there was work to be done, and he did it, and did it well. The vulgar notion that genius spurns, or is incapable of, steady prosaic labour, finds no confirmation from the example of Scott. At first glance, the legal profession, with its technicalities and dry-as-dust drudgeries, might seem altogether as unsuitable to him as, no doubt, it was uncongenial; but I am convinced that it was of inestimable advantage to him by training him in habits of regular application and accustoming him to serious study.

It should be noted that in the first year of his apprenticeship, his professional duties took him on a visit to the Highlands, and introduced him to Loch Katrine and the beautiful scenery by which it is surrounded. The impression upon his vivid imagination was powerful and enduring.

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail on the unexciting events of his 'prentice years. When he was about nineteen he began to care for his dress, which he had hitherto almost ostentatiously neglected, and to be particular as to the cut of his cravat and the quality and make of his vest. This was after a certain rainy Sunday when he had courteously proffered the use of his umbrella to a young lady of rare personal charms as she daintily stepped out of the Greyfriars Church. This young lady proved to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches of Invernay. On successive Sundays they walked home together, and in due time arranged to meet in society, when it was discovered that Lady Jane and Mrs. Scott had been friends and companions in youth, and were not unwilling to renew their auld acquaintanceship. The acquaintance between the two young people was thus enabled to ripen apace, and passed, on Scott's side at least, into a deep and passionate attachment. It is certain, also, that the lady allowed him to believe that it was not unreturned. At least, Scott's father, who knew that his son's prospects were much inferior to hers, thought it his duty to warn Sir John of his son's hopes—a warning which the proud old baronet seems to have received with cold indifference as relating to something incredible and impossible. For six years Scott persevered in his attentions, until, in 1796, he found himself unexpectedly thrown over by the young lady, who accepted William (afterwards Sir William) Forbes of Pitsligo, and thus lost the honour of marrying Scotland's greatest man of letters. Scott felt the blow very keenly, though he was too true and brave a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and make known his sorrows to the world. But there exist two or three touching indications of the extent to which this love of his early manhood had entwined itself with his memories. After the sad failures of his later years and his wife's death, he removed to Edinburgh for the winter of 1827, and rented the house which he had occupied during the remainder of his servitude as a clerk of sessions. Very near this house dwelt Lady Stuart Belches, the venerable mother of his first love, and he expressed to a friend his wish that she should take him to renew an acquaintance which had for nearly thirty-one years been interrupted. His friend did so, and 'a very painful scene ensued.' In his diary Scott then wrote as follows: 'November 7th. Began to settle myself this morning after the hurry of mind and wear of body which I have lately undergone. I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell!—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.' On November 10th he adds: 'At twelve o'clock I went again to poor Lady Jane to talk old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sores, but it seems to give her deep-rooted sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting. To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain.'

It was in 1797, after this grave disappointment, that Scott wrote his stanzas, 'To a Violet,'—the most delicate and beautiful of his smaller poems, distinguished by a tenderness he very seldom displays. They may be quoted here as fitly winding up the love-romance of Scott's life:

'The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

'Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

'The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.'

The last years of Scott's apprenticeship were years of unremitting application, for, yielding to the strong desire of his father, he was preparing himself for the bar, and, calling on all his latent energies of mind and character, he studied the Civil and Municipal Law of Scotland with a thoroughness which enabled him to pass very creditably the usual examinations. On the 11th of July, 1792, he assumed the advocate's gown, with all its duties and honours. At the bar his progress, however, was very slow—so slow as to explain, perhaps, his rejection by the lady he had loved so long. The pecuniary result of his first year's practice was only £24 3s.; of the second, £57 15s.; of the third, £84 5s.; of the fourth, £90; and of the fifth, £144 10s., of which sum, however, £50 were fees from his father. But with the tenacious resolution of his character, Scott stuck to his profession, while relieving his labours by agreeable excursions into the region of romance and song. He joined some friends in studying the German language, and the outcome of his linguistic researches was the very vigorous and successful translation of Bürger's ballad of 'Lenore,' published anonymously in 1796, together with a version of the same poet's 'Wild Huntsman.' Early in the following year his energies took a new direction, and he was the life and soul of a movement for forming a body of volunteer cavalry. The movement was sanctioned by Government; the organization rapidly completed; and Scott appointed paymaster, quartermaster, and secretary. Later in the year he made a tour of the English Lakes, and at Gilsland met with Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter (or Charpentier, the daughter of a French royalist), a young lady of rare personal charms, to whom, after a courtship of six months, he was married on the 24th of December. The union proved a very happy one; for she loved and admired her husband, though her nature was somewhat shallow, and with Scott in his higher moods she could not sympathize. She was unable to bring any force of character to sustain and inspire him; but, on the contrary, needed his constant support and guidance.

His gradually improving circumstances enabled him, in the following summer, to gratify his love of rural sights and sounds by renting for a summer residence a pretty cottage—which the taste of himself and wife soon made prettier—at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh. Here he spent some of the happiest hours of his life, and with important consequences to his social position; forming intimacies with the noble families of Buccleuch and Melville, whose demesnes extend into the Esk valley. Years afterwards, when Scott was lord of Abbotsford, he spent a long summer's day in revisiting his old haunts, accompanied by his friend Mr. Merritt. 'When we approached the village,' says the latter, 'Scott, who had laid hold of my arm, turned along the road in a direction not leading to the place where the carriage was to meet us. After walking some minutes towards Edinburgh, I suggested that we were losing the scenery of the Esk, and, besides, had Dalkeith Palace yet to see. "Yes," said he, "and I have been bringing you where there is little enough to be seen—only that Scotch cottage, but though not worth looking at, I could not pass it. It was our first country-house when newly married, and many a contrivance we had to make it comfortable. I made a dining-table for it with my own hands. Look at those two miserable willow-trees on either side the gate into the enclosure; they are tied together at the top to be an arch, and a cross made of two sticks over them is not yet decayed. To be sure, it is not much of a lion to show a stranger; but I wanted to see it again myself, for I assure you, that after I had constructed it, Mamma [his wife] and I both of us thought it so fine, we turned out to see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the cottage-door, in admiration of our own magnificence and its picturesque effect." Such were the natural feelings that endeared the author of "Marmion" and the "Lay" to those who saw him in his happier hours of social pleasure.'

On the 14th of October, 1798, Scott's eldest son was born; and in due time his family was increased by another son and two daughters. In 1799 he lost his father, who had just attained his seventieth year. In the following December, the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch procured him the appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with an income of £300 a year. His translation of Goethe's tragedy of 'Goetz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand' appeared in January. 'Monk' Lewis (Matthew Gregory Lewis), so called from his sensational story of 'The Monk,' had negotiated its purchase by a London publisher, named Bell. To Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder,' Scott contributed some ballads.

These tentative efforts sufficiently indicated the bias of his tastes, while affording no adequate measure of his literary capacity; and the real commencement of his illustrious career was the publication of his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' in January, 1802. Its success was immediate. The entire edition of eight hundred copies was sold within the year; while the skill and research with which Scott had wrought up the historical illustrations of the old ballads, and the poetical vigour he had infused into his imitations, determined at once his literary reputation. The 'Minstrelsy' came with the opening of the nineteenth century, and seemed to breathe a new life into its veins. Wearied with the inane sentimentalities of the Della Cruscan School, the public turned with joyous eagerness to those fresh, breezy, and vivacious volumes, with their humour, and action, and touches of chivalrous feeling. 'Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness; their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived: it was like a new-discovered continent in literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado—or else some pet beatific land of Cockaigne and Paradise of Do-nothings. To the opening nineteenth century, in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing and exhilarating—behold our new El Dorado—our pet beatific Lubberland, where we can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it.'

To use a homely phrase, Scott had now found his feet. He knew where he was standing, and the path which it behoved him to follow. A third volume of the 'Minstrelsy,' containing the fine ballad of 'Cadzow Castle,' appeared in 1803; and this was followed, early in 1805, when Scott was thirty-four, by his first great poetical romance, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' It made him famous; its success was beyond all precedent. Everybody read it, or wanted to read it; at all places of social meeting it was the theme of conversation. Nearly 7,000 copies were sold in two years. If Scott had opened to his readers an El Dorado, he had discovered one also for himself, his profits reaching the then unexampled sum of £769, which the reader may profitably compare with the fifteen guineas which, some fifty years before, Johnson had received for his noble poem on 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.'

It was about this time that Scott removed from Lasswade to the house of Ashestiel, situated on the south bank of the Tweed, a few miles from Selkirk. In 1804 the death of an uncle made a considerable addition to his income, and he also obtained the reversion to one of the principal clerkships of the Court of Session, which, on the death of its then aged occupant, brought him in £800 a year. In these circumstances he was induced privately to associate himself with the fortunes of James Ballantyne, the printer, and formed a commercial partnership, by which, for good or evil, he was bound during twenty years. Such a step Walter Scott could never have taken had he possessed more of the spirituality which generally accompanies a great genius, or had he risen to such a conception of his work and mission as his friend Wordsworth urged upon him and had always entertained. It was the step of a man who looked upon his intellect as a milch cow (to use Schiller's well-known phrase), and asked himself how best it could be made to coin into hard cash. 'To those,' says Carlyle, 'who regard him in the heroic light, and will have *Vates* to signify Prophet as well as Poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incongruous. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enterprise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If by any means cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid off—manifold higglings of booksellers and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and publishing speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire—who, indeed, got no copyrights—made much money by the war-commissariat in his time. St. George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object, towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago—*Put money in thy purse.*' Yes; but one cannot help feeling a deep regret that such an object dominated over Scott's healthy and capacious intellect; that he did not or would not conceive of a higher use for his rare powers; that he did not feel a desire to leave the world something better than he found it. One cannot regard with satisfaction the inharmonious combination of poet and novelist with speculative printer and publisher. There might have been some excuse if Scott had been a successful trader, but unhappily he was not; and the same causes which made him an unsuccessful trader account for his occasional or comparative failures as a man of letters. He wrote too rapidly and he wrote too much, because he was always in want of capital to support and carry out his speculations; and his ambition to become the founder of a family compelled him to mortgage his genius to a hazardous extent, while he burdened his partnership business with advances which it was unable to bear.

He now threw himself with great ardour into literary composition. He undertook a new and very valuable edition of Dryden; contributed some weighty articles to the *Edinburgh Review;* and on the 23rd of February, 1808, published his poem of 'Marmion,' for the copyright of which he received one thousand guineas. In May, 1810, appeared the most successful of his poetical achievements, 'The Lady of the Lake,' which made known to the better classes of England the fine scenery of Loch Katrine and the Trosachs. Thenceforward Scotland became the happy hunting-grounds of the English tourist, who wandered from scene to scene in obedience to the enchanted wand of the great wizard of the North. 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' 1811, dealt with a Portuguese story. He returned to his own country in 'The Bridal of Triermain,' published in 1813, and took up a Yorkshire subject in 'Rokeby,' the last of his poems in which the old fire breathes and burns. 'The Lord of the Isles,' 1815, shows painful signs of exhaustion, and it is only in the descriptive passages that the genius of the poet asserts itself. He closed his poetic career with 'Harold the Dauntless,' in 1817, which must necessarily rank with his inferior work.

Of Scott as a poet, Mr. Goldwin Smith's estimate seems to me fair and judicious. In each of his four chief romances we find an exciting story, told with great narrative power and with a wonderful spontaneity. 'We are always carried on, as the writer was himself when he was composing "Marmion," by the elastic stride of a strong horse over green turf, and in the freshest air. Abounding power, alike of invention and expression, is always there; and we feel throughout the influence of Scott's strong though genial and sympathetic character, and the control of his masculine sense, which never permits bad taste or extravagance. The language, however, though always good and flowing, is never very choice or memorable. There is not seldom a want of finish; and under the seductive influence of the facile measure, the wonderful ease not seldom runs into diffuseness, and sometimes, in the weaker poems, into a prolixity of commonplace:

> '"Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
> Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale!'

Scott was a little too fond of unrestrained flow; and perhaps it rather pleased him to think that his words were carelessly thrown off, by a gentleman writing for his amusement, not laboured by a professional writer. . . .

'Scott had a passionate love of the beauties of nature, and communicated it to his readers. He turned the Highlands from a wilderness at the thought of which culture shuddered into a place of universal pilgrimage, He was conscientious in his study of nature, going over the scene of "Rokeby" with book in hand, and taking down all the plants and shrubs, though he sometimes lapsed into a closest description, as in saying of the buttresses of Melrose in the moonlight that they seemed framed alternately of ebon and ivory. Many of his pictures, such as that of Coriskin, are examples of pure landscape-painting without the aid of historical accessories. In a nature so warm, feeling for colour was sure not to be wanting; the best judges have pronounced that Scott possessed this gift in an eminent degree; and his picture of Edinburgh and the camp in "Marmion" has been given as an example. He never thought of lending a soul to Nature, like the author of "Tintern Abbey," to whose genius he paid hearty homage across a wide gulf of difference. But he could give her life; and he could make her sympathize with the human drama, as in the lines at the end of the Convent Canto of "Marmion," and in the opening of "Rokeby," which rivals the opening of "Hamlet" in the cold winter night on the lonely platform of Elsinore.'

While he was composing 'Rokeby' he was taking steps to realize the dream of his life, and moved to Abbotsford, a small estate on the banks of the Tweed, three miles from Melrose, which he had purchased for £4,000. In a letter to a friend he touches on the humorous aspect of the 'flitting.' 'The neighbours,' he says, 'have been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some former chevalier of ancient border fame, and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets. I assure you that this caravan, attended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, greyhounds, and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gipsy groups of Callet upon the march.'

But a new star had risen above the horizon: and the public turned from the healthy, chivalrous romances of Scott to the sensuous love-poems of Byron, with their Oriental colouring, and episodes of tragic passion. Scott, who was never misled by vanity, or self-consciousness, perceived the decline of his popularity, and recognised that he was unable to compete in the lists of Apollo with his young and splendidly endowed rival. He had, however, other strings to his bow. His literary industry knew no stint, and his manly nature was as little shaken by the change in the public taste as by the troubles in which the precarious commercial position of the Ballantyne business involved him. On the 1st of July, 1814, appeared his admirable edition of Swift's Works, with Life, in nineteen volumes, executed for Constable the publisher; and almost simultaneously was published 'Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since,' the first of his splendid series of pure fictions. Its author relates some interesting particulars of its inception and execution. '"Waverley,"' he wrote to Mr. Merritt, 'was a very old attempt of mine to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during my own youth, so that few or no traces now remain. I had written great part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the MS., and only found it by the merest accident as I was rummaging the drawers of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it, which I did so fast, that the last two volumes were written in three weeks.' It was published anonymously, partly, perhaps, to heighten the public interest, and partly for the reason given by Scott himself, that it might not be considered quite decorous for him, as a Clerk of Sessions, to write novels.

Lockhart, Scott's future biographer and son-in-law, chanced to visit Edinburgh during the three weeks that Scott was engaged on the second and third volumes of 'Waverley.' Spending an evening with a friend, he observed, in the course of it, that a shade passed across his countenance, and inquired he felt unwell. 'No,' said he; 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair, for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' When Lockhart rose to change places, he said: 'Since we sat down I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished, and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night; I can't stand in sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged engrossing clerk, probably,' said one who was present. 'No, boys,' said he; 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.'

'Waverley' proved an immense success; in the first year the profits amounted to £2,000, which were divided between the author of 'Waverley' and Constable the publisher.

On the 18th January, 1815, was published the poem of 'The Lord of the Isles,' for one-half the copyright of which

Constable gave him 150 guineas. Two months later—such was the tremendous energy of Scott's inventive powers—he produced his second novel, 'Guy Mannering,' for which Messrs. Longman paid him, in all, £2,000. It was received with even more enthusiasm than its predecessor, and there can be no doubt that it is artistically and ethically superior. The characters of 'Dirk Hatteraick' and 'Meg Merrilies' are two of his most finished conceptions, and there is a lurid colouring throughout the whole which powerfully moves the spell-bound reader. It is not my province in these pages, however, which are intended to be mainly biographical, to attempt a detailed criticism of Scott's novels; nor is it necessary, when their qualities have been carefully examined by so many competent authorities. I have already pointed to their remarkable equality of literary merit; but, no doubt, there are some which one would place on a higher level than others. In so doing, one would be guided, perhaps, as much by one's tastes as by any critical canons; and the present writer, being thus influenced by his likings, would select for a first-class, if the novels were divided into two or three classes, 'Guy Mannering,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' and 'The Fortunes of Nigel;' while foremost in the second class would stand 'Quentin Durward,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Rob Roy,' 'The Antiquary,' and 'The Legend of Montrose.' But, *tot homines, tot sententiæ*. The special attributes of these wonderful novels we are all agreed to recognise: the interest of their story; the dramatic force of their situations; their general truthfulness of colouring, both as regards time and place; their wholesome, though unaffected morality; and the reality and livingness (if we may coin such a word) of their characters, which, though not always depicted with the same power, are never mere puppets or wax-work figures, unless we except two or three of his heroes. Their most striking feature, however, is, as Mr. Hutton says, that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests and passions. With but a few omissions, they may be said to give us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are moulded by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. 'And this it is which gives his books so large an interest for old and young, soldiers and statesmen, the world of society and the recluse alike. You can hardly read any novel of Scott's, and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean. And yet there is no artificiality—no elaborate attitudinizing before the antique mirrors of the past, like Bulwer's; no dressing out of clothes-horses, like G. P. R. James's. The boldness and freshness of the present are carried back into the past, and you see Papists and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jews, Jacobites, and freebooters, preachers, schoolmasters, mercenary soldiers, gipsies and beggars—all living the sort of life which the reader feels that, in their circumstances and under the same conditions of time and place and parentage, he might have lived too. Indeed, no man can read Scott without being more of a public man, whereas the ordinary novel tends to make its readers rather less of one than before.'

In the spring of 1815 Scott paid a visit to London, where society welcomed him with almost regal honours, and where he was introduced to Lord Byron and the Prince Regent, and other notable personages and persons. In the autumn he crossed over to the Continent, and examined the field of Waterloo, still red with memorials of the great battle which had finally stricken the French empire into ruin. Soon after his return to Abbotsford he published his poem of 'The Field of Waterloo,' which, commonplace as it is, obtained a very extensive sale; and in January, 1816, the lively description of his Continental travel, entitled 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.'

Early in May 'The Antiquary' sought and won the suffrages of the reading public. It was the author's favourite—but though admirable in its transcripts of Scottish life and scenery, wants the profound pathos and tragical emotion of some of its companions. Still under the veil of anonymity appeared, on the 1st of December, the first series of the 'Tales of My Landlord,' consisting of 'Old Mortality' (Scott's finest fiction), and 'The Black Dwarf;' but, though the title-page lacked the magic words, 'By the Author of Waverley,' the public were not to be deceived. The bow of Ulysses could be bent only by Ulysses himself. The age and the country could not produce at one time two novelists exactly equal in gifts so remarkable.

'Rob Roy' was published on the 31st of December, 1817; and in June, 1818, the second series of 'Tales of My Landlord,' containing 'The Heart of Midlothian,' which excited throughout Scotland an extraordinary enthusiasm. Then came the third series of 'The Tales'—the beautiful, *fateful* story of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' which has something of the character of a Greek tragedy about it. In the early part of 1818 he received from the Prince Regent the offer of a baronetcy, which, as the death of his wife's brother had increased the means available for his wife and children, he gratefully accepted. In December of the same year he sold all his then existing copyrights—his 'eild kye' (or old cows), as he called them—for £12,000. A temporary shadow was thrown on his prosperous life by a terribly severe attack of cramp of the stomach, from which disease he had suffered in the preceding year; but as soon as he was partially recovered, the brave, undaunted man resumed his work, though he was unable to write, and was compelled to have recourse to dictation. In this way was composed the greater portion of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' all the 'Legend of Montrose,' and the greater part of 'Ivanhoe.' His friends, John Ballantyne and William Laidlaw, acted as his amanuenses. The identity of Sir Walter with 'the Great Unknown'—the 'Author of Waverley'—though not formally acknowledged, was generally understood; and intense was the anxiety of the public concerning the prolonged illness of one who had so largely contributed to the innocent gaiety of nations.

Scott gradually recovered, and in 1819 his parental ambition was much gratified by the appointment of his eldest son, Walter, to a cornetcy in the 18th regiment of Hussars, then stationed at Cork. He kept up a frequent and frank correspondence with the young soldier after his departure from home, in which all his finest qualities are delightfully apparent—his kindly wisdom, his manliness, his shrewd common sense, and his genial temper. Both as conveying good advice, and as illustrative of Scott's character, the following quotations will not be out of place:

'I shall be curious to know how you like your brother officers, and how you dispose of your time. The drills and riding-school will of course occupy much of your morning for some time. I trust, however, you will keep in view drawing, languages, etc. It is astonishing how far even half an hour a day, regularly bestowed on one subject, will carry a man in making himself master of it. The habit of dawdling away time is easily acquired, and so is that of putting every moment either to use or to amusement. You will not be hasty in forming intimacies with any of your brother officers until you observe which of them are most generally respected, and likely to prove most creditable friends. It is seldom that the people who put themselves hastily forward to please are those most worthy of being known. At the same time, you will take care to return all civility which is offered with readiness and frankness. There is no occasion to let anyone see what you exactly think of him; and it is the less prudent, as you will find reason, in all probability, to change your opinion more than once. . . .

'I hope the French and German are attended to. Please to mention in your next letter what you are reading, and in what languages. The hours of youth, my dear Walter, are too precious to be spent all in gaiety. We must lay up in that period, when our spirit is active and our memory strong, the stores of information which are not only to facilitate our progress through life, but to amuse and interest us in our later stage of existence. I very often think what an unhappy person I should have been if I had not done something, more or less, towards improving my understanding when I was at your age; and I never reflect, without severe self-condemnation, on the opportunities of acquiring knowledge which I either trifled with or altogether neglected. I hope you will be wiser than I have been, and experience less of that self-reproach.

'Your outfit will be an expensive matter; but once settled, it will be fairly launching you into life in the way you wished, and I trust you will see the necessity of prudence and a gentleman-like economy, which consists chiefly in refusing one's self trifling indulgences until we can easily pay for them.'

The splendid chivalrous romance of 'Ivanhoe' was given to the world in December. As a work of imagination, it occupies a high place among Scott's fictions, and no doubt it gives very fairly an insight into the spirit and tendencies of feudalism; but, historically, it is far from accurate, and the England which he puts before the reader is assuredly not the England of Richard I.

In the spring of 1820, Scott went to London to receive his baronetcy, which he had hitherto been prevented from doing, first by his own illness, and then by the death of his mother, and other domestic troubles. By desire of George IV., his portrait was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and at the same time Sir Francis Chantrey executed his well-known bust. He returned to Edinburgh late in April, and on the way had the satisfaction of giving his daughter Sophia in marriage to John Gibson Lockhart.

This was probably the happiest and most prosperous period of Scott's career. His fame was in all the lands; for the public had long penetrated through the thin veil of anonymity which it pleased him to assume. He was happy in his domestic relations; and with an annual income of £12,000 to £13,000, he was able to gratify his ambition to become a landed proprietor. His first purchase at Abbotsford did not exceed 150 acres; but by 1816 he had enlarged it to 700 acres, and his earth-hunger increasing with every sop administered to it, he was the lord, in 1820, of a very considerable domain. At the same time, a spacious mansion, in the old Scottish baronial style, was rising on the banks of the Tweed, and gradually accumulating within its walls a store of antiquities and ancient relics and curiosities of every kind. Thus he writes to a friend: 'I am now anxious to complete Abbotsford. I am quite feverish about the armoury. I have two pretty complete suits of armour, one Indian one, and a cuirassier's, with boots, casque, etc., many helmets, corslets, and steel caps, swords and poniards without end, and about a dozen of guns, ancient and modern. I have, besides, two or three battle-axes and maces, pikes and targets, a Highlander's accoutrement complete, a great variety of branches of horns, pikes, bows, and arrows, and the clubs and maces of Indian tribes. I have reason to be proud of the finishing of my castle, for even of the tower, for which I trembled, not a stone has been shaken by the late terrific gale, which blew a roof clean off in the neighbourhood.'

I have already expressed my feeling that for a man like Scott this ambition to become a Scotch laird was an unworthy ambition, and we shall see that it involved his later life in the blackness and darkness of material ruin and mental affliction. By yielding to it and nourishing it, he did a grave injustice to his genius; he prematurely exhausted his powers, and instead of *creating*, was reduced to *manufacturing*. It could not be otherwise, when his mind was weary with the stress and strain inalienable from the necessity of finding the means to meet his excessive outlay. This deplorable weakness, in a man otherwise so strong—this serious disease, in a man otherwise so healthy—oh, the pity of it! What a wreck it brought about—what a crash and overthrow of radiant dreams and sanguine hopes! 'Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds. It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not a man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make £15,000 a year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour, and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name,—why, it is a shabby small-type edition of your vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!'

It must be owned that in Scott's life at Abbotsford the element of picturesqueness entered largely, and we can understand how acceptable it was to the visitors from all parts of the earth, drawn thither by the fame of the great magician. Scott was a liberal and a genial host, and whoever brought with him a note of introduction might calculate upon receiving a hearty welcome. His manner of life was this:—He rose very early, and gave his first thoughts to matters connected with the building of Abbotsford, or the planting and general improvement of his lands. At breakfast he met his family and guests; thence until noon he was occupied with his correspondence and his literary labours. At noon he went for a ride, accompanied by his friends, and attended by his trusty henchman, Tom Purdie, and his dogs. Some place of antiquarian interest or some scene of great natural beauty was visited, the journey being enlivened by Scott's witty conversation, anecdotes, and snatches of song and legend, and the whole party returned to Abbotsford in time for dinner. Sometimes instead of riding, Scott went for a long walk. After dinner the ladies sang and played, and Scott would often read from one of his favourite authors, or would join in the lively talk that went round, always having some words of wit or wisdom at his command. When Abbotsford was free from visitors—a rare occurrence—he gave the whole morning to writing, and spent the afternoon out-of-doors, superintending one or other of his latest improvements.

A guest at Abbotsford has recorded his impressions of what he saw and heard as follows :

'I never saw a man,' he says, 'who in his intercourse with all persons was so perfect a master of courtesy. His manners were so plain and natural, and his kindness took such immediate possession of the feelings. But this excellence in him might for a while pass almost unobserved. I cannot pay a higher testimony to it than by owning that I first fully appreciated it from his behaviour to others. His air and aspect, at the moment of a first introduction, were placid, modest, and, for his time of life, venerable. Occasionally, where he stood a little on ceremony, he threw into his address a deferential tone, which had in it something of old-fashioned politeness, and became him extremely well.

'A point of hospitality in which Sir Walter Scott never failed, whatever might be the pretensions of the guest, was to do the honours of conversation. When a stranger arrived, he seemed to consider it as much a duty to offer him the resources of his mind as those of his table ; taking care, however, by his chain of subjects to give the visitor an opportunity of making his own stores, if he had them, available.

'It would, I think, be extremely difficult to give a just idea of his conversation to anyone who had not known him. Considering his great personal and literary popularity, and the wide circle of society in which he had lived, it is perhaps remarkable that so few of his sayings, real or imputed, are in circulation. But he did not affect sayings ; the points and sententious terms, which are so easily caught up and transmitted, were not natural to him, though he occasionally expressed a thought very pithily and neatly. The great charm of his "table-talk" was in the sweetness and *abandon* with which it flowed, always, however, guided by good sense and taste ; the warm and unstudied eloquence with which he expressed rather sentiments than opinions; and the liveliness and force with which he narrated and described; and all that he spoke derived so much of its effect from indefinable felicities of manner, look, and tone, and sometimes from the choice of apparently insignificant words, that a moderately faithful transcript of his sentences would be but a faint image of his conversation. No one who has seen him can forget the surprising power of change which his countenance showed when awakened from a state of composure. His features were equally capable of the jovial and humorous and the pathetic expression. The form and hue of his eyes were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting; and when he told some dismal and mysterious story, he had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look, which appealed irresistibly to the hearer's imagination. Occasionally, when he spoke of something very audacious or eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragi-comic, hare-brained expression quite peculiar to himself. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first clause of a humorous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy sidelong glance at his neighbours, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth he did indeed "laugh the heart's laugh," like Walpole, but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words. He could go on telling or discounting, while his lungs did "crow like chanticleer," his syllables in the struggle growing more emphatic, his accent more strongly Scotch, and his voice plaintive with excess of merriment. The habits of life at Abbotsford ran in an easy, rational, and pleasant course. After breakfast Sir Walter took his short interval of study, and about one o'clock he walked or rode, generally with some of his visitors. He used to be a good deal on horseback, and a pleasant sight it was to see the gallant old gentleman, in his sealskin cap and short green jacket, lounging along a field-side on his mare, Sibyl Grey, and pausing now and then to talk, with a serio-comic look, to a labouring man or woman, and rejoice them with some quaint saying in broad Scotch. The dinner-hour was early; the sitting after dinner was hospitably but not immoderately prolonged; and the whole family party (for such it always seemed, even if there were social visitors) then met again for a short evening, which was passed in conversation and music. I once heard Sir Walter say that he believed there was a "pair" of cards somewhere in the house, but probably there is no tradition of their ever having been used. The drawing-room and library opened into each other, and formed a beautiful evening apartment. By everyone who has visited at Abbotsford they must be associated with some of the most delightful recollections of his life. Sir Walter listened to the music of his daughter, which was all congenial to his own taste, with a never-failing enthusiasm. He followed the fine old songs which Mrs. Lockhart sang to her harp with his mind, eyes, and lips, almost as if joining in an act of religion. To other musical performances he was a dutiful and often a pleased listener; but I believe he cared little for mere music—the notes failed to charm him if they were not connected with good words, or immediately associated with some history or strong sentiment, upon which his imagination could fasten. A similar observation might, I should conceive, apply to his feeling of other arts. I do not remember any picture or print at Abbotsford which was remarkable merely as a work of colour or design. All, I think, either represented historical, romantic, or poetical subjects, or related to persons, places, or circumstances in which he took an interest. Even in architecture his taste had the same bias; almost every stone of his house bore an allusion or suggested a sentiment.'

The tide of Scott's popularity reached high-water mark with his 'Ivanhoe.' Thenceforward, though with some fluctuations, it began to ebb; never very seriously, however, and always keeping far above the level reached by any of his contemporaries, except Byron. 'The Monastery,' published in March, 1820, was the first of the long series which showed signs of failure. But any transient decline seemed in 'The Abbot,' published in September, to be largely retrieved. 'Kenilworth,' published in January, 1821, was a signal success; and in December the writer broke new ground in 'The Pirate,' to the great delight of his admirers. At this time he sold to Messrs. Constable the remaining copyright of 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' and 'Kenilworth' for a sum of five thousand guineas. They had already yielded him at least £1,000. He also covenanted with the same firm to place in their hands in regular succession four entirely new fictions, for which they gave him bills in advance for a very considerable sum. Within two years he kept his agreement by producing 'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' and 'Redgauntlet.' It is difficult to know which more excites one's astonishment, his indefatigable perseverance or his fertility of invention.

In August, 1822, George IV. visited Edinburgh; and in the festivities which welcomed him, Scott, whose loyalty was enthusiastic, inasmuch as it emanated from the feudal side of his character, bore a conspicuous part. He acted, indeed, as master of the ceremonies; and everybody was willing enough that, on such an occasion, the foremost man in Scotland should take the lead. It is not pleasant to read, however, that he asked to be allowed to retain the glass out of which his majesty had condescendingly drunk his health in real Highland whisky; and I for one am heartily glad that when Scott reached home he sat down on the royal gift, and crushed it to atoms. I am surprised that a man like Scott, with so healthy a mind and so manly a temper, could stoop himself before the last, and the worst, of the Georges. But the greatest men have their weaknesses; and Scott's love for the Past extended even to its fetishes and follies. He was a Tory of the extreme school of politics; as easily excited by the mention of reform as a bull by a red rag, and defending abuses, if they were venerable, with indiscriminate ardour. It was the antiquity, not the abuse, which attracted him; but when his feelings got excited, he lost his usual soundness of judgment, and could not distinguish between the two.

In the opening months of 1823, Scott completed another settlement with Constable, receiving 5,000 guineas for his property in the 'Pirate,' 'Nigel,' 'Peveril,' and 'Quentin Durward.' The last-named revived the splendid successes of Scott's earlier fictions; but the reception accorded to 'St. Ronan's Well,' published in December, was comparatively cold. Nor did 'Redgauntlet' (June, 1824) meet with fairer fortune. The truth was that Scott was writing too rapidly and too much; and of this pregnant fact Constable had begun to form a glimmering suspicion. It does not seem to have troubled Scott himself, who, in the Christmas of 1824, Abbotsford being finished, entered on a course of unbounded hospitality in honour of the approaching marriage of his eldest son to Miss Gibson of Lochar, an heiress, and the niece of his friends Sir Adam and Lady Ferguson. As the young lady's fortune was a handsome one, her guardians stipulated, and with success, that Abbotsford should be settled upon the affianced parties, with reservation of Sir Walter's own life-rent, and the power of burdening the estate with £1,000 for the benefit of his younger children. The marriage took place at Edinburgh on February 3rd, 1825, and soon afterwards Sir Walter purchased for his son a captaincy in the King's Hussars, which cost him £3,500.

This was the climax of Scott's prosperity. The fabric he had raised was already tottering to its fall, though as yet he seems to have had no idea of its instability. His prolific vein had not ceased to flow; and in June he issued 'The Tales of the Crusaders,' containing 'The Talisman' and 'The Betrothed.' Meanwhile, he had undertaken to furnish a 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte' for a series of cheap monthly volumes —the 'inauguration' of cheap popular literature in England— to be termed 'Constable's Miscellany.' Scott, however, found the work *grow* upon him as he delved into it; and the 'Life,' assuming historical proportions, was eventually published in a separate form.

In July, 1825, Scott paid a visit to Ireland; received a royal welcome at Dublin; stopped a few days with Miss Edgeworth; and surveyed the beauties of the lakes of Killarney. He was intensely delighted with his trip. 'We had beautiful lakes,' he afterwards wrote; '"those vast inland seas," as Spenser terms them, and hills which they call mountains, and dargles and dingles, and most superb ruins of castles and abbeys; and live nuns in strict retreat, not permitted to speak, but who read their breviaries with one eye, and looked at their visitors with the other. Then we had Miss Edgeworth, and the kind-natured clever Harriet, who moved and thought and acted for everybody's comfort rather than her own; we had Lockhart to say clever things, and Walter, with his whiskers, to overawe obstinate postilions and impudent beggars; and Jane to bless herself that the folks had neither houses, clothes, nor furniture; and Anne to make fun from morning to-night:

"And merry folks were we."

There was such a whirl of laking, and calling, and boating, and wondering, and shouting, and laughing, and carousing; so much to be seen, and so little time to see it: so much to be heard, and only two ears to listen to twenty voices, that upon the whole, I grew desperate. It is impossible to conceive the extent of the virtue of hospitality in all classes. I don't think even our Scottish hospitality can match that of Ireland. Everything seems to give way to the desire to accommodate a stranger; and I really believe the story of the Irish harper, who condemned his harp to the flames for want of fire-wood to make his guest's supper. Their personal kindness to me has been so great, that were it not from the chilling recollection that novelty is easily substituted for merit, I should think, like the booby in Steele's play, that I had been "kept back," and that there was something more about me than I had been led to suspect. There is much less of exaggeration about the Irish than might have been suspected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery. . . . I said their poverty was not exaggerated, neither is their wit, nor their good-humour, nor their whimsical absurdity, nor their courage.'

Returning to Holyhead, the travellers went on a tour through North Wales, and then repaired to the English lakes, where Scott was the guest of Canning, at Windermere, of Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, of Southey at Keswick, and Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle. The tour from first to last had been 'an ovation.'

It was after he had once more settled down at Abbotsford that he began the practice of keeping a diary, and thus, through the mournfullest years of his life, we have the advantage of an indisputably authentic expression of his thoughts and feelings. We shall borrow from it fully, in order that the reader may hear what Scott himself has to say on his sad experiences. I have prepared the reader for them by my allusion to Scott's commercial connection with the Ballantynes, and through them with the great publishing firm of Constable. He exercised no supervision over their transactions, and the partners of the two firms more or less displayed a strange amount of carelessness. Constable had become intimately associated with the London firm of Hurst, Robinson, and Co., which, during the commercial crisis of 1825, drew upon Constable heavily. Hence when they failed they brought down with them the two Edinburgh house. Hurst and Robinson and Constable became bankrupt: the former paying 2s. 9d., and the latter 1s. 3d. in the pound. The Ballantynes might have followed the same course, had not Sir Walter Scott been a partner; but the laird of Abbotsford looked at the matter as a gentleman, not as a trader, and as soon as he knew the worst, immediately declared that he would devote the rest of his life to the task of paying his creditors, and would take upon his shoulders the whole burden of the liabilities of the firm, about £117,000. Whatever may have been Scott's failings or follies, they were nobly redeemed by this heroic effort. Heavy as was the blow — a blow which shattered his brightest and most cherished hopes, which crushed to the ground the ambitious fabric raised with so much energy and perseverance—he gave no sign of weakness or failure; and at the age of fifty-four, relying on his genius and his courage, manfully undertook an enterprise of colossal difficulty, from which a man twenty years younger might well have shrunk. 'Silently, like a strong proud man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years too — misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate then—Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly; with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength; and *it* proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart! Over these last writings of Scott, his "Napoleons," "Demonologies," "Scotch Histories," and the rest, criticism, finding still much to be wondered at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, "Woe is me!" The noble war-horse, that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, here is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile: rapid, straight down—perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless *globe;* that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man. Yet, after all, Scott's was a very innocent ambition, and on the whole a harmless one: not unlike Shakespeare's, who, too, desired to found a family, and to build a mansion, and acquire land, only the great dramatist had a moderation and a self-control which the great novelist never had.'

Now for a few extracts from the strong man's diary:

'1826, *January* 22.—I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted; sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck, *i.e.*, if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then "Woodstock" and "Bony" may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad,

"And lay my bones far from the *Tweed.*"

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd when I set myself to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man as I ever was—neither low-spirited nor *distrait.* In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.'

We pass over the 'Letters of Malachi Malagrowther'—directed against a Government scheme for prohibiting the issue of one-pound notes—though their success in Scotland was as great as that of Swift's 'Drapier Letters' in Ireland; the sale of his house in Edinburgh, and the publication of 'Woodstock,' which sold for £8,228, to come to the illness and death of Lady Scott.

'*March* 19.—Lady S., the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, for so many years, has, but with difficulty, been prevailed on to see Dr. Abercrombie, and his opinion is far from favourable. Her asthmatic complaints are fast terminating in hydropsy, as I have long suspected; yet the announcement of the truth is overwhelming.

'*Abbotsford, April* 19.—Returned last night from the house of death and mourning to my own; now the habitation of sickness and anxious apprehension. The result cannot yet be judged. Two melancholy things last night. I left my pallet in our family apartment to make way for a female attendant, and removed to a dressing-room adjoining; when to return, or whether ever, God only can tell. Also my servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task. I hope she will not observe it.'

'*April* 29.—I was always afraid, privately, that "Woodstock" [which had just been published] would not stand the test. In that case my fate would have been that of the unfortunate minstrel and trumpeter Marine at the Battle of Sheriffmuir.

" 'Through misfortune he happened to fa', man;
But saving his neck
His trumpet did break,
And came off without music at a', man."

James Ballantyne corroborated my doubts, by his raven-like croaking and criticizing; but the good fellow writes me this morning that he is written down an ass, and that the approbation is unanimous. It is but Edinburgh, to be sure; but Edinburgh has always been a harder critic than London. It is a great mercy, and gives encouragement for future exertion. Having written two leaves this morning, I think I will turn out to my walk, though two hours earlier than usual. Egad, I could not persuade myself that it was such bad "Balaam," after all.'

He is called away to Edinburgh, and compelled to leave his dying wife:

'*May* 11.—Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well. Emotion might have hurt her; and nothing I could have expressed would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen, for two years and more, that this menaced event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly, within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless; and yet to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill—that I did not, could not, foresee. It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed, and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence . . . .

'*May* 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

'*Abbotsford, May* 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. The broken accents were like those of a child—the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. "Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband?

'For myself, I never know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family, all but poor Anne; an impoverished and embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections . . . .

'*June* 4.—I wrote a good task yesterday, and to-day a great one, scarce stirring from the desk. I am not sure that it is right to work so hard; but a man must take himself, as well other people, when in the humour. I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up the pen just at the hour appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures. [Scott apparently forgets that this, at one time, was his own practice.] If I lay down the pen, as the pain in my breast hints that I should, what am I to do? If I think, why I shall weep—and that's nonsense; and I have no friend now to relieve my tediousness for half an hour of the gloaming.'

A brief visit to London and Paris, in October, cheered him greatly: the movement and the change of scenery had a favourable and invigorating effect upon his mind. But it was otherwise with him physically; he suffered much from rheumatic attacks, originating in the damp sheets of one of the French inns, and the excessive strain which he had put upon his energies began to affect his constitution. We come across a melancholy entry in his diary under the date of December 16:

'Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and the little cares put in exercise to soothe the languor or pain were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new scene to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *malade imaginaire* gained something by his humour. It is different in the latter stages—the old post-chaise gets more shattered and out of order at every turn; windows will not be pulled up, doors refuse to open, or, being open, will not shut again—which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment—your sicknesses come thicker and thicker—your comforting and sympathizing friends fewer and fewer, for why should they sorrow for the course of nature? The recollections of youth, health, and uninterrupted powers of activity, neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all. This was a day of labour, agreeably varied by a pain which rendered it scarce possible to sit upright. . . . . I shall tire of my journal. In my better days I had stories to tell; but death has closed the long, dark avenue upon loves and freindships, and I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, provided such be the will of God. My pains were those of the heart, and had something flattering in their character. If in the head, it was from the blow of a bludgeon gallantly received, and well paid back. I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence—I shall never see the threescore-and-ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either.'

About the middle of June, 1827, was published 'The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte,' in nine volumes. It represented an immense amount of labour, but the result was not satisfactory. Judged from the present standpoint of the historical critic, it is, indeed, a failure; and it has ceased to rank among the standard authorities on its great subject. The narrative is clear, graphic, and interesting. It could not be otherwise, for it is Scott's; but there are no signs of the penetrating insight and broad sympathies and comprehensive views of the true historian—none of those qualities which Freeman, and Froude, and Green have taught us to look for. And it must be added that the style is deficient in picturesque force and vigorous eloquence. It is diffuse, slipshod, and often careless. Pecuniarily, however, Scott's *magnum opus*, as he considered it, was a success. The first and second editions realized a sum of £18,000. So that, as by the time it was published he had written nearly half of the first series of 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' it is clear that between the close of 1825 and the middle of 1827, he had diminished the amount of his debts by no less a sum than £28,000.

At a public dinner, two or three months previously, Scott had taken the chair, and in returning thanks to the toast of his health, had publicly acknowledged—what had long ceased to be a mystery—his authorship of the Waverley Novels. There seems to have been no good reason why it should not have been acknowledged before.

Still resolute in his honourable purpose, and indefatigable in his literary projects, Scott conceived the idea of his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' a series of stories for the young in illustration of Scottish history. It need not be said that they are admirably done; the subject appealed to Scott's warmest affections and strongest sympathies. A friend who visited Abbotsford while he was engaged upon this work, draws a pleasant picture of his *modus operandi.* 'One rainy day,' he says, 'when walking at the usual hour became hopeless, Sir Walter asked me to sit with him while he continued his morning occupation, giving me, for my own employment, the publications of the Ballantyne Club. His study was strictly a workroom, though an elegant one. The shelves were stored with serviceable books; one door opened into the great library, and a hanging-stair within the room itself communicated with his bedroom. It would have been a good lesson to a desultory student, or even to a moderately active amanuensis, to see the uninterrupted energy with which Sir Walter Scott applied himself to his work. I conjectured that he was at this time writing the "Tales of a

Grandfather." When we had sat down to our respective employments, the stillness of the room was unbroken, except by the light rattle of the rain against the windows, and the dashing trot of Sir Walter's pen over his paper ; sounds not very unlike each other, and which seemed to vie together in rapidity and continuance. Sometimes, when he stopped to consult a book, a short dialogue would take place upon the subjects with which I was occupied; about Mary Queen of Scots, perhaps, or Viscount Dundee; or, again, the silence might be broken for a moment by some merry outcry in the hall, from one of the little grandchildren, which would half waken Nimrod, or Bran, or Spice, as they slept at Sir Walter's feet, and produce a growl or a stifled bark; not in anger, but by way of protest. For matters like these work did not proceed the worse, nor, as it seemed to me, did Sir Walter feel at all discomposed by such interruptions as a message, or the entrance of a visitor. One door of his study opened into the hall, and there did not appear to be any understanding that he should not be disturbed.'

The first series of the 'Chronicles of the Canongate'—containing 'The Highland Widow,' 'The Two Drovers,' and 'The Surgeon's Daughter'—and the first series of 'Tales of a Grandfather,' appeared before the close of the year 1827. From the reception accorded to them it was obvious that Scott's popularity had not as yet undergone any sensible diminution. The year, however, did not pass wholly in sunshine; for one of the creditors, standing aloof from the rest, and unmoved by the heroic patience with which his illustrious debtor was discharging his self-imposed task, threatened proceedings, which gave him reason to fear for his personal liberty. Ultimately, unknown to Scott, the amount was privately settled by his generous friend, Sir William Forbes.

A dividend of six shillings in the pound was paid to Sir Walter's creditors, at Christmas, 1827, on their whole claims. His exertions up to this date had realized, in two years, the magnificent sum of nearly £40,000. Well might they recognise his self-sacrificing labours by a vote of cordial thanks. Writing on the 31st December, in his diary, he says :

'Looking back to the conclusion of 1826, I observe that the last year ended in trouble and sickness, with pressures for the present and gloomy prospects for the future. The sense of a great privation so lately sustained, together with the very doubtful and clouded nature of my private affairs, pressed hard upon my mind. I am now restored in constitution; and though I am still in troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions of 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me successfully through 1828, when we may gain a more open sea, if not exactly a safe port. Above all, my children are well . . . . Walter is happy in the view of his majority, on which matter we have favourable hopes from the Horse Guards. Anne is well and happy. Charles's entry on life under the highest patronage, and in a line for which, I hope, he is qualified, is about to take place presently.

'For all these blessings it becomes me well to be thankful to God, who, in His good time and good pleasure, sends us good as well as evil.'

The year 1828 was another year of hard work. He began the issue of a uniform edition of his novels, accompanying each with a kind of autobiographical introduction and with historical and antiquarian annotations of the highest interest. This edition met with extraordinary success. He also contributed several articles to the *Quarterly Review;* completed the second series of the 'Tales of a Grandfather;' published his 'Fair Maid of Perth,' which deserves a place in his second-class fictions; and began his 'Anne of Geierstein,' in which he broke entirely new ground. This, too, though not one of his finest works, is excellent in picturesque descriptions of landscape and in the dramatic character of some of its scenes. Scott, no doubt, is most himself when he plants his foot upon his native heather. With all their brilliancy, his best English novels do not come up to the level of his purely Scottish fictions, such as 'Waverley' and 'Old Mortality,' and his Swiss story does not approach his English ones. Still, as Lockhart justly remarks, its pages are distinguished by the skill and grace of an experienced artist, while their touches of the old poetic spirit are more than sufficient to remove it to an immeasurable distance from any contemporary works of fiction. The various play of fancy in the construction of persons and events, and the brisk vivacity of both imagery and diction, may well justify us (says Lockhart) in applying to the author what he finely says of his King René:

> 'A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but these did not chill him. Gaiety,

> Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
> With such wild visions as the setting sun
> Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
> Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'

On the day that he finished 'Anne of Geierstein' he began his 'Compendium of Scottish History,' in two volumes, for the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.' He realized by it £1,500. Meanwhile, the sale of the new edition of his novels had reached a monthly total of 35,000 copies; and with a burst of exultation their author began to look forward to the rapid clearance of his incumbrances. But all this immense intellectual labour had not been accomplished without injury to the delicate mechanism of the brain; and after suffering for some weeks from headache and nervous irritation, he was attacked with hæmorrhages, which, though they afforded temporary relief, were unquestionably dangerous symptoms. The beginning of the end was at hand; though, as years ago, he was still in the ripest period of middle age. At all events, at fifty-nine he might still count, with some reason, on having years of work before him. But the bowl had gone too often to the fountain. On the 15th of February, 1830, he had returned from the Parliament House, and was engaged in looking over some manuscripts submitted to him by a friend, Miss Young, when he was stricken by a paralytic seizure. With his usual iron will he struggled against it, and contrived to stagger into an adjoining room where his daughter was; but there he fell prostrate upon the floor, remaining speechless for ten minutes. In the evening he was cupped, and gradually he recovered his speech and faculties, though Lockhart is probably right in thinking that his style never afterwards recovered its full vigour and lucidity, or his thought its old strength and order. He submitted, however, to a very rigorous regimen, and in the course of the year retired from his duties as Clerk of Session. He still clung, naturally enough, to the work of creation, to which, unhappily, he was no longer equal; and the cruelly honest criticisms from Ballantyne on his novel, 'Count Robert of Paris,' affected his spirits greatly—the more so because he was gradually arriving at a conviction that they were only too well justified. Thus he writes to Mr. Cadell, the publisher: 'Although we are come near to the point to which every man knows he must come, yet I acknowledge I thought I might have put it off for two or three years; for it is hard to lose one's power of working when you have perfect leisure for it. I do not view James Ballantyne's criticism, although his kindness may not make him sensible of it, so much as an objection to the particular topic, which is merely fastidious, as to my having failed to please him, an anxious and favourable judge, and certainly a very good one. . . . I have lost, it is plain, the power of interesting the country, and ought, in justice to all parties, to retire, while I have some credit. But this is an important step, and I will not be obstinate about it, if necessary. I would not act hastily, and still think it right to set up at least half a volume. . . .

'It would have been the height of injustice and cruelty to impute want of friendship or sympathy to J. B.'s discharge of a doubtful, and, I am sensible, a perilous task. True,

> ' "The first bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office."

And it is a failing in the temper of the most equal-minded men, that we find them liable to be less pleased with the tidings that they have fallen short of their aim, than if they had been told they had hit the mark; but I never had the least thought of blaming him, and indeed my confidence in his judgment is the most forcible part of the whole affair. It is the consciousness of his sincerity which makes me doubt whether I can proceed with the "Count of Paris." I am most anxious to do justice to all concerned, and yet, for the soul of me, I cannot see what is likely to turn out for the best. I might attempt the "Perilous Castle of Douglas," but I fear the subject is too much used, and that I might again fail in it. Then being idle will never do, for a thousand reasons.'

So Scott went on with his novel. There is no sadder sight—at least, my memory recalls none—than that of this man of the iron will and the tenacious purpose, struggling against the inevitable, and persisting in his task, with the dark shadow of apoplexy and paralysis hanging over him. And the young reader, working under such happier conditions, with health of body and of mind, and all the freshness of early manhood, may well gain inspiration from this noble example, and give himself up to the faithful and unhesitating performance of his duty. The biography of Scott is one of the finest tonics that can be administered to the young student. Augustine Caxton, in Bulwer Lytton's well-known fiction, is made to recommend that of Robert Hall; but for therapeutic value—for the power of encouraging, inspiring, and strengthening—I know no book which equals the life of Scott.

The entries in his diary grow very painful as the loss of brain power forces itself more and more upon him. On the 5th of January he writes: 'Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk, and my head strangely confused. When I begin to form my ideas for conversation expressions fail me, yet in solitude they are sufficiently arranged. I incline to hold that these ugly symptoms are the work of imagination; but, as Dr. Adam Ferguson—a firm man, if ever there was one in the world—said on such an occasion, *what is worse than imagination?*'

'*February* 23, 24, 25.—These three days I can hardly be said to have varied from my ordinary. Rose at seven, dressed before eight; wrote letters, or did any little business till a quarter past nine. Then breakfasted. Mr. Laidlaw comes from ten till one. Then take the pony and ride—*quantum mutatus*—two or three miles, John Swanston walking by my bridle-rein lest I fall off. Come home about three or four. Then to dinner on a single plain dish, and half a tumbler, or, by'r Lady, three-fourths of a tumbler of whisky and water. Then sit till six o'clock, when enter Mr. Laidlaw again, who works commonly till eight. After this, work usually alone till half-past ten; sup on porridge and milk, and so to bed. The work is half done. If anyone asks what time I take or think on the composition, I might say, in one point of view, it was seldom five minutes out of my head the whole day; in another light, it was never the serious subject of consideration at all, for it never occupied my thoughts for five minutes together, except when I was dictating.'

This was the crisis of the Reform Bill agitation; and the cerebral mischief from which he suffered was no doubt aggravated by the excitement he underwent during the elections at Jedburgh and Selkirk. His strong Tory principles had made him unpopular with the non-electors; upon his attempting to speak from the platform he was hooted down, and on his way home his carriage was pelted with stones. When the elections were over, his mental disturbance seemed to subside, and he began his last fiction, the story of 'Castle Dangerous;' but in

April he was stricken with a second attack of paralysis. Again he made a partial recovery, and after a tour into Lanarkshire, resumed his work, and completed it. He then yielded to the advice of his physicians, and prepared to spend the winter abroad, and to abstain entirely from literary labour. This he did the more willingly, because the delusion had taken possession of his mind that his debts were all discharged.

Before he took his departure, he was much gratified by a farewell visit from Wordsworth and his daughter. They spent the 22nd of September together; and it was probably on the evening of that remarkable day that the poet of the Lakes composed the touching and beautiful sonnet which breathed a benediction on his brother poet's journey:

> 'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
> Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
> Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
> Spirits of power assembled there complain
> For kindred power departing from their sight;
> While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
> Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
> Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes,
> Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
> Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
> Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
> Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
> Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope.'

Early on the 23rd of September, Sir Walter, attended by Lockhart and his daughter Anne, left Abbotsford, and travelling by easy stages, reached London on the 28th. A month later he embarked from Portsmouth in a vessel which the Admiralty had placed at his disposal. He arrived at Malta on the 22nd of November, and at Naples on the 17th of December, where he was joined by his son Charles. At both places the welcome accorded to him was such as the world pays only to its greatest benefactors. He visited Pompeii, Pæstum, and other scenes of interest, but, cheating himself into a conviction of restored health, as well as of recovered wealth, he insisted on resuming the labour of composition, while he broke through the dietary regimen his physicians had prescribed for him. At the same time he showed a great eagerness to return to his native land and his beloved Abbotsford; and his companions felt that nothing was any longer to be gained by opposing him.

They left Naples on the 16th of April, and proceeded northwards, making a pause of several days in Rome, where, under the influence of agreeable society, he revived wonderfully. The journey was resumed on the 3rd of May; and the invalid thenceforward exhibited an anxious desire to press forward with the utmost speed. He seemed to take little interest in the beauty of the landscape through which he passed, or the characteristics of the historic monuments which crowded upon him everywhere, until he reached Mayence and began the descent of the Rhine. Then his memory seemed to recall the songs and legends associated with that immortal river, and more particularly, perhaps, the pictures drawn in such vivid colours by the genius of Byron in his 'Childe Harold.' But the dreary aspect of the Rhine valley below Cologne evidently depressed him. On the evening of the 9th of June he suffered from another serious attack of apoplexy combined with paralysis. Having been bled he recovered consciousness; but thenceforth was only the wreck, the ruin of his former self. On the 13th of June he reached London, where his arrival excited an extraordinary sensation. People apparently felt a kind of personal pain that the man who had done so much for the entertainment of the world should be amongst them—helpless, prostrate, dying. The members of the royal family, by their constant inquiries, showed that they shared in the general sympathy. Allan Cunningham tells us that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men grouped together at the corner of Jermyn Street, where rooms had been taken for the sufferer in St. James's Hotel; and was stopped by one of them who asked, 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where *he* is lying?'—as if in all that great metropolis there could be but one man to whom that personal pronoun could be applied. Under a mistaken idea that Scott was pecuniarily embarrassed, the Government intimated to his family that relief would be forthcoming from the Treasury, if needed. Surely never was man of letters greeted before with such homage and respect and reverential affection!

But the time had come for the stricken eagle to return to his own eyrie, and die. With a passionate longing he desired to close his eyes among the scenes of his happiest as well as of his saddest years. On the 7th of July he was lifted into his carriage, followed by his weeping daughters, and conveyed on board a steamboat, where the captain gave up to him his private cabin. He was insensible to any change until after his arrival at Edinburgh, when, on the 11th, he was again placed in his carriage, remaining in it quite unconscious during the first two stages of the journey to Abbotsford. But as the familiar scenes broke successively on his fading sight, they touched the chords of memory, and he was heard to murmur, 'Gala Water, surely--Beechholm—Torwoodlee.' At length the triple summit of Eildon Hill rose into view. He became excited; and when his eye caught the towers of Abbotsford, he sprang to his feet with a cry of delight; and his son-in-law, his physician, and his servant had much ado to keep him in his carriage.

Mr. Laidlaw, his old amanuensis, was waiting at the porch to receive Sir Walter, and assisted to lift him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat for a few moments bewildered, and then, his eye resting on Laidlaw, he exclaimed, 'Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often I have thought of you!' His dogs gathered round his chair, fawning on him and licking his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled upon them, until he fell asleep. Next morning, and the morning after, he was wheeled about his garden and among the rose-blooms, to his evident delight. His grandchildren helped in their way to push his chair, and he looked at them well pleased. He then expressed a wish to be wheeled through his rooms, and he was taken up and down the hall and the great library. 'I have seen much,' he said again and again, 'but nothing like my ain house. Give me one turn more.' In the library he rested by the central window, where he could look out upon the rippling and eddying Tweed, and asked Lockhart to read to him. 'From what book?' inquired his son-in-law. 'Need you ask? There is but one Book.' Lockhart read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, to which Scott listened reverently, and when it was finished, said, 'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'

It is, perhaps, a morbid curiosity which enters the death-chamber of a great man, stands by his bedside, and picks up the last straggling utterances, the incoherent words, of the once strong mind, when broken and enfeebled by the disease and decay of its earthly tenement. But in Scott's case there was a certain dignity and elevation of thought in the expressions which dropped from his dying lips, so that one has no reason to regret their preservation by his biographer. It is difficult, however, to read without tears the pathetic episode of his last attempt to recall the vanished faculties. On Tuesday, the 17th, having been taken out into the garden, he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for half an hour, started awake, flung the plaids from his shoulders, and exclaimed, 'This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk.' He repeated the request with such earnestness that it could not be refused; and his daughters having opened his writing-desk and arranged pens and paper, he was wheeled to the spot where he had accomplished so much excellent work. Finding himself in his accustomed position, he smiled and said, 'Now give me my pen, and leave me a little to myself.' His eldest daughter put the pen into his hand, and endeavoured to close the fingers upon it, but they had lost their power, and it dropped idly on the paper. Scott sank back among his pillows, and the tears rolled silently down his cheek; but after a while he recovered his composure, motioned to be wheeled out of doors, and soon sank into a gentle sleep. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to Lockhart, 'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he, 'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' He began to weep through very feebleness. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself; get me to bed —that's the only place.'

Thereafter he never left his room, and scarcely his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day, and this only during the first week. He declined daily, but his constitution was strong, and the fight against death was pitifully protracted. Of bodily pain he suffered little, if any; his mind was generally under a cloud, and in the few intervals of consciousness usually reverted to high and solemn things. He seemed to be meditating on a passage in the Bible (such as Isaiah's prophecies and the Book of Job), or some petition in the Litany, or a verse of an old Scottish psalm, or one of the ancient Church hymns, always very dear to him, but probably associated in his memory with the Church functions he had attended in Italy. His daughters he never failed to recognise, or Lockhart, or Laidlaw, whenever either spoke to him, and their attentions were acknowledged with a thankfulness that was very touching.

On Monday, the 17th of September, his mind threw off its burden for a brief interval, and Lockhart was summoned to his bedside, to find him in entire though transient possession of his faculties, with clear calm eyes and composed countenance. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' He paused, and Lockhart said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?' 'No,' said he, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!' With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, nor did he afterwards give any distinct sign of consciousness, except on the arrival of his sons, who, on learning that the end was close at hand, had obtained leave of absence, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th.

At half-past one in the afternoon of the 21st, a beautiful autumn day, with every window wide open to admit the genial air, which brought with it into the death-room the musical ripple of the Tweed over its pebbly bed—Sir Walter passed away, and 'his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.' A month before he had completed his sixty-first year.

Nearly seven years earlier, on the 7th of December, 1825, he had considered his state of health with reference to the age reached by his father and other members of his family, and had thus stated his conclusions: 'Square the odds and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not if I leave my name unstained and my family property settled. *Sat est vicisse.*" Thus the span of his life was just a year longer than he had anticipated as probable, but, after all, that year was not so much one of life, as of death-in-life.

Scott was buried among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, on the 21st of September.

It is singular and sad how speedily the great novelist's direct heirs died out, and how completely his hope of establishing a family was shattered. His eldest son, Sir Walter, died without issue, aged forty-nine, February 8th, 1847. His second son, Charles, who was never married, died at Teheran, aged thirty-six, October 28th, 1841. Anne Scott's constitution was wrecked by her long attendance on her mother and father, and she died of brain fever, June 25th, 1833; Sophia (Mrs. Lockhart), on May 17th, 1837. She had three children: two sons who died respectively in 1831 and 1853, without issue, and one daughter, Charlotte Harriet Jane, who succeeded to the estate of Abbotsford, and with her husband, Mr. C. R. Hope, assumed the name of Scott. She, too, had three children, of whom two died within a few weeks of herself, and the third, Mary Monica, the sole surviving descendant of Sir Walter, recently married the Master of Herries.

[*Authorities:* 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' by J. Gibson Lockhart, ed. 1832-1837; by Rev. G. Gilfillan, D.D., 1870; by W. Rossetti, 1870; by R. Chambers, LL.D., 1871; by R. H. Hutton ('English Men of Letters' series), 1878. Biographical sketches are also prefixed to some editions of his works, but necessarily all are founded on Lockhart's great biography. See also Carlyle, 'Miscellaneous Essays,' edit. 1857; F. T. Palgrave, preface to Globe edition of Scott's Poems; Taine, 'History of English Literature'; Keble, 'Occasional Papers;' Hazlitt, 'Spirit of the Age,' etc., ed. 1835, etc. In connection with the biography of Sir Walter Scott, reference should also be made to a 'Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne,' by the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne. 88 pp. London: Longman and Co. And other pamphlets on the Controversy, 1838-39.]

[Three portraits of Sir Walter Scott are included in the National Portrait Gallery. 1. By Sir William Allan, R.A. It represents him in his study at Abbotsford, reading the Proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots, previous to her marriage with Darnley. The details are all accurate reproductions: the vase given by Lord Byron; the keys of the Old Tolbooth (Edinburgh); Montrose's sword; Speckbacher, the Tyrolese patriot's rifle; James VI.'s travelling flask; Rob Roy's sporran or purse, and his long gun; Claverhouse's pistol; and Napoleon's brace. The staghound, Maida, lies at his master's feet. 2. By J. Graham Gilbert, R.S.A. 3. By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., sketched (in oil) at Abbotsford.]

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF THE NOVELS.

'Waverley,' 1814.
'Guy Mannering,' 1815.
'The Antiquary,' 1816.
'Old Mortality,' 1816.
'Black Dwarf,' 1816.
'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' 1818
'Rob Roy,' 1818.
'Bride of Lammermoor,' 1819.
'Legend of Montrose,' 1819.
'Ivanhoe,' 1820.
'Monastery,' 1820.
'Abbot,' 1820.
'Kenilworth,' 1821.
'Pirate,' 1822.
'Fortunes of Nigel,' 1822.
'Peveril of the Peak,' 1823.
'Quentin Durward,' 1823.
'St. Ronan's Well,' 1824.
'Redgauntlet,' 1824.
'Betrothed,' 1825.
'Talisman,' 1825.
'Woodstock,' 1826.
'Fair Maid of Perth,' 1828.
'Anne of Geierstein,' 1829.
'Count Robert of Paris,' 1831.
'Castle Dangerous,' 1831.

Also 'The Two Drovers,' 1827; 'Highland Widow,' 1827; 'Surgeon's Daughter,' 1827.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.
1819–1875.

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# CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819—1875.

CHARLES KINGSLEY—divine, philanthropist, and man of letters—was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holm Vicarage, on the very borders of Dartmoor. His father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, was the representative of an old and respectable family, and a man of large culture and refinement, from whom his son inherited his love of natural history and out-of-door sports. From his mother, the daughter of English parents, but born in the West Indies, he seems to have derived his passionate enthusiasm for landscape and seascape, hill and forest and moorland. When he was about six years old, his father removed to the curacy of Burton-on-Trent, whence he migrated to Clifton, near Nottingham (associated with the memory of Henry Kirke White). Afterwards we find him holding the Rectory of Barnack, so that Charles Kingsley's experiences in his younger days were sufficiently diversified; and no doubt this diversity assisted largely in the rapid—one might almost say, the premature—development of his powers. He was certainly a remarkable child: at four years of age he wrote poems and sermons, and it was a favourite pastime with him to make 'a little pulpit' in his nursery—the chairs representing the congregation, and a white pinafore serving for a surplice—and then to preach extemporaneously, with astonishing fluency. Unknown to the young preacher, his mother 'reported' his discourses, and showed them to the Bishop of Peterborough, who thought them so wonderful for such a child that he begged they might be preserved. A specimen of these childish compositions may interest the reader:

'It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God, and not follow the devil, for if we follow the devil we shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God we shall go to heaven. When the tempter came to Christ in the wilderness, and told Him to make the stones into bread, He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He has given us a sign and an example how we should overcome the devil. It is written in the Bible that we should love our neighbour, and not covet his horse, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his wife, nor anything that is his. It is to a certainty that we cannot describe how thousands and ten thousands have been wicked, and nobody can tell how the devil can be chained in hell. Nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good. And if we go to heaven we shall find them all singing to God in the highest. And if we go to hell, we shall find all the wicked ones gnashing and wailing their teeth, as God describes in the Bible. If humanity, honesty, and good religion guide, we can to a certainty get them back, by being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies, and speaking evil, and not calling their brethren fool and Raca. And if we rebel against God, He will to a certainty cast us into hell. And one day, when a great generation of people came to Christ in the wilderness, He said, "Yea, ye generation of vipers!"'

It is evident that the child had paid deep attention to Bible readings and his father's sermons; and the texts and phrases held by his tenacious memory he reproduces with quite unusual accuracy for one of such tender years. But this particular form of early piety is not one we should be disposed to encourage. On most minds its effect, we fear, would be anything but wholesome. And to us, we own, the boy Kingsley's poetry seems much more remarkable, especially in its sad and reflective tone, and the feeling for rhythm which it evinces. It is difficult to believe that a child in his fifth year produced the following:

### SONG UPON LIFE.

Life is, and soon will pass;
As life is gone, death will come.
We—we rise again—
In Heaven we must abide.

Time passes quickly ;
He flies on wings as light as silk.
We must die.
It is not false that we must rise again.
Death has its fatal sting,
It brings us to the grave.
Time and Death is and must be.

In our next quotation there is a suggestion of descriptive power :

### WINTER EVENING.

Again it is come ;
The owl stays awhile in his nest,
    But flies out soon.
Now darkness covers all the sky,
And covers houses, plains, and hills ;
    Everybody is still.
Now it darkens—now it rains—
The bursting thunder lightens all ;
Where the windows broken standing,
And the doors are broken all.

Of course, the orthography and punctuation must have been improved by some loving hand.

If the anecdotes told of his childhood testify to the retentiveness of his memory, they illustrate also his quickness of observation. A boy friend recollects how, about this time, when Charles was repeating a Latin lesson to his father, he fixed his eyes on the fire in the grate, and gradually grew very restless. At last, during a pause in the Latin, he cried out : 'I do declare, papa, there is pyrites in the coal !'

Such a boy might very well have developed into that most offensive character—a prig ; but from this misfortune he was saved by his fundamental good sense, the generous warmth of his temper, and his natural robustness and energy.

His early years were spent in the Fen country ; and his impressions of its strangely picturesque scenery never faded from his mind. His father, who, though a laborious parish priest, was also a keen sportsman, used to mount him on his horse in front of the keeper on shooting-days to bring home the game-bag ; and on these occasions the boy's vigilant eyes took note of every feature of the landscape. It is true that he was only eleven years old when his family migrated into Devonshire ; but nevertheless, in later life, he could, as every reader of

'Hereward' knows, recall each changing aspect of 'the fens,' the broad lagoon, ringed round with dark green alders and pale green reeds; the low marshes, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird whistled; and the shining 'broads,' or meres, over which the glancing wild-fowl skimmed with screaming, croaking, and piping voices. But stronger and deeper still was the Devonshire influence. You may trace and feel it in all his writings. His father's new home was situated on the romantic coast of North Devon, at the cliff village of Clovelly, then unprofaned by streams of noisy tourists; and there Charles Kingsley and his brothers had their boat and their ponies, and enjoyed a thousand new and delightful experiences. It was there that the future poet's imaginative faculty was quickened and expanded; it was there that his passionate love of natural history found abundant food.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to a private school at Clifton, from which, a few months later, he was transferred to the Helstone Grammar School. At that time he was a tall slight boy, with a keen, expressive countenance, of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, energetic. Though not a close student, he was a great reader, and especially partial to out-of-the-way lore. Whatever he read, he retained, which is the great secret of intellectual progress. With some lads to read is to pour water into a sieve; they retain nothing of that which passes through their minds. A remarkable boy was this Charles Kingsley, and original almost to the verge of eccentricity; but a thorough English boy, fond of athletic games, of a life *sub Jove*, like that of the Southern peoples, and animated by a daring spirit of enterprise. One who knew him well in those schoolboy days remarks, that of him more truly than of most men who have become famous, might be said, 'The boy was father of the man.' The impetuous, fervid spirit, the adventurous temperament, the love of truth, the impatience of wrong, the wide and generous sympathies which distinguished Kingsley in his manhood, were all characteristics of the boy, as were also the eager delight in the pursuit of physical knowledge, the close observation of the sights and sounds of nature, and the inflexible honesty which placed facts before theories, and principles before inferences.

Though Charles Kingsley was active and robust, he was by no means expert at the usual schoolboy games. He never made a good 'score' at cricket; he was not an adept at football. But in all feats of agility, and in all enterprises requiring boldness and decision, he stood among the foremost. The following anecdote may serve as an illustration: The playground was separated from a field on the opposite side by a lane, not only narrow but very deep. To jump from the playground wall to the wall opposite and back again was no slight trial of muscle and nerve, for the walls, which were not quite on a level, were arched at the top, and a fall into the lane meant broken bones. This jump, however, was one of Kingsley's favourite exploits. It is also recorded that on one occasion he climbed a tall tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. This feat he repeated for two or three days successively. One afternoon, however, the mother hawk was on her nest, and when the intruder thrust in his hand dug her talons into it. The suddenness and surprise of such an attack, and the pain of the wound, would, to most boys, have been fatal. But Charles never flinched. Though his lacerated hand streamed with blood, he descended the tree as coolly as if nothing had happened. But on all occasions he bore pain with singular fortitude. Having a sore finger, he resolved to cure it by cautery, and heating the poker red hot in the schoolroom fire, he calmly applied it to the wound two or three times until the rude surgery had taken effect.

A few words must be said as to Kingsley's intellectual proclivities. The strongest taste he manifested was for physical science. Thus, for botany and geology he cherished an absolute enthusiasm, and he delighted in studying all objects of the natural world. To these pursuits he devoted whatever leisure he could spare from his regular avocations. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to sally forth, hammer in hand, and with his botanical tin slung round his neck, on some long expedition in quest of fern or plant, or in exploration of the romantic cliffs and caves of the wild Cornish coast. For languages he had no special bias, though he attained a sound and wide knowledge of Greek and Latin. Nor had he any such inclination for mathematics as would lead him to make the most of his opportunities for their study. His passion (says the Rev. Derwent Coleridge) was for natural science and for art. With regard to the former, his zeal was stimulated by a strong religious sentiment—a feeling of the nearness of God in His works. Thus, at sixteen years of age, he wrote to one of two friends, in whose intercourse with each other he was much interested: 'Teach her a love of Nature. Stir her imagination, and excite her awe and delight by your example. Point out to her the sublime and terrible, the lovely and joyous, and let her look on them both with the same over-ruling feeling, with a reference to their Maker. Teach her to love God, teach her to love Nature. God is Love; and the more we love Him, the more we love all around us.'

And again:

'I love paintings. They and poetry are identical—the one is the figures, the other the names of beauty and feeling of every kind. Of all the painters Vandyke and Murillo are to my mind the most exquisitely poetical. Rubens is magnificent, but dreadful. His "Day of Judgment" is the most *awful* picture I ever saw. It rapt me in awe and horror, and I stood riveted for many minutes in astonishment.'

We have given an example of Kingsley's 'lisping in numbers.' We now submit a specimen of his own compositions at the age of sixteen:

'There stood a low and ivied roof,
As gazing rustics tell,
In times of chivalry and song
'Yclept the holy well.

'Above the ivies' branchlets grey
In glistening clusters shone,
While round the base the grass-blades bright,
And spiry fox-gloves sprung. . .

'Around the fountain's eastern base
A babbling brooklet sped,
With sleepy murmur purling soft
Adown its gravelly bed.

'Within the cell the filmy ferns
To woo the clear waves bent;
And cushioned mosses to the stone
Their quaint embroidery lent. . .

'Above the well a little nook
Once held, as rustics tell,
All garland-decked, an image of
The Lady of the Well.

'They tell of tales of mystery,
Of darkling deeds of woe,
But no, such doings might not brook
The holy streamlet's flow.

'O, tell me not of bitter thoughts,
Of melancholy dreams
By that fair fount whose sunny wave
Basks in the western beams.

'When last I saw that little stream,
A form of light there stood,
That seemèd like a precious gem
Beneath that archway rude.

'And as I gazed with love and awe
Upon that sylph-like thing,
Methought that fairy form must be
The Fairy of the Spring.'

As we have already pointed out, these interesting and attractive aspects of Charles Kingsley's boyhood were eminently characteristic of the man. Some of them may be commended to the reader's special study and imitation: as, for example, his passionate love of nature, his fine manliness, his personal purity, his truthfulness, and his intense sympathy with all that was beautiful and good. To bring ourselves up to the height of such a man, intellectually, may be impossible; but it is never impossible to aim at the standard of his highest morality. The poet may surpass us in richness of fancy and picturesque force of expression; the philosopher, in the power of investigating the cause and significance of natural phenomena; the novelist, in the art of weaving the destinies of imaginary characters; but none shall go beyond us (let us say) in the desire to live according to the life and pattern of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

After spending a year or two at King's College, London, Charles Kingsley, in the autumn of 1838, went up to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he soon took a scholarship. On the 5th of July, in the following year, during a short visit to Checkenden, in Oxfordshire, he first met with the young lady who afterwards became his devoted wife, and to whose wise counsel and sympathetic affection he owed not a little of his future success. At the time he was passing through that painful ordeal of doubt which most strong souls are, sooner or later, called upon to undergo—an ordeal by which they seem eventually to be made stronger, as iron is by fire. 'His face,' we are told, 'with its unsatisfied, hungering look, bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad, longing expression too, as if he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never found—a rest which he never could attain in this world. His peculiar character had not been understood hitherto, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and he met with answering sympathy. And gradually, as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every failing, every sin, as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, all things in heaven and earth discussed; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day.'

His wife (and biographer) speaks of him as, at this period, just like his own Lancelot in 'Yeast'—a bold thinker, a bold rider, a chivalrous gentleman; sad, shy, and habitually serious; varying in conversation from a brilliant and impassioned mood to one of singular reserve and remoteness; at times very attractive, at other times scarcely less repelling, but lavishing on the friend he could trust his apparently inexhaustible stores of thought, feeling, and knowledge on almost every subject. Before his brief sojourn in Oxfordshire was ended, he had come to a close grapple with his doubts. A dark period of mental and spiritual conflict followed; out of which, however, through the good providence of God, he gradually emerged, and with the Bible and the Prayer Book as his stay and support, planted himself firmly upon ground which thenceforth never failed him. In the spring of 1841, he resolved, hopeful and believing, on the Church as his profession, instead of the Law. Next year he came out in honours—first class in classics, and senior optime in mathematics—on taking his degree of B.A. He then began to read for holy orders; and in July was ordained to the curacy of Eversley, in Hampshire. And there he settled down, at the age of twenty-three, without a thought that it would be his home for three-and-thirty years, and that with it his name would come to be as closely associated as is that of Gilbert White with Selborne, or that of John Keble with Hursley.

When he first took possession of it, the rectory-house was not an inviting residence. 'It was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds which overflowed with very heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground-floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, baling out the water in buckets for hours together; and drainage-works had to be done before it was habitable.' Gradually the land was drained; the ponds were filled up; without and within, the house assumed a comfortable appearance. It was picturesquely situated; and Kingsley rejoiced in the views which it commanded of brown moorlands and forests of green fir. He rejoiced still more in the prospect of sharing them with the graceful lady to whom he was so tenderly attached. But his income as a curate was very small; and the lady's parents for some time opposed the match. In September, 1843, when he was preferred to the curacy of Pimperne, near Blandford, they withdrew their opposition. Early in the following year he was married to Miss Fanny Grenfell, and the young couple prepared to take up their abode at Pimperne. But it came to pass, with felicitous opportuneness, that the Rectory of Eversley fell vacant at this critical moment; and a strenous effort was made by the parishioners to obtain it for the curate whom they had learned to love and respect. Sir John Cope, the patron, accordingly acceded to their wish; and in the month of May Kingsley returned to Eversley, accompanied by his young wife.

With the energy and persistence which marked his temperament, he at once addressed himself to the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties; founding new organizations for the relief of the poor—a shoe club, a coal club, a maternal society, a loan fund, and a lending library. During the winter months he held an adult school in the vestry, three nights a week; a Sunday-school met every Sunday morning and afternoon; and weekly cottage lectures were established in all the outlying districts, for the convenience of the old and feeble. The parish had been grievously neglected, but the incessant and well-directed labours of the young rector soon brought about a surprising and most welcome change. This was in no small measure due to the way in which he mixed among his people. Daily he might be seen in their cottages, as a friend, not as a meddlesome critic, and he chatted with the men and boys at their field-work, until he was familiar with everybody and everything in the village, and understood village life so thoroughly that he always knew how to say the right word at the right time. His great and singular influence was due to this regular house-to-house visiting in the week, even more than to his services. If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five and six times a day—and night as well as day—to satisfy his own conscience as well as to save their souls. Such systematic and sincere visiting was very rare in those days. For years he seldom accepted an invitation to dinner; never during the winter months, when the adult school and cottage readings took up six evenings in the week; and he seldom left the parish except for a few days at a time, to accompany his family to the seaside—which occurred somewhat frequently, owing to the evil effects of the damp rectory-house—but he was never easy away from his work.

In the summer of 1844 he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, whose teaching he quickly learned to assimilate, and whose elevated character impressed him strongly. It was under the influence of this wise and liberal-minded man that he first directed his attention to the great social problems of the day, more particularly to the miserable condition of the poor, and the rampant ignorance of the working-classes; developing that vague though thoroughly well-intentioned system of Christian Socialism which in some quarters has been as unduly depreciated as in others it has been extravagantly overrated. A profound anxiety seized him to do something for God and man outside the narrow limits of his own parish. It seemed to him that Popery and Puritanism were fighting their battle over again in England, 'in the foul middle-ground of Mammonite infidelity.' With the impetuosity of his character he used a good deal of exaggerated language on these subjects, but he was deeply in earnest. He took up the gospel of work which Carlyle was then proclaiming with so much insistency, and began to reiterate it in his own way, as if it were a solution of all the social problems of the time. It is impossible not to admire his intellectual alacrity and largeness of sympathy, while regretting that they were not controlled by a calmer judgment. His aim and purpose, however, were so excellent, and his motives so pure and noble, that harsh must be the critic who would condemn, except very tenderly, the indiscretions and extravagances into which his fervid impulses sometimes urged him. And, after all, without these sanguine, ardent, impulsive men, what would become of the world? Who would triumph over the lets and hindrances that impede the progress of reform? Who would prevail against the apathy and indifference with which the mass of mankind regard the early efforts of the reformer? It is your Luthers and not your Erasmuses who breathe the life of truth into the veins of Humanity.

It was natural enough that a man like Kingsley should take a despondent view of the condition of society, and of the state of the Church. Everything was rotten, would soon fall to the ground through the weight of its rottenness. A crisis was approaching—to young and ardent minds there always is—and in the stress and struggle religion might be swept away like an uprooted plant. In 1848 some of his seething, tumultuous thoughts assumed a literary form, and he gave to the world his 'Saint's Tragedy,' ostensibly a dramatic poem, but really a polemic against celibacy. On the ordinary reading public it made but little impression; the young men at Oxford and Cambridge seized upon it, however, as a sort of confession of faith; while the critics, or at least the larger-minded among them, did not fail to perceive that, at the bottom of its crudeness and immaturity, lay no ordinary power of poetic expression. A conviction had already got abroad that this young poet-priest had a future before him, and was destined to become a man of mark. The Professorship of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, Harley Street, was offered him, and this proved another step in his intellectual development. It brought him into contact with Bishop Stanley, Archdeacon Hare, Arthur Helps, Froude, Ludlow, Thomas Hughes, and other frank and original minds, all of whom exercised a more or less direct influence upon him, for receptivity was a cardinal feature, so to speak, of his intellect.

The fever of revolution on the Continent, which spread from country to country like an earthquake-wave, and the outbreak of Chartism at home in that *annus mirabilis*, 1848, did not fail to affect his impressionable temperament. Unlike the great majority of his order, he threw himself on the side of the labouring classes, and never have they had a more sympathetic, a more disinterested, or a more eloquent spokesman. A jesting remark of his own, that he felt much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain, when to his sons-in-law he seemed as one that mocked, led to his adoption of the *nom* *de plume* of 'Parson Lot;' and under this name he wrote with characteristic fire and strenuousness in *Politics for the People* and *The Christian Socialist*, discussing current topics with quite unusual candour. To *Frazer's Magazine* he contributed his story of 'Yeast,' in which his sympathy with the agricultural poor, and his sense of the sinfulness, sorrow, and suffering of the time, were very vividly reflected. 'Yeast' is a story with a purpose, and, like all such stories, is imperfect as a work of art; but you are so hurried on by the passionate vehemence of the writer, that you cannot stay to dwell upon its purely literary defects. You feel your pulse quickening, the blood in your veins coursing more rapidly, and a desire seizes you to throw off social conventionalities, and be 'up and doing.' It is not until you cool down to the ordinary temperature of the commonplace that you begin to detect the weakness of structure and the carelessness of execution, and even then you are forced to recognise the real power of the book. You are forced to own that Kingsley could see clearly, and that what he saw so clearly he knew how to describe with wonderful graphic effect. True, the plot is confused, and the incidents savour of the improbable; but with what a fine glow of colour and with what richness of detail its scenes are painted! As Mr. Leslie Stephen remarks—and it would be difficult to find a cooler or less sentimental critic—'The description of the village feast is a bit of startlingly impressive realism. The poor, sodden, hopeless, spiritless peasantry, consoling themselves with strong drink and brutal songs, open to no impressions of beauty, with no sense of the romantic except in lawless passion, and too beaten down to have even a thought of rebellion except in the shape of agrarian outrage, are described with singular force. Poor Crawy, the poacher, scarcely elevated above the beasts, looking to the gaol and workhouse for his only refuge, so degraded that pity is almost lost in disgust, is the significant product of the general decay. The race is deteriorating. It has fallen vastly below the standard of the last generation. All the lads are "smaller, clumsier, lower-brained, and weaker-jawed than their elders." Such higher feeling as remains takes the form of the dog-like fidelity of Harry Verney, the gamekeeper. Kingsley never wrote a better scene than the death of the old man from a wound received in a poaching affray, when he suddenly springs upright in bed, holds out "his withered paw with a kind of wild majesty," and shouts, "There ain't such a head of hares on any manor in the county! And them's the last words of Harry Verney!"'

'Yeast,' let us add, is a capital book for young men. Not simply because it appeals to sympathies which in earlier manhood are apt to grow dormant; not simply because it has a stimulating and inspiring influence, and is calculated to bring out the manliness of its readers; but because its key-note is purity, and its main theme the good which is wrought by the love of a good woman. It is Kingsley's great merit that he upheld with all the strength of his genius the sanctity and sweetness of a happy married life. It is his great merit that he constantly enforces the infinite value of the love of man for woman, when consecrated by religious feeling. He never laughs at love or lovers, never makes a mock of wives and husbands; to him the deep, pure passion which a young heart cherishes for a worthy object is, as Shakespeare says,

'The ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.'

The ennobling, elevating influence of an honest and honourable love pervades every page of 'Yeast,' as it does most of Kingsley's writings, and it is well for young men that it should be put before them with so much persistency, and in a strain of such vivid eloquence. Take, as an example, the lyric which is supposed to be the last composition of Argemone before her death:

'Twin stars, aloft in ether clear,
Around each other roll away,
Within one common atmosphere
Of their own mutual light and day.

'And myriad happy eyes are bent
Upon their changeless love alway;
As, strengthened by their one intent,
They pour the flood of life and day.

'So we, through this world's waning night,
Shall, hand in hand, pursue our way;
Shed round us order, love, and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.'

And the general principles of Kingsley's teaching, the main articles of the creed which he seems to have felt it his duty to formulate, are enunciated in the epilogue to 'Yeast,' where he says, in words somewhat rhetorical, but undoubtedly sincere: 'This I know, that if my heroes go on as they have set forth, looking with single mind for some one ground of human light and love, some everlasting rock whereon to build, utterly careless what the building may be, however contrary to precedent and prejudice, and the idols of the clay, provided God, and nature, and the accumulated lessons of all the ages help them in its construction, then they will find in time the thing they seek, and see how the will of God may at last be done on earth even as it is done in heaven. But, alas!' he adds, 'between them and it are waste raging waters, foul mud-banks, thick with dragons and syrens; and many a bitter day and blinding night, in cold and hunger, spiritual and perhaps physical, await them. For it was a true vision which John Bunyan saw, and one which, as the visions of wise men are wont to do, meant far more than the seer fancied, when he beheld in his dream that there was indeed a land of Beulah and Arcadian Shepherd Paradise, on whose mountain-tops the everlasting sunshine lay; but that the way to it went past the mouth of Hell, and through the valley of the Shadow of Death.'

In 1849 England was afflicted with a visitation of cholera, and Kingsley plunged, heart and soul, into sanitary matters. Both at Eversley and in London he took up his parable, and argued and inveighed against dirt and bad drainage. More than thirty years ago—long before public opinion was roused by a 'Cry from Outcast London,' or a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the Housing of the Poor—he taught, with ceaseless iteration, that what the poor needed was pure air, and pure water, and habitable dwellings; and that then, when their houses were full of purity and light, you might hope that their lives would be purified and their souls enlightened.

About this time many young men from Oxford and elsewhere were attracted towards him by his earnestness and large-heartedness and breadth of culture. One of them, Mr. Kegan Paul, now well known as a publisher and a man of letters, has put on record, in a printed form, some interesting reminiscences, which proved that as Kingsley taught, so he practised. From these it is easy to understand the extent of his personal influence, nor is it less easy to estimate the peculiarities of his temperament. Thus his energy, says Mr. Paul, made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. 'The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils—two in number, and treated like his own sons—were working in the dining-room; his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn, or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife (who was far from strong), or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plat in thought, and with long strides.' This is eminently characteristic: it is at once the fault and the excellence of Kingsley's books that they all were written at 'white heat.' In his earlier works the heat is spontaneous; but in his later, as, for instance, 'Two Years Ago,' it seems worked up. But in all, while it gives to them vitality and vividness and fervour, it detracts from their artistic completeness.

'A walk with Kingsley,' says Mr. Paul, 'was an occasion of constant pleasure,' just as those of his books are most delightful and the wholesomest which deal with the external aspects of Nature. 'His delight in every fresh or known bit of scenery was most keen, and his knowledge of animal life invested the walk with singular novelty even to those who were already country-bred. I remember standing on the top of a hill with him when the autumn evening was fading, and one of the sun's latest rays struck a patch on the moor, bringing out a very peculiar mixture of red-brown colours. What were the precise plants which composed that patch? He hurriedly ran over the list of what he thought they were, and then set off over hedge and ditch, through bog and watercourse, to verify the list he had already made.'

Of his zeal as a sanitary reformer we are supplied with an illustration, which, at the same time, shows him in the light of an active parish priest:

'During these afternoon walks he would visit one or another of his very scattered hamlets or single cottages on the heaths. Those who have read "My Winter Garden" in the "Miscellanies," know how he loved the moor under all its aspects, and the great groves of firs. Nothing was ever more real than

Kingsley's parish visiting. He believed absolutely in the message he bore to the poor, and the health his ministrations conveyed to their souls; but he was at the same time a zealous sanitary reformer, and cared for their bodies also. I was with him once when he visited a sick man suffering from fever. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bedroom was horrible, but before the rector said a word he ran upstairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, *bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation.* His reading in the sick-room and his words were wholly free from cant. The Psalms and the Prophets, with judicious omissions, seemed to gain new meaning as he read them, and his after-words were always cheerful and hopeful. Sickness, in his eyes, seemed always to sanctify and purify. He would say, with the utmost modesty, that the patient endurance of the poor taught him day by day lessons which he took back again as God's message to the bedside from which he had learnt them.'

One more quotation:

'A day rises vividly to memory, when Kingsley remained shut up in the study during the afternoon, the door bolted, inaccessible to all interruption. The drowsy hour had come on between the lights, when it was time to dress for dinner, and talk, without the great inspirer of it, was growing disjointed and fragmentary, when he came in from the study, a paper, yet undried, in his hand, and read us the "Lay of the Last Buccaneer," most spirited of all his ballads. One who had been lying back in an armchair, known for its seductive properties as "sleepy hollow," roused up then, and could hardly sleep all night for the inspiring music of the words read by one of the very best readers I have ever heard.'

Kingsley's second work of fiction, 'Alton Locke,' was published in the spring of 1850. It shows a great advance in constructive skill on 'Yeast,' and contains Kingsley's one real creation, Mackaye, the Scotchman, who is in admirable keeping throughout with his doggedness, his pawky humour, and his shrewd common-sense. Some of the scenes are drawn with a wonderful command of light and shade; and probably the descriptions of the various incidents of a popular rising have never been surpassed in graphic force. But the book is marred by its feverishness, by the high temperature, as it were, which glows in every page; so that the reader feels like one who has travelled across an open plain on a hot summer's day, and longs for some cool bower of repose, some shady nook where he may pause and think. Further, there is too much soliloquizing on the part of the author, who puts, for instance, into the heroine's mouth at the end of the story a long discourse, full of moral saws, which reads like one of his own sermons. Another defect, due to Kingsley's restlessness and activity of temper, is the excess of emphasis; even the veriest commonplace is paraded as if it were an original and striking idea. After all deductions have been made, however, 'Alton Locke' remains Kingsley's nearly best piece of work.*

In the same year his vigorously written pamphlet against the slop-selling system, 'Cheap Clothes and Nasty,' produced what is vulgarly called 'a sensation.' By directing public attention to the existence of a monstrous evil, it helped in no inconsiderable degree to procure its amendment.

Kingsley worked very hard in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition. His parochial labours were as energetically performed as ever. He attended daily to a large correspondence which flowed in upon him from all quarters, and dealt with all subjects. He began in *Fraser's Magazine* his first historical romance, 'Hypatia,' which abounds in vividly coloured pictures (sometimes spoiled by over-colouring) of the struggle between the old Paganism and the new Christianity in that Alexandria of the fourth century, which was such a chaos of peoples and philosophies and words. He wrote 'Santa Maura,' and numerous shorter poems, and he contributed several articles and songs to the *Christian Socialist.* As for 'Hypatia,' it is historically inaccurate, and under a pretended mask of antiquity presents what are really the thoughts and feelings, the doubts and convictions of the present day. In some parts it is unpleasantly rough and even coarse, and a great deal too much blood is spilled in its pages; but for all that, it is a book of exciting interest, which holds the reader's attention to the last by the stir and life of its scenes and the happy audacity of its conceptions.

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* Carlyle said of it: 'I found plenty to like and be grateful for in the book: abundance, nay, exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional outbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude;* by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow—so says the proverb; and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one.'

It was at this time that he wrote, under remarkable circumstances, his song of 'The Three Fishers,' one of the most exquisitely pathetic lyrics in the English language. In June, 1851, he had preached a powerful sermon in a London church, the plain-spokenness of which so offended the incumbent, who had asked him to preach, that, at its close, he stood up in the reading-desk and openly denounced it. The scene was very painful, and as the congregation sympathized with Kingsley, had nearly ended in a riot; and he felt keenly, not the insult to himself, but the discredit and scandal to the Church, and the estrangement that it would probably cause between the clergy and the working men. The day after he returned home, wearied and worn out; but in the evening composed his song of 'The Three Fishers,' as if it were a natural and fitting epilogue to the unexpected drama in which he had been involved so unpleasantly.

In the summer of 1852, the *Christian Socialist* came to an end, having done the work it was intended to do; and Kingsley turned his attention to poetry of a far higher tone, as it seems to us, than the somewhat hysterical prose which covered the signature of 'Parson Lot.' His 'Andromeda' is an effort of rare and pure beauty, beautiful in its motive, and admirable in its execution. Unquestionably the critic is right who pronounces it the most successful attempt in the language to grapple with the technical difficulties of the English hexameter. Apart from this, it must always charm by the felicity of its descriptions, the grace of its imagery, and the skill with which the modern sentiment is infused into the classic forms. Is there not a fine rush of music and a wonderful picturesqueness of action in the following passage?

'Onward they came in their joy, and around them the lamps of the sea-nymphs,
Myriad fiery globes, swam panting and heaving; and rainbows,
Crimson and azure and emerald, were broken in star-showers; lighting
Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,
Coral and sea-fern and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.

Onward they came in their joy, more white than the foam which they scattered,
Laughing and singing, and tossing and twining, while eager, the Tritons
Blinded with kisses their eyes, unreproved, and above them in worship
Hovered the terns, and the sea-gulls swept past them on silvery pinions,
Echoing softly their laughter; around them the wantoning dolphins
Sighed as they plunged, full of love; and the great sea-horses which bore them
Curved up their crests in their pride to the delicate arms of the maidens,
Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall, unharming,
Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the nymphs, and the curls of the mermen.
Onward they went in their joy, bathed round with the fiery coolness,
Needing nor sun nor moon, self-lighted, immortal; but others,
Pitiful, floated in silence apart; in their bosoms the sea-boys,
Slain by the wrath of the seas, swept down by the anger of Nereus;
Hapless, whom never again on strand or on quay shall their mothers
Welcome with garlands and vows to the temple, but wearily pining,
Gaze over island and bay for the sails of the sunken; they heedless
Sleep in soft bosoms for ever, and dream of the surge and the sea-maids.'

Kingsley was now a man of note. Every Sunday saw groups of strangers flocking from all parts to Worsley Church. He was heard at his best in the pulpit, his vehemence being there controlled by his sense of the solemnity of the message he had to deliver; so that in his sermons we do not meet with any of the extravagances or mannerisms that mar much of his other work. They are models of clear, direct, and vigorous preaching; and he was equally successful whether addressing a cultured audience in a great metropolitan church or the uneducated rustics who formed the majority of his village congregation. It has sometimes been described as the special excellence of a preacher that he should speak as a dying man to dying men; it was Kingsley's merit that he spoke as a living man to living men, not refusing to deal with questions of doctrine, but enlarging by preference on practical topics, on points of duty, and the problems of life. We are told that the great festivals of the Church seemed particularly to inspire him; that on such occasions his words would rise into melody. At Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the Holy Trinity especially, his sermon became a jubilant song; during Advent a strain of solemn warning; while a deep pathos pervaded it on Good Friday, under the influence of Passion Week. The solemn earnestness of the preacher communicated itself to his hearers, and many a soul had reason to rejoice in the inspiration and comfort and encouragement given by Charles Kingsley.

We may add that his published sermons, of which there are several volumes,* are excellently adapted for family reading.

The historical picture by which he is best known among the novel-reading public, 'Westward Ho!' appeared in 1855, and immediately sprang into popularity. How could it be otherwise when every page glowed with vivid pictures, when the story was one of soul-stirring interest, when so much vitality was infused into the characters, and when so ardent a spirit of patriotism inspired the whole! Granted that it has many and grave defects, yet much may be forgiven to a book, the reading of which stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet—acts upon an enfeebled mind like a powerful tonic. The period selected is one which necessarily appeals very strongly to the sympathies of Englishmen; and Kingsley furnishes a sympathetic view of it. His description of England's Salamis—the great seven days' battle with the Armada—is admirably done. Then, again, the sketches of scenery are very fine, both at home and abroad; the English landscapes in their minute accuracy, and the Tropical in their glow and wealth of colour. We do not greatly care for Amyas Leigh, the hero; he is too much of a nineteenth-century muscular Christian; and Ayacanora is unreal and artificial in the extreme; but the Rose of Torridge is a natural and beautiful creation; and Will Carey, Solomon Yeo, Jack Brimblecombe, are hearty, robust, and gallant Englishmen.

'Westward Ho!' will be well-known, we suspect, to all our readers; but as an illustration of its vigorous nature-painting, we must quote Mr. Kingsley's description of the 'Coombes of the Far West'—'those delightful glens, which cut the high table-land of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and open, each through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless Western Ocean. Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark-green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged ironstone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout-stream running across and across from one hill-fort to the other; its grey stone-mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide-mark, where the salmon trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings, after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles toward the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's tooth rock which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laved with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquake: such is the "Mouth" as these coves are called, and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To Cowdward, all richness, softness, and peace; to Scarvard, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.'

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* Such as 'Village Sermons,' 'Good News of God,' 'The Water of Life,' 'Sermons preached at Westminster Abbey,' etc.

Here is another exquisite bit:

'The short light of the winter day is fading fast. Behind him is a leaping line of billows lashed into mist by the tempest. Beside him green foam-fringed columns are rushing up the black walls, and falling again in a thousand cataracts of snow. Before him is the deep and sheltered bay, but it is not far up the bay that he and his can see; for some four miles out at sea begins a sloping roof of thick grey cloud, which stretches over their heads, and up and far away inland, cutting the cliffs off at mid-height, hiding all the Kerry Mountains, and darkening the billows of the distant friths into the darkness of night. And underneath that awful roof of whirling mist the storm is howling inland, ever, sweeping before it the great foam-sponges, and the great salt spray, till all the land is hazy, dim, and drear.'

We know of no nature-painting so true and forcible as this in English fiction, except in the novels of Charlotte Brontë, Richard Blackmore, and Michael Scott.

During the winter and spring in 1854 Kingsley was at Torquay for the sake of his wife's health; and the result of the happy hours he spent on the rocks and sands was an article in the *North British Review*, on 'The Wonders of the Shore,' which he afterwards expanded into his charming book, 'Glaucus,'—just the book to give the young learner a real liking for the study of natural history. It has had many imitators, but no rivals; for Kingsley is at his best in books in which his love of nature can have free and unrestrained scope. He may fairly be said to have realized his own ideal of the perfect naturalist as one who should contain in himself the very essence of 'true chivalry, namely, self-devotion; whose moral character, like the true knight of old, must be gentle and courteous, brave and enterprising, and withal patient and undaunted in investigation, knowing (as Lord Bacon would have put it) that the kingdom of nature, like the kingdom of heaven, must be taken by violence, and that only to those who think earnestly and long does the Great Mother open the doors of her sanctuary. He must be of a reverent turn of mind, too . . and he must have that solemn and scrupulous reverence for truth, the habit of mind which regards each fact and discovery, not as our own possession, but as the possession of its Creator independent of us, our needs, our tastes—it is the very essence of a naturalist's faculty, the very tenure of his existence and, without truthfulness, science would be as impossible now as chivalry was of old.'

In February he delivered before the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh his four lectures on the 'Schools of Alexandria,' afterwards published, with some additions and revisions, in book-form. His restlessly active mind found leisure also to deal with the question of Sanitary Reform, his old hobby; while in the various incidents of the American War it is needless to say that he took the liveliest possible interest. His physical activity kept pace with his mental, and in August, 1856, he, with his friends, Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Tom Taylor, accomplished the ascent of Snowdon, of which he has made good use in his novel of 'Two Years Ago.' It was in this year that he wrote his beautiful verses, entitled 'A Farewell,' addressed to his niece, Miss Charlotte Grenfell (afterwards Mrs. Theodore Walrond), which we shall here transcribe, because they are so frequently quoted in a truncated form:*

'My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
  No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
    For every day.
I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
  Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy down;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
    Than Shakespeare's crown.

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* Even in Mr. T. H. Ward's excellent selections, 'The English Poets' (see vol. iv., ed. 1880).

'Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever
One grand sweet song.'

Here we may add a note or two in reference to Kingsley's poetry. It has the same elements of vigour, vivacity, and truthfulness as his prose, but is less powerful and has less variety of expression. But in quality and tone it varies greatly. Sometimes it has a forced and affected air, as in 'The Weird Lady;' sometimes it is instinct with the finest pathos, as in 'The Sands of Dee' and 'The Three Fishers;' sometimes it is rich in colour and artistic effect, as in 'Andromeda.' Of large epical efforts Kingsley, as a poet, was incapable; it is in his 'swallow flights of song' that he excels, and some of his lyrics will doubtlessly last as long as the English language. They are second only to those of Shelley, Shakespeare, and Burns. As in all his works, his individuality is very conspicuous; and it is that of a man of culture, with human sympathies and a strong love of nature, a lively imagination, and much tenderness of feeling. Such an individuality makes good and honest, if not the highest poetry. As Mr. Brimley says, his verse has a great deal of merit. 'He had a capacity for poetry, as he had capacities for many things besides, and he cultivated it as he cultivated all the others. His sense of rhythm seems to have been imperfect. His ear was correct, and he often hit on a right and beautiful cadence; but his music grows monotonous, his rhythmical ideas are seldom well-sustained or happily developed. But his work abounds in charming phrases, and in those verbal inspirations that catch the ear and linger long about the memory.' On the whole, we shall be justified in giving him a high place among the first order of our minor poets. We cannot afford to treat with disrespect the singer who could sing so sweet and true a song as the following:

'The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife;
No, never come over again.

'For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;

Till the heart which at even was weary and cold
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife ;
To its work in the morning gay.'

'Two Years Ago' was published in 1857. Like all Kingsley's works, it is clever and well intentioned ; but there is a good deal of hysterical sentiment in it. The character of 'Vavasour' is impossible, and that of 'Tom Thurnall' contradictory, and its inferiority to his earlier fictions is as transparent as the inferiority of 'Hereward, the Last of the English' (published in 1866) to it. His later work bears everywhere distinct traces of manufacture. It lacks the freshness and spontaneity of his earlier books, and is too often a mannered repetition of them. As for 'Hereward,' it is a shambles ; blood and battle and death cast a lurid gloom on every page. The most curious thing about it is that it should have made its first appearance in *Good Words.* We confess to being unable to read it without a shudder of repulsion. How much greater would Kingsley have been as a writer if he had had more patience, more self-restraint, and more calmness of temper ! On the other hand, his very defects helped him to the position he occupied among his contemporaries. It was not only his wide and various capacity, but his strong personality, his superabundant vitality, his irrepressible energy, his excess of working power, that made him, as John Stuart Mill said, one of the 'good influences of his time.'

As Dean Stanley says of him : 'He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God had made him in himself.' Poet, novelist, preacher, lecturer, sanitary reformer—he was always the same Charles Kingsley; always vivacious and indefatigable, truthful and sympathetic, and always enthusiastic ; a man of some insight, strong instincts, and various interests. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise, or disguise, of a clergyman—fishing with the fishermen, hunting with the huntsmen, able to hold his own in tent or camp, with courtier or with soldier ; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman—that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and works of men. He was sent by Providence, as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles'—far off, not to other lands or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, 'to fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thought, and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response to himself, because he gave a response to them.

The life of an English clergyman or an English man of letters does not, as a rule, present any of those stirring incidents or episodes which relieve the pages of the 'picturesque' biographer. Its plain even story of responsible duties honestly done, of useful work energetically accomplished, has none of the interest of fiction. But it has its value, nevertheless; and, as in the case of Kingsley, carries with it many an important lesson which the young reader should accept either in the way of guidance or encouragement. Assuredly, that of Charles Kingsley shows us how happy is the combination of the Christian and the gentleman; and how fair to look upon is a true and manly nature, devoted to the service of God and his fellow-men; and how rich and full is a life of high and noble aspiration, of pure and elevated purpose. No man has lived in vain who bequeaths such lessons to the study and contemplation of those who come after him. No man has lived in vain whose living example has taught such lessons to his contemporaries.

Early in 1838 he published his 'Poems;' among them was the touching legend of 'Santa Maura,' which produced a very strong impression on thoughtful readers by its illustration of Christian endurance, and of the heroic courage of simplicity and faith.

In the following year he preached for the first time before the Queen and Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace, and was shortly afterwards made one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary. Thenceforward he received many marks of royal courtesy and kindness, testifying to the esteem inspired by his work and character. Thus, at the age of forty, he found himself famous and prosperous; but he had already gone far, by his excessive and over-eager activity, to exhaust himself, and none of his books produced after this date can fairly be regarded as equal in power and originality to those produced before it.

In 1860 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern

History at Cambridge, and before entering upon his duties went up to take his degree of M.A. As an historical lecturer he was successful in exciting the interest and imagination of his hearers; but his rapid life had afforded him no opportunities of wide and profound research, and his lectures, therefore, suffer from a superficiality which shows itself in hasty inferences and sweeping generalizations. His first course of lectures, 'The Roman and the Teuton,' have therefore been severely criticized on points of detail, and lynx-eyed critics have detected many inaccuracies; but we doubt not that they will always exercise a strong attraction on the reader who cares more for bright fresh pictures of men and events than for the minuteness of particularity so dear to 'accurate scholarship.' In the spring of 1861, Kingsley was selected to instruct the Prince of Wales in Modern History, and continued his teaching until the end of the year, when the death of the Prince Consort recalled the Prince to Windsor.

It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Dr. Benson, then head-master of Wellington College—an institution in which Kingsley ever exhibited a lively interest, lecturing to the boys and assisting them in founding a Museum. Dr. Benson (now Archbishop of Canterbury) has much to say about Kingsley, which, coming from so high and competent an authority, the reader will be pleased to consider.

'It was,' he says, 'a great thing to see his noble words lit up with his noble life, and to see how, great as his gifts were, they were most fully at the service of his humblest parishioners. I never did, and I believe I never shall, see anything that spoke so loud for the Church of England as never to be put away, as did the morning service in Eversley Church, whether he read or whether he preached. . . .

'There was a bold sketch of Mr. Kingsley in the *Spectator* in his squire-like aspect, and I think it was true. But I know that an equally true sketch might be made of him as a parish priest who would have delighted George Herbert. The gentle, warm frankness with which he talked on a summer Sunday among the grassy and flowery graves; the happy peace in which he walked, chatting, over to Bramshill chapel-school, and, after reading the evening service, preached in his surplice, with a chair-back for his pulpit, on the deeps of the Athanasian Creed, and, after thanking God for words that brought such truths so near, bade the villagers mark that the very Creed which lays such stress on faith told them that "they who *did* good would go into everlasting life;" his striding across the ploughed field to ask a young ploughman in the distance why he had not been at church on Sunday, and ending his talk with "Now, you know, John, your wife don't want you lounging in bed half a Sunday morning. You get up and come to church, and let her get your Sunday dinner and make the house tidy, and then you mind your child in the afternoon while *she* comes to church;" these, and many other scenes, are brought before us. His never remitted visits to sick and helpless; his knowledge of their every malady, and every change of their hopes and fears; the sternness and the gentleness which he alternated so easily with foolish people; the great respectfulness of his tone to old folks, made the rectory and church at Eversley the centre of the life of the men as well as their children and wives. . . .

'What always struck me in him was the care and pains which he took with all that he undertook. Nothing was hurried, or slurred, or dashing. "I can tell you, I've spared no trouble upon it," he said, when we thanked him for the beautiful sermon on "Wisdom and her seven pillars," which he made for one of our days.'

Into the polemical duel which, early in 1864, arose between Kingsley and Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman we shall not enter. There is no profit in raking among the dead embers of a vanished controversy. The point at issue, as put by Kingsley, was whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are stimulated or discouraged to pursue 'truth for its own sake;' but in his impetuosity he involved himself in a personal question with Newman, and by so able and accomplished a dialectician was necessarily beaten. But on the main issue we fancy most thoughtful persons will feel that he was in the right, and that the Roman Church *does* require of her disciples to subordinate conscience to authority. The best thing that can be said about the dispute is, that we owe to it Newman's admirable *Apologia pro vita suâ.*

This year, for the recovery of his health, which had suffered much from overwork, he paid a visit to the south of France, and made a pilgrimage to the Pyrenees. A bright description of his travelling experiences will be found in the "Prose Idyll"—"From Ocean to Sea."

He still continued his annual lectures at Cambridge; and though they met with a good deal of hostile criticism, there can be no doubt that they made a permanent impression on many a young mind. History, as Max Müller says, was but his text; his motive was that of the teacher and preacher, and he was, what he desired to be, an eloquent interpreter of the meanings and lessons of history to an audience of young men, who had hitherto regarded history as a mere succession of events to be learnt by heart and to be got up for the purpose of periodical examinations. But Kingsley breathed upon the dry bones and made them live. He applied the lessons of the past to an interpretation of the present, and he showed how God's will is worked out through the process of the suns. The result was that he gave his hearers a new interest in the study of history.

And now, before we draw this memoir to a close, we shall borrow from the Rev. W. Harrison, who for six years served as curate at Eversley, some side-lights in illustration of Kingsley's character—more particularly in illustration of those features of it which we would commend to the imitation of our younger readers.

First, as to his chivalry in daily life—a chivalry which clothed the most ordinary and commonplace duties with freshness and pleasantness; a chivalry the elements of which were Christian manliness, generosity and truthfulness. 'I soon discovered,' says Mr. Harrison, 'that an unswerving resolution at all times, and under all circumstances, to spare himself no trouble, and to sustain life at a lofty level, was the motive power of this chivalry, and those who conscientiously set themselves to this task best know the innumerable difficulties that beset it. No fatigue was too great to make him forget the courtesy of his wearied moments; no business too engrossing to deprive him of his readiness to show kindness and sympathy. To school himself to this code of unfaltering, high and noble living was truly one of the great works of his life, for the fulfilment of which he subjected himself to a rigorous self-discipline—a self-discipline so constant, that to many people, even of noble temperament, it might appear Quixotic. He would have liked that word applied to him. There was much in him of that knightly character which is heroic even to a fault; and which, from time to time, provokes the shafts of malice and ridicule from lesser men. That the persistent fortitude by which he gained and restrained this temper was one of the root-principles of his life was touchingly illustrated to me one day, when, seeing him quit his work to busy himself in some trivial matter for me, I asked him not to trouble about it then and there, and he, turning on me, said with unusual warmth, "Trouble! don't talk to me of that, or you will make me angry. I never allow myself to think about it."'

If courtesy be one of the root-principles of a Christian gentleman's character, another is, unquestionably, loyalty to friends. He will choose his friends with deliberate judgment, and having chosen them, will clasp them to his heart with hooks of steel. Kingsley's ideal of friendship, as might be expected from the man, was full, and tender, and noble, like that of David for Jonathan. 'A blessed thing it is,' he said, 'for any man or woman to have a friend; one human soul whom we can trust always; who knows the best and the worst of us, and loves us, in spite of all our faults.' Upon this high conception of friendship he himself acted. It was not the least, we are told, among the many fair traits of Kingsley's character that he took his friends as he found them, and loved them for what they really were, rather than for what he fancied or wished them to be. 'In this, as in other aspects of his nature, his boy-likeness was conspicuous. To the last he was ready to meet and to make new friends, to love and to be loved with the freshness of youth. . . . "People are better than we fancy, and have in them more than we fancy;" so he has said in one of his sermons, and so I have heard him say again and again in his daily life.'

A man who read so much and so widely as Kingsley, and was gifted with such powers of expression, would necessarily be a good talker. His conversation was charming in its variety and its blithesomeness. Into that, as with all he did, he put his mind and his heart. He did not reserve himself, as some authors have done, for his books; but gave of his best, ranging from classic myth and mediæval legend to modern poetry and metaphysics, from ancient magic to the latest science; from fairy-land to politics, from tropical landscape to parish schools; and speaking on every subject with full and accurate knowledge, with touches of pathos and flashes of humour. As he talked he would constantly verify his words. The book he wanted was seized with eager hands; and flinging himself back with lighted pipe, he would read, with almost boy-like zest, the passage sought for and quickly found. 'It was very impressive,' says his curate 'to observe how intensely he realized the words he read. I have seen him overcome with emotion as he turned the well-thumbed pages of his Homer, or perused the tragic story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his beloved Hakluyt.'

Not less sincere than his love of and sympathy with books was his love of and sympathy with nature. In truth, he had a passionate delight in a fair or sublime landscape; and he loved the stars and the flowers, and the wild winds and the summer breezes, the sunny noon and the deep night, with a feeling approaching to enthusiasm. This feeling is conspicuous in all his writings. No man could have written the descriptions of scenery which embellish them who had not at heart a profound appreciation of Nature under all her aspects; though his chief enjoyment was in her calmer moods, because in them his over-active brain found the repose it needed.

In 1869 Kingsley resigned his Cambridge professorship, the burden of which he had always found hard to bear; and a few months afterwards was promoted by Mr. Gladstone to the Canonry of Chester; a recognition of his services which was very acceptable. He was installed in November, and in the following month, as a much-needed relaxation, went on a trip to the West Indies, thus fulfilling one of the dreams of his life. From childhood he had studied the natural history, the romance and the geography of the West Indian Islands and the Spanish Main; and at last he was able to compare books with facts, and to judge for himself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise. "At last!" This significant phrase furnished the title of the attractive book in which he recorded his voyage and its experiences, and recalled the memories of our old sea-heroes, Drake and Hawkins, Cavendish and Cumberland, Frobisher and Keymis; spoke of the breathless wonder which filled him at his first glimpse of the New World; and described the glories of the profuse tropical vegetation; the drooping boughs of the shore-grape and the frangipane, the useful cocoa-nut, the wild pines clinging parasitic on the boughs of strange trees, or nestling among the angular shoots; the tall aloes and the grey-blue cerei, and the cabbage palms, well-named by botanists the Oreodoxa; the glory of the mountains, with tall, grey pillars, smooth and cylindrical as those of a Doric temple, each carrying a flat head of darkest green.

Christmas he spent under the hospitable roof of his friend, Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad; and early in the new year started on his homeward voyage, arriving in England towards the end of February, 1870. In May he began his three months' residence at Chester, where his earnest and eloquent preaching soon crowded the cathedral with devout congregations. As a Churchman, Kingsley was equally far removed from the Puritan and the Ritualist. He had too real and vivid an imagination to join the former, and his dislikes to forms and ceremonies made him shrink from the latter; in the general freedom and independence of his views and the largeness of his sympathies, he approached the Broad Church; but he set a higher value than most Broad Churchmen do on devotional formularies, and his attachment to the Athanasian Creed is well known. His repugnance to the dogma of eternal punishment caused him to be viewed with some suspicion by the strictly orthodox; but any prejudice against him which existed on his first going to Chester he soon lived down. So far as our readers may wish to know his creed in its individual elements, they cannot do better than carefully read his sermons, and especially his preface to the 'Westminster Sermons,' published in 1874. There they will find the creed of a reverent but bold thinker, who reads the great truths of the past by the light of the future, and maintains (in Bacon's noble words) that a man cannot search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's Word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy, but rather let men endeavour at endless progress or proficience in both. On the relations between science and religion he held the view that such a man was sure to hold, that whatever might be the apparent contradictions arising from imperfect knowledge, ultimately they must and would agree, and the revelation of God in Nature would strengthen and confirm the revelation of God in Christ. 'Science is on the march,' he said; 'listen to her divine words, for what is she but the voice of God—*Deus revelatum?*'

The deaths of his friends, Maurice and Dr. Norman

McLeod, in the early part of 1872, had a depressing effect upon him, as indicating the inevitable result of that overwork which of late had seriously told upon himself. But as his duties increased, he redoubled his efforts to discharge them. 'Better to wear out,' he said, 'than to rust out; and I believe that most great writers are content, and even desirous, to die in harness. The truth is, they cannot stop if they would.' In the autumn of the year he accepted the Presidentship of the Midland Institute at Birmingham, and delivered there his inaugural address, on 'The Science of Health,' which had the happy effect of leading to the foundation of classes and annual lectures on this great subject.

In March, 1873, he received further preferment in the Church, being appointed to a canonry at Westminster. He took it 'for his children's sake,' though reluctant to leave Chester, where he had made many friends, and found a large circle of admirers. But at Westminster there was a wider sphere for the exercise of his great powers; as Bishop Wilberforce said, it gave 'so much better a pedestal' from which he might speak the words of living truth and wisdom. And it may fairly be said that he rose fully to the height of his opportunity, and that none of his sermons show more intellectual force, or a keener insight into the problems of human life, than his 'Westminster Sermons.' His first residence at Westminster was in September, and it was interesting to see how rapidly he gathered large congregations to hear him, and how strong an impression he made upon them. During September and November he preached twice every Sunday; and as he poured his very heart's blood into each discourse, his enfeebled energies acutely felt the enormous strain. In order to recruit and refresh himself he went, in January, 1874, on a visit to the United States, where he experienced a most hospitable reception. At New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and Washington, he was entertained by the best men as an honoured and beloved guest. Thence he went on to Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa; visited the Niagara Falls; and by way of Detroit and St. Louis, proceeded to Omaha and Salt Lake City. Crossing into California, he organized an expedition to the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, and preached on Whit Sunday in the presence of that glorious and magnificent Nature whose water and forest and sky combine, as it were, to realize the old, fantastic dream of an earthly paradise.

While at San Francisco, Kingsley caught a severe cold, which, by the time he reached Denver, developed into a severe attack of pleurisy, laying him up for several days, and sowing, in all probability, the seeds of future evil. On his recovery, he began his homeward journey, and pressing onward with all speed to New York, embarked for England on the 25th of July. In the sultry August he embraced his family at Eversley, and immediately resumed his parochial duties. But he was still weak from his illness in Colorado, and when he went up to Westminster in September, was seized with an attack of congestion of the liver, which alarmed his friends. Before its ill effects had entirely passed away, he was recalled to Eversley by the serious illness of his wife, and his diminished vitality was further drawn upon by the consequent anxiety, for this 'touched him in his tenderest point,' so completely and absorbingly was his life bound up in hers. As soon as all immediate danger was over, his friends induced him, before his November work at the Abbey began, to take a few days' change of air and scene with some friends in Bedfordshire and Essex. These visits seemed to restore him wonderfully, and he got through his sermons in the Abbey with comparative ease, preaching what proved to be his *last* sermon on Advent Sunday, November 29th, in a strain of abundant and fervid eloquence.

On the 3rd of December, he left the Cloisters for ever, and accompanied his wife to Eversley. Unfortunately, the journey had serious consequences for Mrs. Kingsley, and that night 'the Angel of Death, for the first time for thirty-one years, seemed hovering over the little rectory.' Still he was unwilling to believe there was danger until the physicians plainly told him he must give up all hope, and then, 'My own death-warrant was signed,' he said, 'with these words.' He rallied his powers, however, to meet the demand which the state of things made upon him; was thoughtful as ever for his children and friends; and in the sick-room ministered with intense faith and the most touching tenderness. Husband and wife for weeks of deep and loving communion dwelt together, as it were, on the shore of the eternal sea, gathering hope and consolation from their memories of the past and their visions of the future. There was daily prayer and daily reading from the Psalms and St. John's Gospel and Apostles; favourite poetry, moreover, was used for the last time, such as Milton's 'Ode to Time,' and Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life,' and Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality.' Religion and poetry invested the passing hours with a holy calm.

But beneath it all the husband's heart was broken, and the sources of life and strength seemed to dry up in the weakened frame. A bronchitic cough troubled him, and on the 28th of December he was compelled to take to his bed with an attack of pneumonia, the worst symptoms of which were rapidly developed. For his children's sake he made for a time a 'fight for life,' but there was no reserve of power to support the struggle. It was bitter winter weather, and the doctors warned him that his recovery depended on his never leaving his chamber and the maintenance of an equal temperature in it. But one day he leaped from his bed, glided into his wife's room for a few moments, and, taking her hand in his, exclaimed, 'This is heaven; don't speak.' After a short silence he was seized with a severe fit of coughing, and could speak no more. Wife and husband never met again. When warned that another move would be fatal, he replied, 'We have said all to each other; we have made up our accounts;' and he frequently repeated, 'It is all right: all as it should be.'

Let us pass rapidly over the last phases of the hopeless struggle. On Sunday, the 17th of January, he sat up for a few moments, so that from his bedroom window he could watch his dear people go into church, and spoke of their goodness to him, and how he loved them. One morning early he asked the nurse, if it was daybreak, to open the shutters, for he loved light. It was still dark. 'Ah, well!' he said, 'the light is good, and the darkness is good—it is all good.'

On the 20th, the Prince of Wales, whose affectionate regard had not failed for fourteen years, sent down Sir William Gull to Eversley. He, too, thought recovery possible; but immediately after his visit hæmorrhage returned, and then it was known that no vestige of hope remained. For himself, he accepted the fact with thankfulness. 'No more fighting,' he murmured, 'no more fighting;' and then earnest and intense prayers followed, which breathed his entire trust in God. For the last two days he asked no questions about his wife, and sent no messages, thinking all was over, and that at last the desire and dream of his life was fulfilled of their dying together. At five o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, when he thought himself alone, he was heard repeating, in a clear voice, the words of the Burial Service: 'Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from Thee.' Then he turned on his side, and the rest was silence. Before mid-day, without sigh or struggle, he breathed his last breath, and entered into the enjoyment of his reward. May it be granted to our readers to live and die like Charles Kingsley!

'Never shall I forget,' says Max Müller, 'the moment when, for the last time, I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley, features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression; the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison; the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music, and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death.

'As one looked on that marble statue, which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young curate and the "Saint's Tragedy;" the Chartist parson and "Alton Locke;" the happy poet and "The Sands of Dee;" the brilliant novel-writer, and "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" the Rector of Eversley and his "Village Sermons;" the beloved professor at Cambridge; the busy Canon at Chester; the powerful preacher at Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk streams, and on the Devonshire coast, or watching the beauty and wisdom of Nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling, too, over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town alleys, preaching the gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listening with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young wild men believed in him, and obeyed him, too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy!

'All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked at him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon, had been the MAN HIMSELF, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age.'

And it is the man, Charles Kingsley, whom, in the versatility of his acquirements, his intellectual activity, his continuous diligence, his moral enthusiasm, his religious zeal, his love of the higher humanities, his devotion to the truth, his sympathy with the poor and suffering, his loyalty to his friends, his spirit of lofty aspiration and noble purpose, his passion for the beautiful and ideal, his kindliness of heart, his generosity of temper, his purity of soul, his chivalrousness of disposition, and his faith in God, we desire to set as an example before our readers. Finally, we would say (with Dean Stanley) that the three main lessons of his life and character may be summed up in the three parts of the Apostolic farewell: 'Watch ye; quit ye like men and be strong; stand fast in the faith.' Amen and amen.

[*Authorities:* The foregoing sketch is necessarily founded on 'Charles Kingsley, his Letters, and Memoirs of his Life,' edited by Mrs. Kingsley, 2 vols., London, 1877. We have also consulted Max Müller's preface to 'The Roman and the Teuton;' Thomas Hughes's preface to 'Alton Locke;' George Brimley's 'Essays;' Leslie Stephen's 'Hours in a Library,' 3rd series; *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. lxxvii., etc., etc.]

We subjoin a list of Kingsley's writings, to some of which no reference has been made in the preceding pages:

'Saint's Tragedy,' 1848; 'Alton Locke,' 1849; 'Yeast,' 1849; 'Twenty-five Village Sermons,' 1849; 'Phaeton,' 1852; 'Sermons on National Subjects,' 1st series, 1852; 'Hypatia,' 1853; 'Sermons on National Subjects,' 2nd series, 1854; 'Alexandria and her Schools,' 1854; 'Westward Ho!' 1855; 'Sermons for the Times,' 1855; 'The Heroes,' 1856; 'Two Years Ago,' 1857; 'Andromeda, and other Poems,' 1858; 'The Good News of God' (Sermons), 1859; 'Miscellanies,' 1859; 'Limits of Exact Science applied to History' (Inaugural Lectures), 1860; 'Town and Country Sermons,' 1861; 'Sermons on the Pentateuch,' 1863; 'Water-Babies, 1863; 'The Roman and the Teuton,' 1864; 'David, and other Sermons,' 1866; 'Hereward the Wake,' 1866; 'The Ancien Régime' (Lectures), 1867; 'Water of Life, and other Sermons,' 1867; 'The Hermits,' 1869; 'Madam How and Lady Why,' 1869; 'At Last,' 1871; 'Town Geology,' 1872; 'Discipline, and other Sermons,' 1872; 'Prose Idylls,' 1873; 'Plays and Puritans,' 1873; 'Health and Education,' 1874; 'Westminster Sermons,' 1874; 'Lectures Delivered in America,' 1875.

THE END.

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